THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by B. Franklin

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All American—By Irvin S. Cobb

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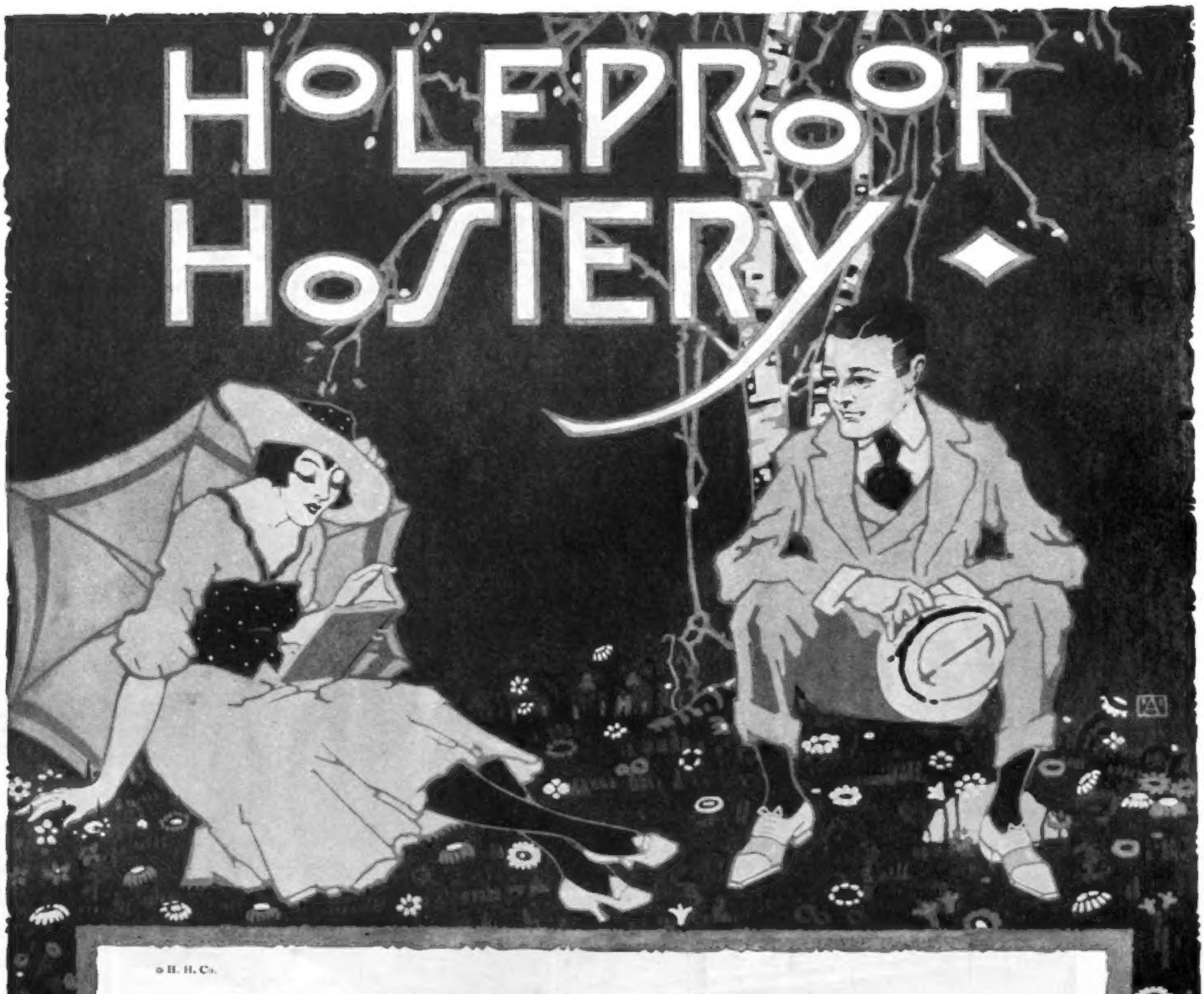

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"ALL AMERICAN . . . Out to Them Wires"—By Irvin S. Cobb

HE WAS curled up in a moist-mud cozy corner. His curved back fitted into a depression in the clay. His feet rested comfortably in an ankle-deep solution, very puttylike in its consistency, and compounded of the rains of heaven and the alluvials of France. His face was incredibly dirty, and the same might have been said for his hands. He had big buck teeth and sandy hair and a nice round inquisitive blue eye. His rifle, in good order, was balanced across his hunched knees. One end of a cigarette was pasted fast to his lower lip; the other end spilled tiny sparks down the front of his blouse.

Offhand you would figure his age to be half-past nineteen.

Just round the corner from him a machine gun at intervals spoke in stuttering accents. At more frequent intervals from somewhere up or down the line a rifle whanged where an ambitious amateur Yankee sniper tried for a professional and doubtlessly a bored German sniper across the way; or where the German tried back.

The youth in the cozy corner paid small heed. He was supposed to be getting his baptism of fire. In reality he was reading a two-months-old copy of a certain daily paper printed in a certain small city in a certain Middle Western state—to wit, the sovereign state of Ohio. He belonged to a volunteer regiment, and in a larger sense to the Rainbow Division. This was his first day in the front-line trenches and already he was as much at home there as though he had been cradled to the lullaby of those big guns grunting away in the distance. For a fact he was at home—reading home news out of the home paper and, as one might say, not caring a single dern whatsoever.

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American and French Officers Watching a German Taube Over Our Lines—Above, In the Winter Trenches

Very Much at Home

"SAY, Tobe," he called in the husky half voice which is the prescribed and conventional conversational tone on the forward edges of No Man's Land; "'Tobe, lissen!"

His mate, leaning against the slanted side of the trench ten feet away, blowing little smoke wisps up toward the pale-blue sky above him, half turned his head to answer.

"Well, what?"

"Whatter you know about this? It says here the New York Yanks is liable to buy Ty Cobb off of Detroit. Say, what'll them Detroits do without old Ty in there bustin' the fast ones on the nose, huh?"

"With all the money they'll get for that guy they should worry!"

The emphatic ker-blim of a rifle a hundred yards off furnished a vocal exclamation point to further accent the comment.

The reader shifted himself slightly in his scooped niche and turned over to another page. He was just the average kid private, but to me he was as typical as type can be. I figured him as a somewhat primitive, highly elemental creature, adaptable and simple-minded; appallingly green yet at this present trade, capable though of becoming amazingly competent at it if given experience and a chance; temperamentally gaited to do heroic things without any of the theatricalism of planned heroics—in short and in fine, the incarnated youthful spirit of the youthful land which bore him.

I came upon him with his cigarette and his favorite daily and his mud-boltered feet at the tail end of a trip along the front line of a segment of a sector held by our troops, and before I made his acquaintance sundry things befell. I had been in trenches before, but they were German trenches along the Aisne in the fall of the first year of this war business, and these trenches of our own people were quite different from those of 1914. French minds had devised them, with their queer twists and windings, which seem so crazy and yet are so sanely ordained; and French hands had dug them out of the chalky soil and shored them up with timbers, but now Americans had taken them over and, in common with all things that Americans take over, they had become as much and as thoroughly American as though they had been Subway diggings in New York City, which indeed they rather resembled; or excavations for the foundations of the new Carnegie Library in Gallipolis. 'Tis a way our folks have. It may be a good way or a bad way—since I came over here I think the French neither understand it nor care deeply for it—but all the same it is our way.

At Regimental Headquarters

AT THE beginning we quit a wrecked town that was a regimental headquarters. Its present population was all military, French and American. The villagers who had once lived there were gone to the last one of them, and had been gone for years probably. But more than by the shattered stone walls, or by the breached and empty church with its spire shorn away, or by the tiled roofs which were roofs no longer but sieves and colanders, its altered character was set forth and proved by the absence of any manure heaps against the house fronts. In this part of the world communal prosperity is measured, I think, by the size and richness of the manure heap. It is kept alongside the homes and daily it is turned over with spades and tormented with pitchforks, against the time when it is carried forth to be spread upon the tiny farm a mile or so away. The rank ammoniacal smell of the precious fertilizer which keeps the land rich is the surest information to the nose of the approaching traveler that thrifty folk abide in the hamlet he is about entering.

But this town smelled only of dust and decay and the peculiar odor of rough-cast plastering which has been churned by wheels and hoofs and feet into a fine white silt like powdered pumice, coating everything and everybody in sight when the weather is dry, and when the weather is wet turning into a slick and slimy paste underfoot.

We came out of a colonel's billet in a narrow-shouldered old two-story house, my companion and I; and crossing the little square we passed through what once upon a time had been the front wall of the principal building in the place. The front wall still stood and the doorway was unscarred, but both were like parts of stage settings, for beyond them was nothing at all save nothingness—messed-about heaps of crumbled masonry and broken shards of tiling. From the inner side one might look through the doorway, as though it had been a frame for a picture, and see a fine scape beyond of

marshland and winding road and mounting hills and pine trees growing in isolated groups like the clumpings in a gentleman's park.

In what had been the garden behind the principal house the colonel's automobile was waiting. We climbed into it and rode for upward of a mile along a seamed and rutted highway that wound up and over the abbreviated mountain of which we held one side and the Germans the other. For the preceding three days there had been a faint smell of spring in the air; now there was a taste of it. One might say that spring no longer was coming but had actually come. The rushes which grew in low places were showing green near their roots and the switchy limbs of the pollard willows bore successions of tiny green buds along their lengths. Also many birds were about. There were flocks of big corbie crows in their prim notarial black. Piebald French magpies were flickering along ahead of us, always in pairs, and numbers of a small starlinglike bird, very much like our field lark in look and habit, whose throat is yellowish and tawny without and lined with pure gold within, were singing their mating songs. Bursts of amorous pipings came from every side, and as the male birds mounted in the air their breast feathers shone in the clear soft afternoon sunshine like patches of burnished copper.

Undoubtedly spring was at hand—the spring which elsewhere, in the more favored parts of this planet, meant reawakening life and fecundity, but which here meant only opportunity for renewed offensives and for more massacres, more suffering, more wastings of life and wealth and of all the manifold gifts of Nature. The constant sound of guns on ahead of us somewhere made one think of a half-dormant giant grunting as he roused. Indeed it was what it seemed—War emerging from his hibernation and waking up to kill again. But little more than a year ago it had been their war; now it was our war too, and the realization of this difference invested the whole thing for us with a deeper meaning. No longer were we onlookers but part proprietors in the grimmest; ghastliest proceeding that ever was since conscious time began.

In the Wattled Trenches

WE WHIZZED along the road for the better part of a mile, part of the time through dips, the contour of which kept us hidden from spying eyes in the hostile observation pits across the ridge to the eastward, and part of the time upon the backbone of this Vosges foothill. These latter places were shielded on their dangerous side by screens of marsh grasses woven in huge sheets ten feet high and swinging between tall poles set at six-yard intervals. There were rips and tears in these rude valances to show where chance shots from Hunnish guns had registered during the preceding few days of desultory artillery fire.

On the way we passed one full company of French infantry coming out of the front line for rest, and one contingent of our own soldiers. The Frenchmen were sumptered, as French foot soldiers on the move always are, with enormous burdens draped upon them, back, flank and front; and under the dirt and dust their faces wore weary drawn lines. Laden like sumpter mules, they went by us at the heavy plodding gait of their kind, which is so different from the swaggering, swinging route step of the Yankee, and so different from the brisk clip at which the Britisher travels, even in heavy-marching order, but which all the same eats up the furlongs mighty fast.

The Americans were grouped on a little green breast of sod. At the peak of the small rounded elevation was a smaller terrace like a nipple, and from this rose one of those stone shrines so common in this corner of Europe—a stone base with a rusted iron cross bearing a figure of the Christ above it. There were a dozen or more of our boys lying or squatted here resting.

We came to a battalion headquarters, which seemed rather a high-sounding name for a collection of thatched dugouts under a bank. Here leaving the car we were turned over to a young intelligence officer, who agreed to pilot us through certain front-line defenses, which our people only two days before had taken over from the French. But before we started each of us put on his iron helmet, which, next only to the derby hat of commerce, is the homeliest and the most uncomfortable design ever fashioned for wear in connection with the human head; and each of us hung upon his breast, like a palmer's packet, his gas mask, inclosed in its square canvas case.

Single file then the three of us proceeded along a footpath that was dry where the sun had reached it and slimy with mud where it had lain in shadow, until we passed under an arbor of withered boughs and found ourselves in the mouth of the communication trench. It was wide enough in some places for two men to pass each other by scrouging, and in other places so narrow that a full sized man bearing his accouterments could barely wriggle his way through. Its sides were formed sometimes of shored planking set on end, but more often of withes cunningly wattled together. It is wonderful what a smooth fabric a French peasant can make with no material save bundles of pliant twigs and no tools save his two hands. Countless miles of trenches are lined with this osier work. Some of it has been there for years, but except where a shell strikes it stays put.

In depth the trench ranged from eight feet to less than six. In the deeper places we marched at ease, but in the shallow ones we went forward at a crouch, for if we had stood erect here our heads would have made fair targets for the enemy, who nowhere was more than a mile distant, and who generally was very much closer. Sometimes we trod on "duck boards" as the Americans call them, or "bath mats" in the Britisher's vernacular, laid end to end. A duck board is fabricated by putting down two scantlings parallel and eighteen inches apart and effecting a permanent union between them by means of many cross stripe of wood securely nailed on, with narrow spaces between the strips so that the foothold is securer upon these corrugations than it would be on an uninterrupted expanse. It somewhat resembles the runway by which ducks advance from their duck pond up a steep bank; hence one of its names. It looks rather less the other thing for which it is named.

The duck board makes the going easier in miry places but it is a treacherous friend. Where it is not firmly imbedded fore and aft in the mud the far end of it has an unpleasant habit, when you tread with all your weight on the near end, of rising up and grievously smiting you as you pitch forward on your face. Likewise when you are in a hurry it dearly loves to teeter and slip and slosh round. However, to date no substitute for it has been found. Probably enough duck boards are in use on all the Fronts, in trenches and out of them, to make a board walk clear across our own continent. Beyond Ypres, where the British and Belgians are, I saw miles and miles of them the other day.

Here in Eastern France we sometimes footed it along these duck boards, but more often we dragged our feet in mud—sticky, clinging, affectionate yellowish-gray mud—which came up to the latchets of our boots and made each rod of progress a succession of violent struggles. It was through this muck, along the narrow twistywise passage, that food and munitions must be carried up to the front lines and the wounded must be carried back. Traversing it, men, as we saw, speedily became mired to the hair roots, and wearied beyond description. Now then, magnify and multiply by ten the conditions as we found them on this day after nearly a week of fair weather and you begin to have a faint and shadowy conception of trench conditions in the height of the rainy season in midwinter, when strong men grow so tired that they drop down and drown in the semiliquid streams.

The Duck-Board Path to Victory

THE duck board is hard on human shins and human patience but it saves life and it saves time, which in war very frequently is more valuable than lives. It was the duck board, as much as the rifle and the big gun, which enabled the Canadians to win at Passchendaele last November. With its aid they laid a wooden pathway to victory across one of the most hideous loblollies in the flooded quagmires of Flanders. Somebody will yet write a tribute to the duck board, which now gets only curses and abuse.

We had come almost to the cross trench, meeting few soldiers on the way, when a sudden commotion above made us squat low and crane our necks. Almost above us a boche aëroplane was circling about droning like all the bees in the world. As we looked the antiaircraft guns, concealed all about us, began firing at it. Downy dainty pompons of smoke burst out in the heavens below it and above it and all about it.

As it fled back, seemingly uninjured, out of the danger zone I was reminded of the last time before this when I had seen such a sight from just such a vantage place. But then the scene had been the plateau before Laon in the fall of 1914, and then the sky spy had been a Frenchman and then the guns which chased him away had been German guns.

We went on, and round the next turn encountered half a dozen youngsters in khaki, faced with mud stripings, who barely had paused in whatever they were doing to watch the brief aërial bombardment. New as they were to this game they already were accustomed to the sight of air fighting. Half a dozen times a day or oftener merely by turning their faces upward they might see the hostile raider being harried back to his hangar by defending cannon or by French planes or by both at once. Later that same day we were to see a German plane stricken in its flight by a well-placed shot from an American battery. We saw how on the instant, like a duck shot on the wing, it changed from a living, sentient, perfectly controlled mechanism into a disheveled, wounded thing, and how it went swirling in crazy disorganized spirals down inside its own lines.

For the trip through the cross trenches which marked the forward angle of our defenses we were joined by a second chaperon in the person of an infantry captain—a man of German birth and

(Continued on Page 49)

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Showing American Built Trenches to a French Military Visitor

American Troops Watching Suspicious Movements of the Enemy

THE PRICE OF APPLAUSE

By Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"The Time for Hesitating is Over. I am Going!"

HE SPOKE German, and it took two deaths to kill Karl Le Barron. Of the first distinction he was very proud in 1914. For at that time the fashion held in certain radical circles of professing an exaggerated admiration for German accomplishment in government, efficiency, art. New York's Bohemia, clustering on the ruins of the once ultra-aristocratic Washington Square district, was perhaps the center of this sentiment. In the adjacent cafés, where Karl Le Barron hung out from six of an evening to, like as not, six of a morning, any flight in the face of public opinion was as vital as meat and drink. And so he was one of the very first to assume the new brand of independence.

After a day spent either in bed smoking innumerable cigarettes and writing at his poetry or in dabbling with the special course in English literature which he was taking at Columbia he would get on the elevated train and consume a pleasant hour in anticipation, riding the winding way from Harlem to Eighth Street and planning, perhaps more or less unconsciously, what particular form of adventure he would seek upon his arrival in The Village; what bit of drama he might make his own for the evening. With the budding of pro-Germanism as one's declaration of independence of all accepted traditions Le Barron found he had a wonderful asset with which to make his stand on the question gratifyingly conspicuous; he could speak German exceptionally well. His mother, not long dead, had been American born, but of a household which kept up the old language, and she had passed it on to Karl.

Her husband, who left just enough money to enable his son to be an unsuccessful poet without actually starving to death, had been a true American, New England born and bred for six generations. But he had died before he made any particular impression on his only child. Thus Le Barron was left without any relatives; a fact for which he often publicly thanked God, in true modern style.

It was very amusing to watch the visitors to Bohemia—the uptown social slummers, as the inhabitants of the Quarter named them—stare when he, after a drink or two, would begin to stand up for little-understood Germany, as he called it. Elbows on the table, his weak blond face shining a trifle from the heat in the low-ceilinged restaurant, he would expound his theories to Amy Levine, his sweetheart, and Harold Heurter, the literary man on one of the big dailies, and Marcarson—Marcarson, who was nobody in particular, just a Villager who painted a little; stuff that was too queer to sell.

"It's all very well to say that the Germans began the war!" Le Barron would declare. "I'll admit that. But you cannot help admiring their magnificent efficiency! And if one has learned one's prayers and one's fairy tales in German one cannot help but feel as I do!"

Then he would expand the theme. Germany was the best governed country in the world. Germany was the most thoroughly educated nation. Look at her labor laws! Look at her labor housing, the workingmen's insurance, and so on! He asserted freely that there was no poverty, as we understand it, in Germany. And Le Barron, who did nothing much all day and talked all night, would without humor point out that we are a nation of wasters!

There were plenty to agree with this criticism; notably Esterwile, the anarchist agitator, and Webb, editor of The People's Protest. Amy Levine agreed too. She agreed with everything Le Barron said—because she loved him in the rather naïvely boastful fashion of her group. She held his hand openly across the table while they talked, and sometimes as it grew late she leaned her head against his shoulder, a trifle dizzy with love and cigarette fumes and the lack of fresh air. At such an hour Le Barron became pleasantly sad. The endurance contest as to who could sit up latest fatigued him and depressed his spirit mildly. He usually sang a little.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin."

He loved the rich guttural poem, mouthing the words, greedy for the feeling of them. For he was a moderately good poet himself. The man under whom he was studying English literature often told him that the trouble with his verse was merely that there were hundreds of other people in the country who could do as well. The editors seemed to agree with this verdict, for Le Barron had not sold half a dozen poems in all.

The professor of English literature bore the name of Arnold, and had been a friend of Le Barron's mother. Once in a while he would come downtown of an evening and sit with the aforementioned group. He was an alien to the atmosphere and to the people—excepting perhaps to Heurter, the critic, who knew the greater world but preferred the lesser one because he shone more brilliantly in it. He had often handled reviews of the professor's work. The latter made these excursions to see what Le Barron was doing.

Professor Arnold was perhaps the only person who cared whether the boy disintegrated or not; and that this was actually happening was not hard to see. Little by little the applause elicited by standing upon a table and reading a verse of his own aloud to a crowd of half-drunken slummers was going to his head. This, together with the stares and frowns which his loud pro-German talk elicited, became wine to him. Whatever else happened he must and would have attention—limelight.

A few months after the outbreak of the war, when the wave of giving Germany her fair due, as the radicals said, was at its height, Le Barron suddenly found himself no longer conspicuous for his sentiments. The People's Protest was publishing cartoons and editorials on the subject. Union Square, that Mecca of the agitator, was full of soapbox orators mouthing his very words. He must find something different.

Coming downtown on the elevated he conceived finally of a new sensation. It began with reading the extra concerning the sinking of the Lusitania. He bought this on the elevated news stand, and the idea was only vaguely in the back of his brain as he stepped from the train. But when his entrance into the Crimson Dive caused nothing but faint nods of recognition here and there, and even Amy herself gave him only a vague welcoming wave of the hand instead of turning up a rapturous face of greeting, the thought upon which he had been dwelling suddenly crystallized and gave him his desired dramatic entrance. Very slowly he hung up his hat and coat and crossed to the long table at which Heurter, Amy, Marcarson and a couple of uptowners were seated.

"Hello there!" said Heurter. "How's the poet, eh?" There was always a little sneer in Heurter's voice when he spoke of Le Barron's poetry. He thought it was rotten stuff, and said so quite freely. To-night his slightly veiled patronage stung Le Barron's vanity to the quick.

"You're late, Karl," said Amy. "Almost an hour late. We have had our food."

"I had to be late!" said Le Barron in a deep voice which caused even Marcarson, the inert, to look round and the two uptowners to prick up their ears. "I had to be late; I am going to France!"

The effect was all that he could have desired. To be sure, the fateful words were irrevocably said. But no matter. The unsaying of them could be coped with later.

"You are going to France!" said Amy blankly. "Why France?"

They were all attention now. Le Barron kept upon his feet and from his pocket drew the newspaper with the Lusitania headlines. He held it at arm's length with one hand and smote it with the other.

"That is why!" he shouted. "Because of this outrage upon the face of humanity! I thought I could stay neutral—see both sides—but this is too much! America may come in now or she may stay out—but I am going in! If there is room for one more American in the French Foreign Legion I shall fill that place. The time for hesitating is over. I am going!"

The uptowners nearly applauded. This was not quite the sort of romance which they had come to Bohemia to see, but it was good romance all the same. Moreover it was a good understandable sort of thing. Of course it might as easily have happened in Harlem, though not so dramatically. Le Barron's friends became quite excited over him, furnishing him with a most pleasurable thrill.

Through it all a cooling draft of fear that his statement was going to be beastly difficult to live up to, that he had sure enough got himself in deep this time, occasionally swept his consciousness. But the intoxication of being the hero of the moment kept this dread of reality in abeyance; it was no more than the drunkard's occasional qualm about the headache of the morrow.

A little later in the evening Professor Arnold arrived, his vague spectacled face peering about for them from the doorway. They hauled him to the table, and the excitement

of breaking the great news to him was renewed. The professor solemnly ordered a round of drinks, and then shook hands with Le Barron, beaming proudly at him.

"Karl," said he, "I can't say how happy this makes me. You were rather going to pieces here—under the circumstances I may say it frankly. Now I find that you have seen it yourself, and are going to clear out and make good. You could do so in no finer way, and from my heart I apologize for my misjudgment of you."

The cold wave grew pretty bad at that moment, but when the drinks arrived it passed again, and the evening was filled with noise. Then as he finally rose to see Amy home, Marcarson, the inert, the typical Greenwich Villager, intercepted him and drew him aside.

"I s-say," said Marcarson, who stuttered a little, "I s-say, I'm g-going with you, Le Barron!"

"Going where?" said Le Barron blankly.

"To F-France," was Marcarson's quiet reply.

The next day toward noon Karl Le Barron awoke to the vague uneasy memory of what he had done. At first he thought it was the alcohol he had drunk which depressed him so. Then he gradually became conscious that he had let himself in for something or other through his damnable weakness for notoriety. And just as he was struggling with this unformulated realization Marcarson appeared.

Marcarson never drank very much. He just sat round and listened, sometimes holding the same glass of beer for several hours. He had very little money and would not accept treats. So it was not strange that Marcarson should be up betimes. He at once came to the point, bringing back with sickening clearness all that had been said.

"Have you s-seen the p-papers?" asked the visitor. "L-looks like we are g-going to war now anyway. B-but I'm with you about not w-waiting. I've been to the s-steamship office already. We s-sail a week from to-day, and I have p-paid a deposit."

"How in hell did you get the money?" demanded Karl, sitting up in bed.

"S-sold my furniture," said Marcarson briefly.

"But look here, Marc!" cried Le Barron. "Suppose we can't get passports—suppose I break a leg or something!" Marcarson came and leaned across the bed, staring at Le Barron with a curious spark in his eyes. It was amazing—the lethargic Marcarson. Karl shrank back before the look.

"Are you going or are you a damn liar?" asked Marcarson very quietly and without stammering at all.

"Of course I'm going!" replied Le Barron testily. "But I've got a peach of a headache; get out of this, won't you? I want to write a poem. I'll see you later, at the Crimson Dive."

Marcarson's eyes did not move from him for a full minute longer, and Le Barron began to feel as if a sort of old man of the sea of his own creating were fastening upon him. Marcarson was going to hold him to this, there was no doubt about it.

"Perhaps I'd better s-see to things for b-both of us," said Marcarson. "G-give me what money you have, and I'll l-look after getting ready in time."

With a supreme effort Le Barron pulled himself together.

"That's good of you, old man!" said he. "If you've really sold out already you might do the same for me. I want to see Amy, you understand! And get my manuscripts together."

When Marcarson left he was immediately alone with a hideous nightmare. He had no wish and no intention of going to France. Absolutely nothing within him called for the vengeance which his lips had framed. Every fiber of him revolted at the idea. Fighting was terrible—awful beyond everything else in the world! He shrank from the very word with loathing. Even as a boy he had never fought, and of later years he had gone so far as to make a brag of this among his newer friends. The People's Protest had published a poem of his on nonresistance, with an editorial note that not fighting had been even a boyhood principle with the author! And now what was he pledged to? At once the obsession to get out of it—somehow, anyhow—seized upon him. He could not, would not go! Fear and dislike of the adventure upon which he had so precipitantly and absurdly launched himself grew steadily. He even thought of doing himself physical injury; but even for that he had not the courage. He was a fake, a fake, he kept grimly telling himself. This was not the first time that his tongue had made an ass of him; his tongue and his insatiable desire for fame—fame of any kind. He could not wait for his work to bring him this, because in the end his poems might not prove able to do so; and now it was too late. He could never be a literary success because they would get him out on that hell of a battlefield, and that would be the finish. No! By heaven, he would escape, somehow!

But the only simple way out—the brief confession that he had changed his mind—was not to be considered. That would mean giving up everything—his friends, Webb, the professor, Amy—Amy! He would go and see her. He would go and see her, and at length he would ask her to marry him! Always this had been in the back of his mind, despite their declared radical views about marriage. And now that he was—or would soon be—a soldier facing eternity it would be good to feel that he really had her, before he went. Besides it was a singularly appropriate moment for such a love scene. He dressed himself with care and started downtown.

But though he had made out a program that a week ago would have run like a stimulating drug to the very ends of his being, somehow he could not keep his attention on even so important a thing as the purpose of his errand. The elevated train swayed and rumbled and obsessed him with its rhythm. At the same time horrid pictures kept coming to his mind—visions of himself blinded, of the loss of an arm or leg; worse things—blown to bits or lying dead in the desolation of No Man's Land. He turned cold at the thought, and Amy was forgotten. He closed his eyes.

"I shall be dead in all my splendid youth," he thought, in rhythm with the wheels beneath him. Then he opened his eyes and considered the sentence. "Youth!" he thought. "Truth; ruth." Then ridiculously: "Vermuth!" All at once the lines came tumbling through his brain—a splendid clean-cut poem, the jogging of the train beating out the meter:

I shall be dead in all my splendid youth,
For thy dear sake, O France, and for the Truth.

Hastily he searched his pockets, impatient for pencil and paper, and wrote it down. Toward the last he could actually see his dead young face "seeing a world made free, although turned sightless to the war-scarred moon!" He felt infinitely sorry for his dead self, but mixed with his depression was that exquisite ease which comes to the creative artist when a good idea has been quickly crystallized and caught up on paper. No soldier in the very trenches could have done a more convincing bit of imagery, he decided. And thinking this he did not date it, as he usually did each verse as it was written. Sometime later, at a more appropriate moment, he would bring it out. But not until he had his uniform. He almost missed his station, such was the haze its making left upon him.

Amy received him in the studio where she made her batiks—strange ill-dyed materials which passed for art. She was a dear little soul really, for all her shorn hair and innumerable cigarettes; and had a nice mother out in Illinois, to whom she wrote regularly twice a week about the Free Life, the Cosmic Urge, and the stupidity of the New York public, who could not appreciate Art when it was offered them upon a tray. To which her mother replied with advice about wearing her rubbers and getting plenty of sleep, and how her dog missed her, and inclosing a small money order scrimped from the housekeeping allowance. All of which fostered a sneaking desire in Amy for a regular home of her own with a tiled bathroom and a regular bedroom with place to keep nice regular clothes, and a nice dependable husband to pay the rent. But she virtuously suppressed all this for the sake of her chosen career.

And she did like Karl. To Le Barron she was a most satisfactory co-star in the romantic drama of his existence. Her exotic appearance had instantly attracted him, and never once had she failed to respond with quick intuition to the little scenes that he inaugurated. Nor did she fail him now. When he found himself asking if she could pledge her future to a man who was going out to face death she said she would marry him to-morrow; and he took her thin little batik-clad figure in his arms. It was wonderful to hold her so! He would get hold of Marcarson and the others and they would go down to City Hall in the morning.

He told her that he could not wait, and she agreed to the plan. Then he remembered that he had promised to meet Marcarson at five.

"Shall I see you later this evening?" she asked, clinging to him.

"Yes," said Karl. "I will come back and we can have the evening to ourselves!"

But he didn't come back. Marcarson met him as promised at the Crimson Dive and received Le Barron's latest sensation with equanimity. Yes, he would be glad to help arrange for the wedding and act as best man. As for their sailing, that was settled. It was a marvel, the way the hitherto inert creature took hold of things! At first hearing of the completed arrangements for France all the warmth which Amy's adoration had left upon him faded away, leaving again the old obsession to escape. But some of the rest of the crowd came in—Heurter, Webb and several of The People's Protest staff; and all at once

"'Ere, None o' Yer Fine Social Distinctions!" Grinned One of the Orderlies. "You're Bloomin' Well Captured, You Are!"

Le Barron was in a more conspicuous position than he had ever before held.

Somehow Marcarson did not seem to count. He was as quiet as ever and said nothing of his intentions, but presently Karl found himself with an enthusiastic audience, talking to them of the wrongs of France, of the outrage upon America's neutrality—and of his forthcoming marriage. Drinks were ordered; the time sped away imperceptibly. He talked and talked, with Marcarson quietly at his elbow. There were more drinks. Almost he was tempted to show these appreciative folks his new poem, but just in time he remembered its exact nature, and that a uniform must go with it. By twelve o'clock he was very drunk indeed; but somehow or other he managed to get home with Marcarson's help. It was not until his head touched the pillow that he remembered Amy.

Next morning he was awakened to the double torture of remembrance and sick headache by the ringing of the telephone bell. It was Amy.

"It was so unlike you, Karl!" she said. "I was very much worried. What happened?"

He thought as rapidly as his sick brain would allow.

"You'll think me a fool," he said shakily, "but I went up to the cathedral and sat there in the dimness, thinking of you. I seemed to lose all sense of time, and when I came to myself it was very late. I am sorry that you worried."

"Don't be sorry, dear," her hushed voice came over the wire. "Don't be sorry—because that is so very beautiful. I shall never, never forget it!"

Now and Again a Flare Was Set Off, and it Was by the Light of One of These That He Presently Discovered His Neighbor

They were married that afternoon, and the following Saturday Le Barron and Marcarson actually sailed for France.

The terrible period of watchful waiting had set in for America and there was an excitement in the air which heightened the drama of their going. They were not the only men aboard the Carolina bound upon the same errand. But while Marcarson in his quiet way fell in with these pleasantly, Le Barron did not. Somehow he felt vaguely unwelcome among them, and his instinct for dramatic action being restrained his mind turned inward, fumbling for a way of escape. The closer he came to the reality of war the stronger grew his terror of it and his determination not to participate in it at any cost. Still greater than this remained his vanity, which held him outwardly to what he had undertaken.

For the moment he was facing an added complication: He had said that he had been abroad and he had lied when he said it. The statement had been made a long time before the undertaking of the present project. In New York's Latin Quarter it was a mark of distinction to have lived in the Latin Quarter of Paris. Everyone who had spent even a day in the French capital made the most of the fact. Those who had never been there evaded the confession, and usually allowed their familiarity with "that dear Paris" to be inferred. Some, among them Le Barron, were actually untruthful about it, when sure no one was about to contradict them. A few said nothing. Among these last was Marcarson. But it now developed that Marcarson was a bona fide student of the Beaux Arts, and knew exactly where to go and what to do upon their arrival. He had even referred to their prospective lodgings—a place in some Rue De Something—and Le Barron had had the very devil of a time concealing his own ignorance. He had a sense, however, that Marcarson was aware of his fraud, for Marcarson had often been present when Le Barron talked of Paris. The thing hung like an uneasy cloud between them.

All the way over, and into the heart of the capital, into the very lodgings in that street with the unpronounceable name, the feeling grew upon Le Barron that Marcarson by sheer will power was seeing to it that there should be no backing down. It was as if he held an invisible hand upon Le Barron's shoulder, shoving him gently but steadily, relentlessly toward the trenches and gaping horrors. Marcarson might as well have said "You have promised to do this thing for humanity, and you are going to do it."

As a matter of fact Marcarson said nothing at all, voiced not even the smallest doubt as to the wholeheartedness of Le Barron's intent. Indeed, this was his method of securing its finality, if method he had. And as the conviction grew in Karl's mind that this steady watching did exist a hatred for his companion gradually accumulated in his heart. It seemed to him that Marcarson's rôle of Nemesis would soon become intolerable. Sometimes he could have cried aloud under the torture of it. But nothing tangible ever offered on which to split. It was certain that Marcarson was taking care of this, as well.

He managed their progress wonderfully; his fluent French and his real knowledge of the place, together with his looking-up of several old friends—American artists now in the French service—expedited matters enormously. It was not long before both he and Karl were wearing the uniform of the Foreign Legion. And then followed a period of waiting round just outside of Paris that was incredibly trying. To be sure, Le Barron had spurts of enjoying his heroic situation, but he spoke no French, and thus possible audiences were for the greater part cut off from him. The uniform he wore was a constant reminder of what awaited him—a future soon to materialize, for short work was made of preliminary training by the French in those days of madly pressing need for men. Over and over in his lonely hours Le Barron would turn to plans for getting out of it all. Then in despair he would plunge into such dissipation as he could seize upon, Marcarson always close upon his heels. The desire to write had left him utterly. The one thing that now mattered was to escape going to the Front.

At last came their call. They were to be turned into the unknown. Twelve hours' notice was given, and Marcarson suggested Paris and the arrangement of a few final affairs. It was only then that Le Barron thought of his poems. He had carried the manuscripts with him from home, and now he gave them to Marcarson in solemn charge.

"They are about all I have to leave," said he, "and if anything happens to me I want you to look after them, and after Amy. You and she always said they were good. Perhaps some day the world will agree!"

He laughed a little bitterly as he said it, but rather to his surprise Marcarson took the matter seriously.

"It's a real t-trust," said he. "We'll l-leave them in a s-safe deposit. You can depend on m-me."

This was the last real friendly touch with Marcarson, because after they got out there, where grim reality stared them in the face, the cold horror which had its beginnings in that first uneasy moment at the Crimson Dive when the announcement that he was going to France had left his lips possessed Le Barron utterly. He became a monomaniac, thinking only of how to escape the unescapable. Outwardly he gave only the impression of a morose unapproachable man grimly hanging on at something he disliked. Yet little as the rest of the men in his battalion might feel it, between him and Marcarson the antagonism had thickened. The soft pressure of Marcarson's will had grown until it was like the closing tentacle of an octopus, or a boa constrictor, sickeningly, softly strong. Soon they were going to be sent over the top, and wordless but with a new grim line in the corners of his mouth Marcarson was going to see to it that Le Barron went like a man. It had come to that. Marcarson knew that he was afraid and would not permit it. And then finally, somewhere along the Western Front, their hour came.

It was night. There is no need to describe the scene. To Le Barron it was hell incarnate, though he felt rather than saw his surroundings. Indeed all that he was actually conscious of seeing was the radium watch on the wrist of the man next him. To his overwrought imagination it seemed that he could hear the thing ticking. A monstrous enlargement of everything appeared to be taking place—the size of the watch dial, of the man's hand, of his helmet, of the distance up the ladder, rung to rung; and his own sense of personal importance grew at the same time, his ego finally enveloping and engulfing everything. He was going to die, to die, to die, and that was the only thing in the world that mattered.

Some part of his consciousness that worked automatically must have escaped from his colossal selfishness long enough for him to hear the order given. For apparently without his own volition he found himself going up and over, and then running across broken land—a puny, unguarded unit in a mighty flood. And as his body moved his very soul held back, crying to him "Get out of this! Get out of this!" He even said it aloud. And then suddenly he could go no farther. He had not been hit, he had not been stopped, but the coward soul of him simply refused to move his body farther. With a scream of sheer despair he threw up both arms and fell flat upon his face.

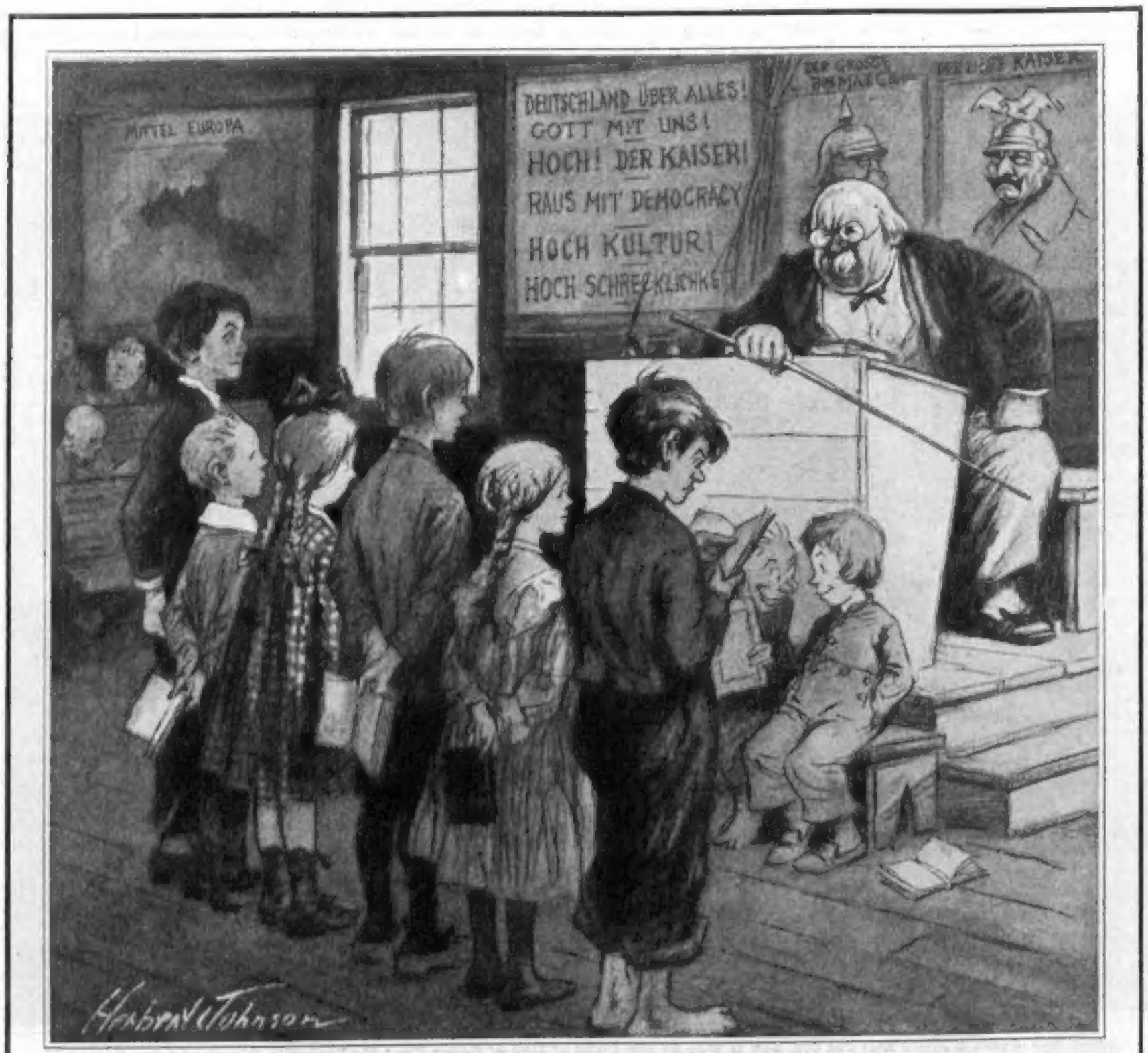
Like a torrent, strange men rushed over him. At intervals his mind went perfectly blank. Once a man's heel ground the fleshy portion of his thigh, but he hardly felt it, lapsing back into coma immediately after the first onslaught of pain.

Then after an indeterminable period there was comparative silence, through which sanity began to creep back to him. The charge of which he was supposed to have been a part had passed beyond somewhere, though whether the Germans had been swept back or the reverse he had absolutely no idea. He had no notion, even, in which direction the German lines lay or how far he had run before throwing up his hands in that fear-driven gesture. He could only discern that it was night, though whether still the night of the surprise attack or a following one he could

(Continued on Page 110)

THE OMNIPOTENT FIVE

By Carl W. Ackerman



Making Americans—The Little Red and Black Schoolhouse

LESS than a year after the United States declared war on the military hierarchy of Germany the body of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was found floating in a canal on his old feudal estate. The fact that Grand Duke Adolf Friedrich the Sixth had taken his own life was not of so great and general importance as was the additional fact that he left no direct issue. The royal line which for many scores of years had ruled this little Northern German state was extinct except for a distant relative living in Russia, who, because of the war and his service in the army of the former Czar, could not be called to the throne.

Had it not been for the war this Russianized German Grand Duke would have been crowned as the ruler of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, for that was the ancient peace-time custom. The fact, however, that this German of royal blood had taken arms against the Fatherland precluded the possibility of his return, at least during the war.

After the funeral of the melancholy Grand Duke, who drowned himself because a German princess with whom he was in love did not rank high enough to marry a grand duke, and after the German and Austrian kaisers had ordered ten days' mourning in all courts of the two monarchies, Grand Duke Friedrich Franz of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the neighbor of the dead ruler, published a proclamation in which he stated that, as a distant relative of the ruling house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, he had taken over the administration of the state.

A Medieval Proclamation

THE proclamation was duly signed and posted in true feudal fashion, for even in time of war the ancient custom of a great house of German rulers could not and should not be broken! Everything was done as it had been centuries ago when there were no direct descendants of a deceased prince. Except for the signature, the proclamation of 1918 might have been an original of the year 1518, or 1218, or even centuries before that.

One paragraph especially which stamped the proclamation with this characteristic read as follows:

"In which We Graciously give Notice to all Subjects that the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz will be administered by Us; to Officials and Vassals of Whatever Rank and Station they may be, that You serve the Administrator in inviolable Faith and unresisting Obedience and act at all Times as is fitting for true Subjects and Servants to act towards the Rulers of the Land."

This astonishing document was written and signed by a ruling grand duke of Germany on February 27, 1918. Throughout the proclamation the people, the inhabitants of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, are referred to as "servants" and "vassals." After more than three years of war with three-fourths of the world it is still possible for a German ruler to address the people as "vassals."

The reason the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin could make this feudal announcement is evident: The German War Party has been successful in the east and in the Balkans. Its unlimited power extends over millions of people in twelve nations: Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey, Rumania, Serbia, Belgium, Northern France, Poland, the Ukraine and the Baltic Provinces. This party has the power to do as it desires, and Grand Duke Friedrich Franz, being a ruler of a German state, has unlimited authority within his little realm. A link in the iron chain feels the strength of the whole.

With this state of affairs existing in Germany is it possible or even probable that there will be a "league of free nations" after the war?

This question may be asked in all seriousness because to-day, more than at any other time during the war, the world is fighting for a democratic peace, for national liberty and for a league of nations to keep the peace of the future among all civilized peoples.

Because it seems universally recognized in Europe that any international organization after this war, to be successful, should include Germany, if not the other nations of the Central Powers, I shall try to explain in this article the attitude of the present German Government. To-day this government is nothing more nor less than a board of five men which has triumphed in the east and expects a break in the west to end the war. As the war situation stands to-day the whole world is faced by what this government believes is a German victory, and the world is further from a universal-peace organization than at any other time during the war, because Germany, by her military successes, is creating a league of Continental nations to oppose a league of free nations as suggested by President Wilson.

To understand Germany's attitude and to comprehend the necessity for political unity among the Allies and the United States, the Germany of 1913 must be contrasted with that nation of to-day. In time of peace Germany is ruled by the Kaiser, who is the nation's chief executive. Laws are drawn up and passed by the Bundesrat, an exclusive organization of the representatives of the rulers of the individual states. This body in turn is controlled by the Kaiser because through his representatives he has the power to veto any measure brought before that body. The third element in the peace-time political structure of Germany is the Reichstag, the powerless "debating society," which simply ratifies what the Bundesrat proposes.

In time of war this is completely changed. As soon as hostilities are proclaimed the Imperial General Staff becomes the supreme power in war. Germany is placed under martial law and everything, from food and commerce to life and death, submits to the discipline of the army.

One would think from this brief explanation that the German Government to-day was nothing more nor less than the Great General Staff. This was true at the beginning, but it is not now. Fighting has transformed Germany from a belligerent nation under the control of the army to a gigantic trust, controlled and dominated by five men, who form an unofficial board of directors. This board has absolute authority in war, politics and business.

The Five Masters of Germany

THE five men belonging to this board to-day are: The Kaiser; Field Marshal von Hindenburg; General Ludendorff; Grand Admiral von Tirpitz; Field Marshal von Mackensen.

The Kaiser, who is given complete power by the German constitution to make war and peace, who is the executive head of the government, is in effect the executive at the head of the board.

Von Hindenburg, the chief of the General Staff, who has complete authority over the armies and navies of the Central Powers, is the director of the military and naval affairs of the board.

Ludendorff, the First Quartermaster General, who has complete power over all German industries and who is in effect the dictator of labor, is the business director of the board.

Von Tirpitz, former Secretary of the Imperial Navy, as founder of the Fatherland Annexation Party and as the chief agitator for the war industries, the bankers, the conservatives and the nobility, is the Imperial propagandist who prepares the public for the decisions which this board makes in all political and commercial affairs.

Von Mackensen, one of the Kaiser's oldest and most intimate friends, who is commander in chief of the Bulgarian and Turkish armies and of the German forces in those countries, dominates the Balkans and Turkey and is the

(Continued on Page 81)

THE IRON CROSS—By F. Britten Austin

IT WAS blue twilight in the wide sandy trench. Little groups of German soldiers moved about freely, chattered and laughed without the least restraint on their voices. Some of them emerged from or disappeared into dugouts in the base of the parapet, but the majority of the inhabitants of the trench had evidently abandoned their cave dwellings for the primitive lean-to shelters—a sheet of corrugated iron or a few boards which partially roofed the trench here and there. More complete protection was superfluous in this Russian summer.

Under them men divested of accouterment sat watching the cooking pots on fires which smoked with impunity into the clear sky. No sound of gun or rifle disturbed the evening stillness. Only the sentries standing on the fire step at long intervals from each other, in a languid observation of a landscape invisible from the bottom of the trench, were evidence that this was the front line, that an enemy was in proximity.

A soldier with a packet of letters in his hand approached a group which had plenished its mess tins from the cooking pot and with Teutonic avidity was severally intent upon the serious business of food. The half dozen faces looked up in a sudden transformation to eager intelligence.

"The post!"

One of the men sprang up and hurried toward the soldier.

"Is there one for me?" His tone was so plaintively anxious that the rest of the group burst into laughter.

"*Ei*, Salzmann! You'll know soon enough that the *Schätzchen* has thrown you over!" "He's afraid someone has told her about him!" "That's what going home on leave does for you, Salzmann! You get caught by a girl, and then no more peace of mind!" "Don't give him his letters until the last, Mayer!"

Ribald variations upon the theme of the foolishly enamored followed in a rivalry of coarse soldatesque wit, each trying to think of some more comic allusion than his neighbor. Salzmann, a blond, simple-faced young man, whose eyes were wide in a permanent expression of alarm, was the habitual butt of his squad; his betrothal when last on leave was a novel and still unexhausted source of mocking gayety. He hurried now at the side of the approaching postman, imploring a sight of the letters, which was grinningly refused.

"One for you, Mendell!" said the soldier, sorting out his packet. "Two for you, Schmidt! Here, Grünbaum!" He pushed the eagerly clutching Salzmann to one side. "Wait!" he said roughly. "Here, Bürger! Weissenbach!" He distributed the letters; stood with empty hands.

"None for me!" cried Salzmann in such forlorn disappointment that his comrades laughed again.

"For you?" said the postman, as if trying to remember. His face was perfectly serious, his wink of intelligence to the others almost imperceptible. They rocked in their mirth. "Yes—I think there was one for you. I must have lost it."

"Give it me! Give it me!" cried Salzmann almost tearfully, like a child whose plaything is withheld by a teasing senior.

The soldier made a show of going through his pockets.

"I certainly had it," he said. "No; nothing here." Pocket after pocket was examined. He came to the last. "Ah! Is this it?" He produced a letter. "Johann Salzmann? Yes; this must be yours!"

Salzmann snatched it from him with an angry curse, which added to the merriment of his comrades.

There was a silence while the group perused their correspondence. Salzmann left the circle to seat himself upon a balk of timber where he could read his precious letter in quiet.

"*Lieber Johann*," it ran, "I am shame-red to write you this letter." The soldier's eyes opened a shade wider, his jaw dropped at this inauspicious beginning. He read on, tortured by apprehension. "The *Löwenwirt's** Franz is back in the village and is no more a soldier. Since he lost his right arm they let him go. The *Löwenwirt* and my father have been laying their heads together and they want me to marry Franz. The *Löwenwirt* wants to hand over the inn to Franz and me. *Lieber Johann*, I do not want to do this, for Franz has only one arm and cannot even dress himself properly, but he has the Iron Cross and everybody says he is a hero. My father says I ought to be proud to marry him, for, except the *Schäfer's* Reinhart, Franz is the only man alive of the village who has the Iron Cross Father says he cannot understand why you, who have been at the Front so long, have not won the Iron Cross."

Salzmann's expression changed slightly as he recalled the dour old miller, who had himself been decorated in the war of 1870

"The parson preached a sermon last Sunday when Franz came back to the village and he said that the Iron Cross was the symbol of the iron but modest bravery of the German people, and that every German soldier ought to have one. My father was there and he said afterward that every German soldier who had just done his duty had got one; that it was not like the days of 1870, when you had to do something fine to win it, and that it was a disgrace not to have one, and that he would not marry his daughter to a man who had been all through the war and was not decorated. So, *lieber Johann*, you must win the Iron Cross quickly, because they say the war is going to end, and my father will marry me to Franz almost at once."

"*Ach! Unglücklicher!*" exclaimed Salzmann in a tone of heartfelt self-commiseration. Long humbled as he had been by the scorn of his quick-witted comrades he was intelligent enough to appreciate his betrothed's naïve recommendation as a bitter irony.

The Iron Cross! He had no illusions as to his own military virtues; was, in fact, emphatically certain that nothing would induce him to risk his skin beyond the common everyday perils he could not escape. In battle his one thought was to get into a place of safety as soon as possible. No one looked for deeds of valor from him; least of all, himself. He was forced on by an even greater fear than that which he stumbled to encounter—the fear of his officer's pistol, of certain death if he wavered. As for awarding him the Iron Cross, the entire battalion would have shouted with laughter at the mere suggestion. He was only too acutely aware of it. The pitiful swagger with which he bragged of his ability to look after himself was the last cloak he could wrap about his ragged self-esteem.

If the miller's Gretel could be won only by the Iron Cross, then his suit was hopeless. And it was such a splendid mill! How often had he visualized himself as the flour-dusty proprietor for surely Gretel would inherit—smoking the long pipe of worthy contentment on the little bench which overlooked the dripping water wheel, indefatigable in grinding out wealth for him! Gretel was pretty, too, and her simple-minded pride in her soldier lover had been particularly precious to him. He sighed heavily as he renounced all this. The Iron Cross! He cursed bitterly and comprehensively.

(Continued on Page 42)

*Löwenwirt—the keeper of the Lion Inn. The innkeeper is a person of much importance in German village communities. He is never referred to by his own name, but always as the keeper of such and such a house—the *Löwenwirt*, the *Sonnenwirt*, and so on.

Women Soldiers Who Were in the Trenches on the Russian Front. Above, Four Survivors of the Battalion of Death, Out of a Company of Two Hundred

SCRAP IRON

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"WHAT'S in a name?" It was a woman who asked that question, and if Romeo had been more of a fighting man he could have answered it. Enrico Mustolini was never heard of outside the Eighth Ward, but as Iron Mush Murphy he took the whole town by storm. Let us examine into this matter of names.

It is well known that the followers of three professions, operating mostly after dark, often forsake their baptismal appellations. From time immemorial actors, safe blowers and boxers, moved by varying impulses, have sought the shelter of the alias. Thus Michael Donohoe becomes "Richard Montclair"; Bill Jones blossoms, not too openly, as "Frisco Red"; and Isidore Finkelstein chooses the *nom de guerre* of "Battling Clancy."

To tell the truth about the matter, Enrico Mustolini had never given any thought to the question of an assumed name. In the barns and back alleys where most of his unremunerated fighting had been done the preliminaries had not included an introduction of the principals. If it had been necessary to address Enrico at all, "Wop" had sufficed. The mothers of defeated gladiators frequently mentioned him to the police as "the tough one of them dago kids."

Beyond argument Enrico Mustolini was tough. He was a product of the toughest school in town, the streets and alleys of the Eighth Ward. Giacomo Mustolini, head of the family, owned a junk shop and left his wife in charge of it while he scoured the outlying portions of the city for rags, bottles and sacks. The two sons, Enrico and Antonio, ran wild as razorbacks from the time they could walk.

Enrico, or Henry, as he preferred to call himself, was a swarthy youth, set solidly on a pair of stocky legs, and in his sturdy body there lived again the soul of some swashbuckling ancestor. Henry loved a quarrel, and fought for the fun of the thing. Tony, eighteen months his junior, was slender of build, dreamy of eye, and had never shown any liking for street brawls. He was a better runner than fighter, but when cornered he gave battle with the savage fury of a frightened cat.

If Henry regretted this softness in his brother's character he said nothing about it. Since his tenth year he had done most of the fighting for the Mustolini family, and the general average was nothing to blush for, even in the Eighth Ward, where fighting averages ran high.

Because it is human nature to admire in others the qualities that we lack, Tony boasted that nobody could make his brother's nose bleed, and Henry gloried in Tony's cleverness and the fact that he could "read newspapers, and everything, in wop and American."

Henry was not even clever at his specialty. Head down and arms working like brown pistons he went joyfully into action. The science of attack was a closed book to Henry; and as for defense, such a thing had never entered into his calculations. He offered an open and seemingly indestructible countenance to his enemies, and while they tried to break his nose or close his beady eyes he wore them down with a terrific rib bombardment which none but the extremely fit could endure for long.

"No use hittin' that wop in the face," said the Eighth Ward warriors. "Might just as well pound a fire hydrant. What's he made of, anyway?"

Such notable talent for trouble cannot be concealed. Henry Mustolini learned, no matter how, that preliminary boxers made a great deal of money—sometimes as much as twenty dollars a night, just for a little fighting—and he set about to prove if these things were true.

With the faithful Tony at his heels he haunted the pavilion where the weekly boxing matches took place, and his great chance came when a pork-and-beaner defaulted at the last minute, leaving a gap in the program.

"Want to go on, kid? All right, hop into these trunks and I'll hustle you a pair of shoes."

"Well, what does he get?" demanded Tony, even then showing faint glimmerings of the managerial instinct.

"Ten if he wins, five if he loses. Hurry up, now!"

A few moments later the terror of the Eighth Ward found himself inside the ropes and blinking down at a sea of curious and expectant faces.

Henry was not exactly frightened, but Tony, who had followed him into the ring, seemed to be having a nervous chill.

"Fi-five dollars ain't so m-much," murmured Tony through chattering teeth; "and that other guy is b-big as a house."

"Forgetit!" ordered Henry crisply. "I'll tear the belly outa him. And how can he hurt me—with them pillows on his hands?"

At this juncture a lordly individual bent over Henry and in a hoarse and highly flavored whisper demanded to know his name. That was the time for the alias, but no such thought entered Henry's head. He answered truly; and Foghorn Finnegan was very much surprised.

"Henry—what? Come again wit' that, kid!"

"Mustolini—Henry Mustolini."

Now, as a general thing professional announcers are long on noise, short on memory, and witless as a megaphone. Foghorn Finnegan was no exception to the rule. He offered himself a muttered rehearsal, gave up in disgust, seized Henry firmly by the elbow, dragged him to the middle of the ring and held up one hand. When silence came Foghorn shattered it with his heavy roar:

"Kid Musty, gen'elmen! Kid Musty! One hunnerd and thirty-three pounds!"

That night as the Mustolini brothers walked home, keeping time to the clinking of ten silver dollars in Henry's pocket, they spoke of Finnegan's error.

"That big bum got your name wrong," complained Tony.

"I don't care," said the fighting man. "I got the dough—and one name is as good as another."

In this Henry was wrong. Kid Musty fought three times, but roused no great enthusiasm on the part of the public. It was T-Bone Riley, patron of the arts and friend of all the pork-and-beaners, who suggested an alias more in keeping with Henry's peculiar gift for assimilating punishment.

"Kid Musty! That's no name for a fighter. What you want is something that'll hit 'em right in the eye when they see it in the papers; something that tells what kind of a bird you are. Now you'll never be clever, but you've got 'em all cheated at one thing: You can let a man wear himself out hitting you in the mush. Must be made of iron. . . . By golly! I've got it! Iron Mush! How's that for a name?"

"Iron Mush Mustolini?" suggested Henry, hopefully.

"Naw! Iron Mush Murphy! Take a regular fighting name while you're taking one!"

He Began to Show Himself on the Local Rialto

Iron! There seems to be something enduring in the very sound of the word. Linked with a name or a title, the effect is irresistible. The Iron Duke, the Iron Chancellor, Iron Man McGinnity—these are names which are remembered, names which have stood the test of time. T-Bone Riley builded better than he knew.

Kid Musty had been nobody; Iron Mush Murphy rapidly became a local celebrity. The name caught and held public fancy; it had in it the element of distinctive novelty. More than all else it was descriptive. As T-Bone Riley said, it meant something. Perhaps it should be explained that, in the patois of the profession, to mention a man's mush is to mention his face. Similarly, the nose becomes a beezer, and the eye a lamp. Americanisms, yes; but it was Dickens who called a fist "a bunch of fives."

Assuredly the name Iron Mush meant something, and Henry added to that meaning every time he entered the ring. His opponents, finding his countenance absolutely unprotected, addressed themselves to it with more of vigor than intelligence, and when they wearied by reason of their exertions Henry rocked them to sleep with a tremendous tattoo aimed at the point where the ribs leave off and the stomach takes on. Henry became a drawing card. Nobody wanted to see him box, but everybody wanted to see him stop uppercuts and swings with his face. On a jaw of chilled steel and features tough as teak Henry Mustolini built up his fortunes.

After his seventh engagement Henry purchased a Turkey-red bathrobe, a pair of apple-green trunks and a badger haircut. He had taken thought and decided that his future was to be one of violence. When a pork-and-beaner buys a bathrobe he confesses himself the victim of ambition. The fighter who enters the ring wrapped in an overcoat has never aspired to a main event.

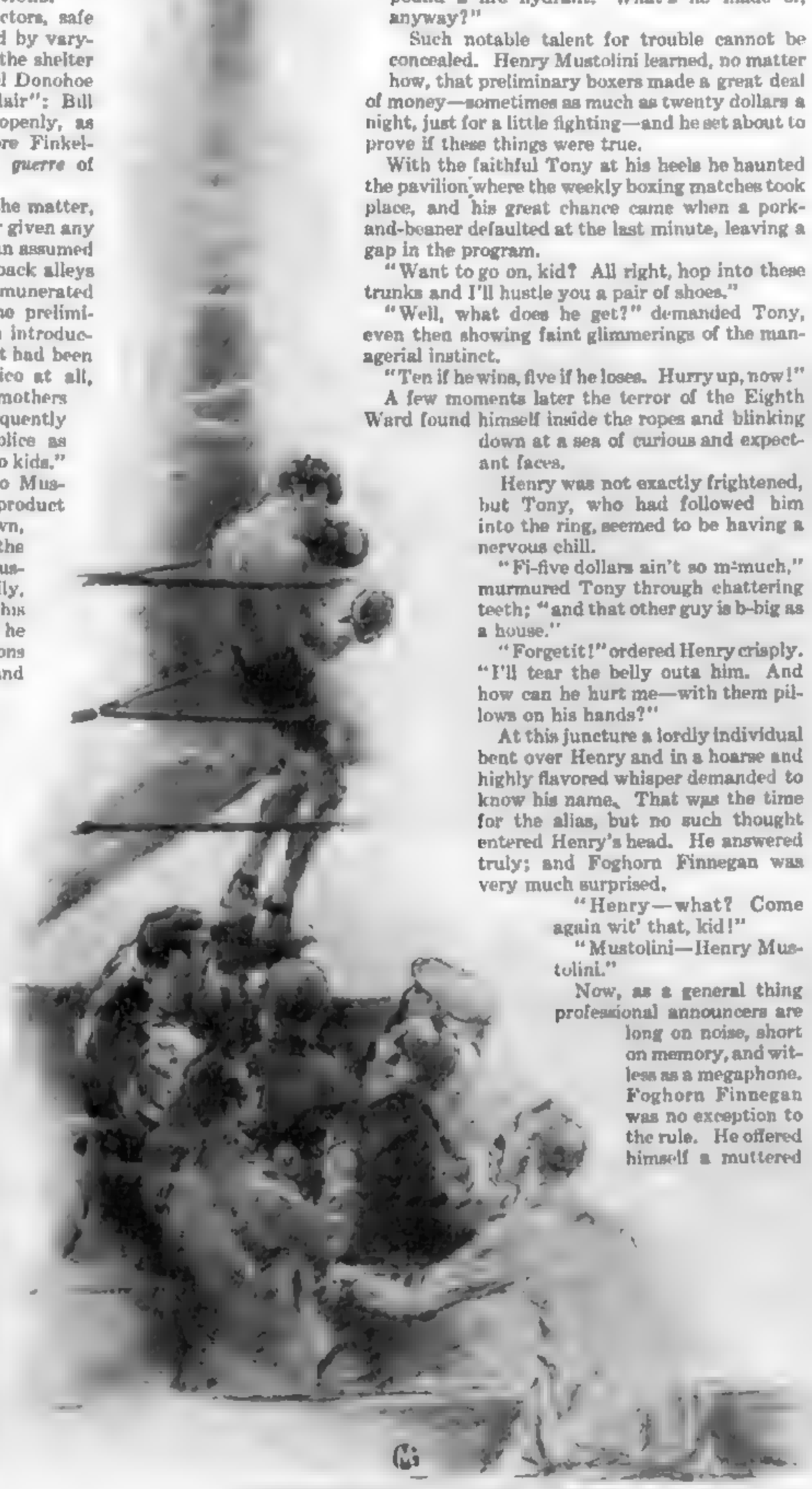
Henry began to show himself on the local Rialto, posing in front of cigar stands or loafing about the entrances to pool parlors. He learned to talk out of the corner of his mouth and to smoke cabbage-leaf perfectos. If he had dared be would have carried a springy bamboo cane.

About this time Henry was approached by several gentlemen of elegant but precarious leisure who were desirous of attaching themselves to his fortunes in a managerial capacity. They painted the future in glowing colors and laid great stress on the money they could get for Henry, while thinking only of the money Henry could get for them.

On one of these occasions Tony was a listener. "And all you'll have to do is fight," urged the applicant. "I'll 'tend to everything else; and if I don't grab you more dough'n you ever saw before, you can call me a liar. What do you say?"

Henry wavered, for he was tempted, but Tony saved him.

"He says nothing doing," remarked Tony. "Henry's got a manager already. I'm looking out for him."



Henry Was Not Gone, but Henry Was Going

"The hell you are!" snarled the disappointed one. "Mush never said nothing to me about it."

"He's just made up his mind. Ain't you, Henry?"

"Yeh," nodded the gladiator, dazed by this exhibition of quick thinking on Tony's part. "Yeh, Tony's me manager. He can read and write, and everything. Yeh, nothing doing."

II

TONY MUSTOLINI had just turned seventeen when he assumed the responsible position of manager and business dictator for Iron Mush Murphy, and never was fighter more faithfully served. No manager ever worked harder to thrust his charge into the public eye and keep him there; none ever showed a keener scent for an unattached dollar.

It was Tony who decided that Henry was underpaid and successfully bluffed the promoters by threatening to take their drawing card elsewhere; Tony who dictated weights and terms; Tony who haunted the sanctums of the sporting editors with fearful and wonderful photographs of the Iron Mush in action; Tony who discovered that the four-round route was a bit short for a battler of Henry's type and eased him onward and upward into the ten-round class; Tony who issued bold challenges to champions and near champions; Tony who worked like a Turk while Henry decorated the Rialto; and it was Tony who insisted that a certain amount of training must be done.

"Ten rounds is a long ways," said Tony. "You got to train for these babies now."

"I can go out to Doyle's," said Henry.

"Nix!" said his manager. "You'll train at home. We can rig up some kind of a ring out in the barn."

"But I got to have somebody to spar with," objected Henry; "and out at Doyle's there's always a gang ——"

"Too much gang," interrupted Tony with firmness. "And we won't pay no sparring partner, either. I'll box with you myself."

"You!" ejaculated Henry. "Think you can kid me?"

"I'm not kidding," said Tony. "If these boneheaded boys can learn to box, so can I."

He was as good as his word. In order to save the upkeep of a sparring partner the thrifty Tony became one himself. Being intelligent and adaptable he soon mastered the rudiments of attack and defense, but he was not content to remain a mediocre boxer. Tony studied the methods of the cleverest performers of the day. From a featherweight champion he learned something of the use of the straight left, which is in itself attack and defense; from a middleweight he got the knack of whipping in a right uppercut; from an English lightweight he studied the defensive value of elbows and forearms as applied to infighting; and from the Old Master himself he borrowed the trick of "letting his head roll with the punch."

Naturally an agile youth, exercise gave Tony the speed and spring of a panther; constant practice taught him accuracy. His shoulders broadened, his chest deepened, he took on weight where weight was needed; and Henry Mustolini, watching this miracle develop before his eyes, expressed surprise and admiration.

"Tony," said he, "I never would have thought it, but you're getting to be a regular fighting guy. You are, on the square. I can hit most of these birds, but I can't hit you; and you got that straight left up me nose all the time. . . . Why don't you step out and trim some of these dubs?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Tony. "One fighter in the family is plenty."

Henry argued the point, citing ring history to prove that one family had produced two champions, but Tony shook his head. He would box, but he would not fight.

"When you was a little kid," said Henry, "they used to say you was yellow, and I licked 'em for it. You could always put up a good fight when they got you in a corner. What ails you, Tony? You ain't scared of getting hurt, are you?"

"I don't know as it's that, Henry, but I never liked to get my face messed up."

"It would take a mighty good man to mess your face up now," admitted Henry with critical approval. "A mighty good man. I don't know as I could do it meself. You got as neat a left hand as anybody, and there's a kick in it when you let it fly. Your right cross is a darb. . . . No, don't laugh! I'm telling you straight. You don't need to be scared of any of these preliminary tramps. Why don't you be game and take a chance? You might like it same as I do."

"You always did like it," said Tony. "That's the difference."

Henry was not satisfied to let the question drop, and often revived it, but no amount of persuasion could induce Tony to consider a real battle, though the ramshackle barn behind the junk shop witnessed many an encounter that might easily have been mistaken for the genuine article. It was after one of these spirited sessions with the gloves that Henry renewed the argument.

"I don't get you at all, Tony. I'm supposed to be a dead tough mug, and hard game, but you rip into me like a champion going after a dub. You gimme all the battle I want, kid, fight me all over the place, but you won't even take on a soft one. . . . That last round—whew!"

"Aw," grinned Tony, "you just stall when you box with me. You never really cut loose."

"You think not?" demanded Henry. "You stung me with that uppercut made me good and sore. I forgot all about having any brother, see? The rest of the round I was after you, and I'd 'a' hurt you if I could. I got plenty close enough to cave in your slats, but I never hit nothing but elbows and forearms and gloves; and all the time, wham! wham! I'm getting them short, jolty ones in the belly. . . . Tony, that's the kind of fighting that licks guys. If you'd tear into these other fellows the way you tear into me there'd be nothing to it."

"You might just as well quit talking about it," said the younger brother. "There's nothing doing."

"You won't fight?" asked Henry.

Tony shook his head and there was a long silence. The iron-faced gladiator was slow in his mental processes, but reasonably thorough. Ever since he could remember he had taken violent issue with those who had called Tony a coward. He had silenced those youthful accusers, but he had never been able to silence a whisper in his own heart. It spoke to him clearly in that uncomfortable silence.

"I'd murder anybody else for saying it, Tony," said Henry at last, "but I think you've got a streak after all."

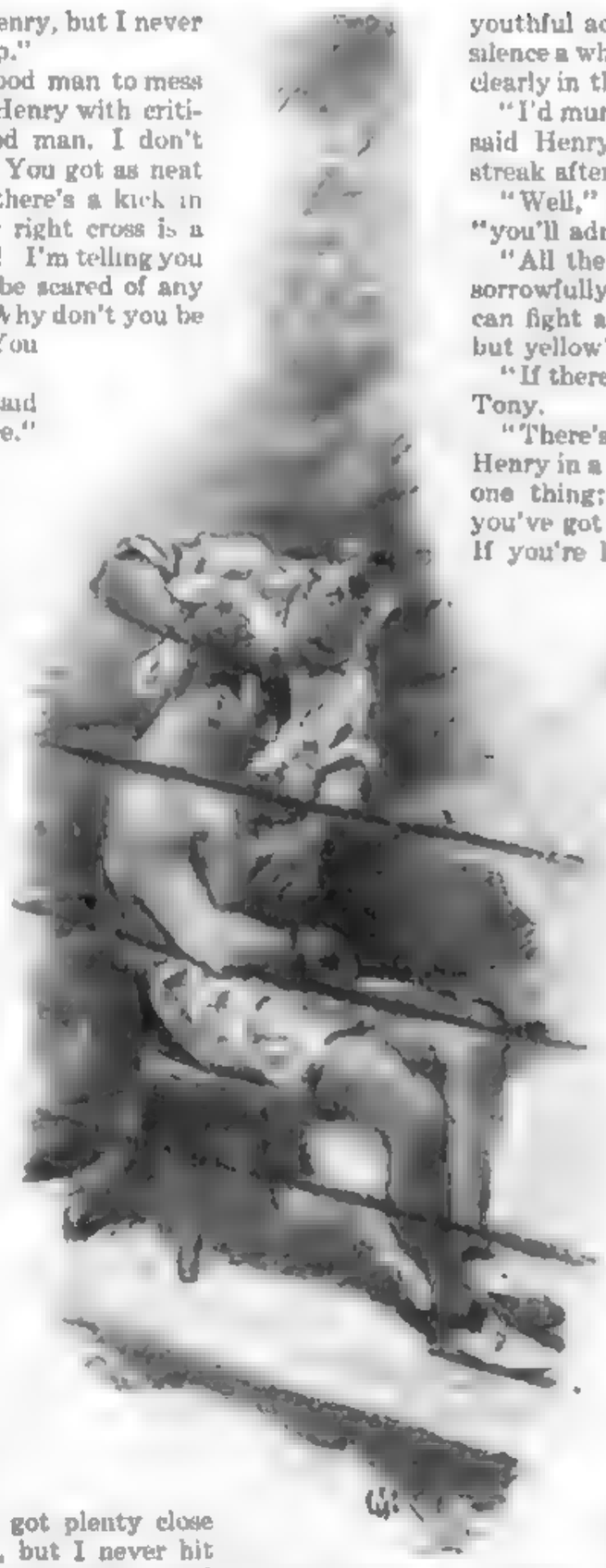
"Well," said the other, trying to laugh it off, "you'll admit I'm a good manager, won't you?"

"All the same"—and Henry wagged his head sorrowfully—"I think you're yellow. A bird that can fight and won't fight—why, what else is he but yellow?"

"If there was anything to fight for ——" began Tony.

"There's always something to fight for!" cried Henry in a sudden rage. "There's the dough, for one thing; and there's showing the gang that you've got the guts! . . . But what's the use? If you're born with a streak you'll have it all your life, and maybe it ain't your fault. I'll never bother you about it again, Tony. I won't ask you to get into the game no more—not as long as I live."

It is worth recording that he kept his word.



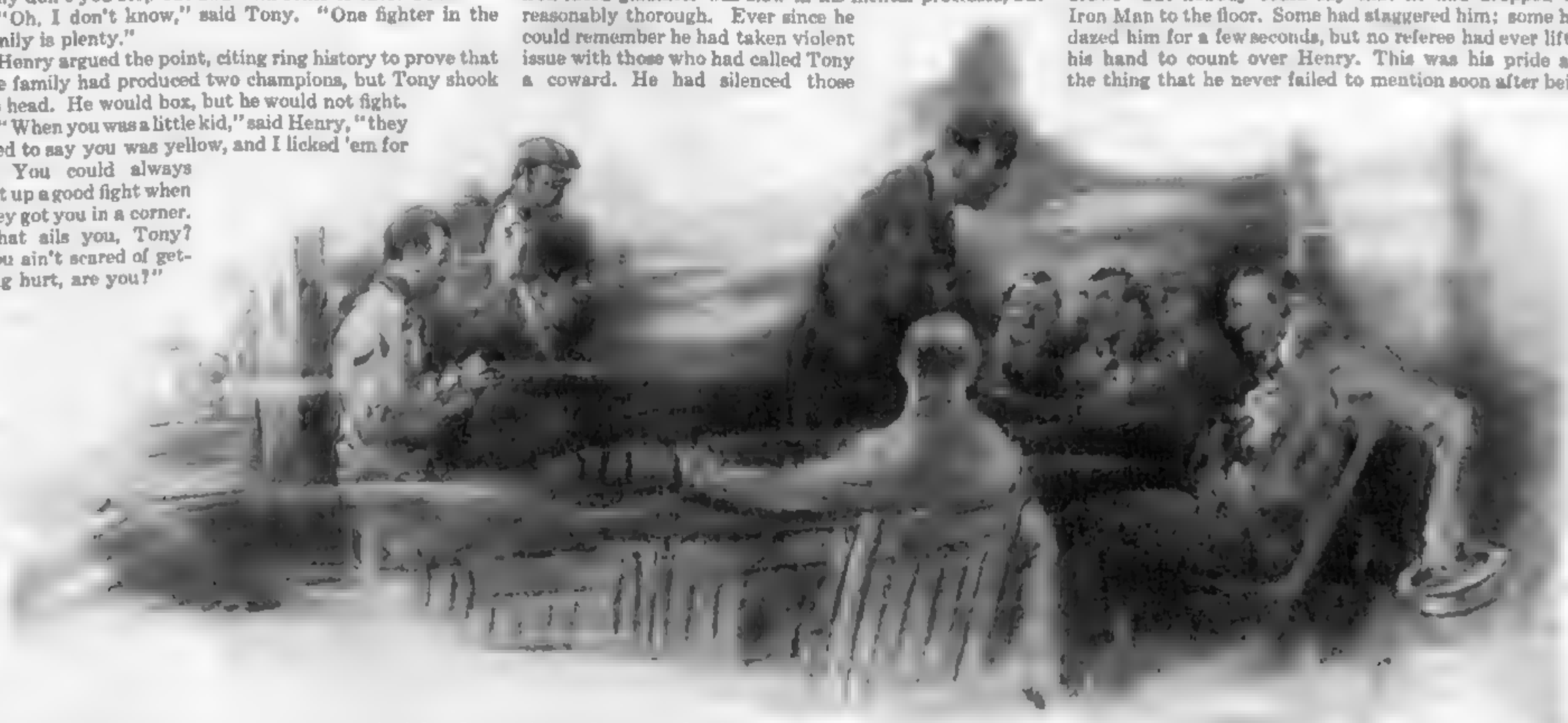
The Redhead Was a Stubborn Fighter, but No Foe!

III

THE Iron Man, as they finally came to call him, never became a topnotcher—there were a dozen clever men between him and the title—but for four years he served as a stumblingblock in ambition's path, and many a hopeful lightweight, his eyes fixed on the first division, stubbed his toes and fell. Some of course did not fall. Perhaps the thing which kept the Iron Man in the second division was his lack of speed. He was not fast enough on his feet to corner the "dancing masters." These outpointed him and sparred their way to bloodless victories, but woe to the wallowing battleship type of gladiator who elected to stand toe to toe with Henry and exchange body blows!

"Anybody can jab him in the face and run away," said T-Bone Riley, "but whenever they wade in and mix it with this dago their name is pants!"

Thus, in his leisurely, flat-footed fashion, Henry came to the end of his fourth professional year, the possessor of at least one great distinction: He had fought one hundred and forty-six battles and never once had he been knocked off his feet. Clever men had cut him to ribbons time after time; celebrated knockout artists had bounced their pet blows off that chilled-steel jaw; awkward, shuffling maulers of his own type had battered him from belt line to eyebrows—but nobody could say that he had dropped the Iron Man to the floor. Some had staggered him; some had dazed him for a few seconds, but no referee had ever lifted his hand to count over Henry. This was his pride and the thing that he never failed to mention soon after being



"He Seems to Take It to Heart," Said One Reserved-Seat Patron to Another

introduced to a stranger. It was Henry's one legitimate claim to greatness, and he realized it.

"They can hit me as hard as they want to," he used to say, "but they can't hurt me. I guess I'm some tough bird!"

Tony capitalized this unique record, even going to the length of compiling statistics for publication in the newspapers. He continued to act as Henry's sparring partner at home and abroad—the Mustolini brothers once got as far East as Denver—and built up quite a reputation as a shrewd matchmaker and a careful business manager. Those who watched Tony's work with the gloves were impressed with his skill. Some predicted a bright future for him inside the ropes.

"Well," Henry would say, "you know how it is; some likes the game and some don't. Tony, he's as game a kid as ever lived, don't make no mistake about that, but—he ain't like me. No; we're kinda different; been that way ever since we was kids. I was always the fighting one of the family. They all had their cracks at me, but nobody ever knocked me down.

"What do you think of that, hey? Some tough baby, me!"

But constant dropping wears away stone; the pitcher that continues to go wellward will one day meet disaster; and no iron man ever carried all his rivets with him to the grave. It is only a matter of time.

Out of the East came young Martin O'Day, adventuring on the gold coast in search of a reputation and Western money. He was red-headed, low-browed, dish-faced, slant-jawed, flat-nosed and built like a baby-grand piano. Nothing was known of him save that he could make one hundred and thirty-three pounds, and was "open to meet the world" at that weight. He looked like a fighter, he claimed to be a fighter, and he demonstrated that he was a fighter by stopping Butch Brown in three whirlwind rounds. During those three rounds he never took a backward step.

The Mustolini brothers were spectators that evening.

"What do you think of him?" asked Tony after the victor had left the ring.

"Go git him for me," growled Henry. "He's made to order."

There was no trouble about getting O'Day. His date book was full of blanks and his pockets were full of air. The match was made for ten rounds and advertised as an added attraction.

"Another set-up for Iron Mush," said the ring fans. "He eats these rough sluggers."

Henry received his customary ovation as he climbed slowly into the ring, covered from head to heel by his old red bathrobe, now stained and worn. The Iron Man could safely count on the cheers of half the spectators. The others usually sat in silence, hoping against hope to see him whipped. They had nothing against Henry, as the saying goes, but he had been entertaining them for a long time and perhaps they were a bit tired of him. Some people like variety.

When the fighters went to the middle of the ring for their instructions the redhead grinned cheerfully at Henry, who gave him smile for smile.

"Hello, wop!"

"Hello, Irish!"

"They tell me you're an iron man," said O'Day tauntingly, "and got your start in a junk shop. Think you'll ever go back?"

"Not to-night," answered Henry.

"Me," said O'Day—"I got my start licking Eyetalians."

"Is that so?" Henry was never clever at repartee.

"Yeh, it's s-s-so." O'Day prolonged the sibilant aggravatingly. "You're going back to that junk shop when I'm through with you, too. . . . What's scrap iron bringing these days?"

"Here!" growled the referee. "Cut that out! Save it till the bell rings!"

Back in his corner Henry expressed his opinion of O'Day.

"Fresh mick, ain't he?"

"Don't let him talk to you," cautioned Tony. "He's trying to get your goat."

"Fat chance!" sneered Henry, and then the gong clanged. Once more the men met in the middle of the ring.

"Scrap iron!" laughed O'Day, and went to work at his trade, head down and both gloves flying. Henry met him halfway, for this was exactly the sort of battle he loved. He had small respect for the sort of opponent who pecked at him with a long left jab and then ran away. The Iron Man planted himself solidly on his large flat feet and replied to the hurricane of short-arm jolts with a succession of rib-tearing punches, some of which might have been heard in the top row of the gallery.

Tony Found Him Sitting Among the Empty Bottles and Spelling Out the Press Notices

The redhead did not yield an inch under fire, but leaned forward valiantly to his guns. Head to head, shoulder to shoulder, fist to rib the issue was joined, and the house came up with a mighty roar of encouragement and approval. This was no pink-tea dancing contest; this was a real fight—the matching of punch with punch—stamina with stamina—the supreme test of courage. In such a battle there can be but one ending.

Five hundred men tell their wives that they attend boxing contests solely because they enjoy a scientific exposition of the art of self-defense. Of the five hundred, one man may be telling the truth; he may enthuse over a clever bloodless encounter for points. But the four hundred and ninety-nine leap to their feet to cheer a savage exchange of blows meant to hurt. After all, the fight's the thing!

And of the four hundred and ninety-nine paid admissions there may be twenty men sufficiently keen of eye to separate the damaging blows from the ones that are blocked or missed, and to analyze the trend of battle. The whole story of the fight between the Iron Man and the redhead was plainly written across the first three minutes of the engagement, but few were cool enough to read the message.

Henry had but one style of infighting, and in the past it had served him well. He preferred to spread his elbows rather wide and rip his body punches home with a swinging motion, his gloves traveling in an arc. The man who does this must leave his flanks unprotected at least part of the time.

O'Day, bending slightly from the waist, held his elbows close to his sides and shot both fists straight forward to the mark. Henry displayed more motion than his opponent, but half his short, clubbing swings were blocked by elbows and forearms, while O'Day, inside the attack, was making every punch tell. Henry was receiving exactly twice as much punishment as he inflicted. The gong found the men still in the middle of the ring, battering away at each other with all the strength in their bodies.

"I'll get him!" grunted Henry as Tony bent over him with an iced towel.

"I got him!" said O'Day to his chief second. "I'll lick him at his own game—infighting!"

"This'll never go ten rounds!" chuckled the gallery. "It can't!"

"Don't swing so wide," advised Tony. "He's inside you all the time. Cover up more and shoot 'em straight!"

"I'll 'inside' him if he stays with me long enough," said Henry.

The second round was a repetition of the first. Toe to toe, shoulder to shoulder, hammer and tongs they went at it again, to a sound as of carpets being beaten. For another three minutes they pivoted in midring, and this time the round seemed a long one to Henry. The steady exchange of one blow for two was beginning to take effect.

"Step round more!" urged Tony. "Open him up!"

"Not on your life!" said Henry. "One of us is going to back up first, and then there'll be plenty of stepping round!"

A portion of this prophecy was fulfilled toward the end of the fourth rib-rending session. The thunder from the gallery suddenly took on a new note. It could hardly have grown louder, but it jumped to a higher pitch and became a shrill clamor, which seemed to have in it an expression of triumph long deferred. Slowly but surely the Iron Man was giving ground. Henry did not step away from his task, he did not stop fighting for an instant, but inch by grudging inch he was retreating toward the ropes.

It was the beginning of the end. O'Day knew it, and put a few extra pounds behind the short straight jolts that he was driving into Henry's unarmored section. Tony Mustolini knew it and twisted a damp towel in his fingers as he crouched outside the ring, his eyes on a level with the canvas. The reporters knew it and made hasty notes. Everybody knew it but Henry.

"I'll get him yet!" he gasped when he came to his corner.

"What did I tell you?" panted O'Day as he dropped into his chair. "He's licked now—and I haven't hit him above the shoulders once! He's gone!"

Henry was not gone, but Henry was going. For the first time in his life he had found an opponent who ignored his chilled-steel jaw and was whipping him at his own game. In vain Tony begged him to cover up and play for a single finishing blow. Henry shook his head. He was in the condition so aptly described as "punch drunk."

"The best he'll ever get is a draw," said he three minutes later, which was the same as admitting defeat.

"He's weakening fast," was O'Day's report, "but I'll say this for him—he's a game dago!"

The sixth was a cruel period for Henry, but he managed to weather it somehow. His gloves seemed to weigh a ton apiece; his shoes seemed made of lead; every swing of his tired arms cost him an effort; every blow that found his battered stomach cost him excruciating pain; but he continued the unequal struggle with all that remained of the famous Iron Man—his blind fighting instinct and his brute courage. He was barely able to gasp when he rocked back to his corner.

"Draw—sure. One tough—bird!"

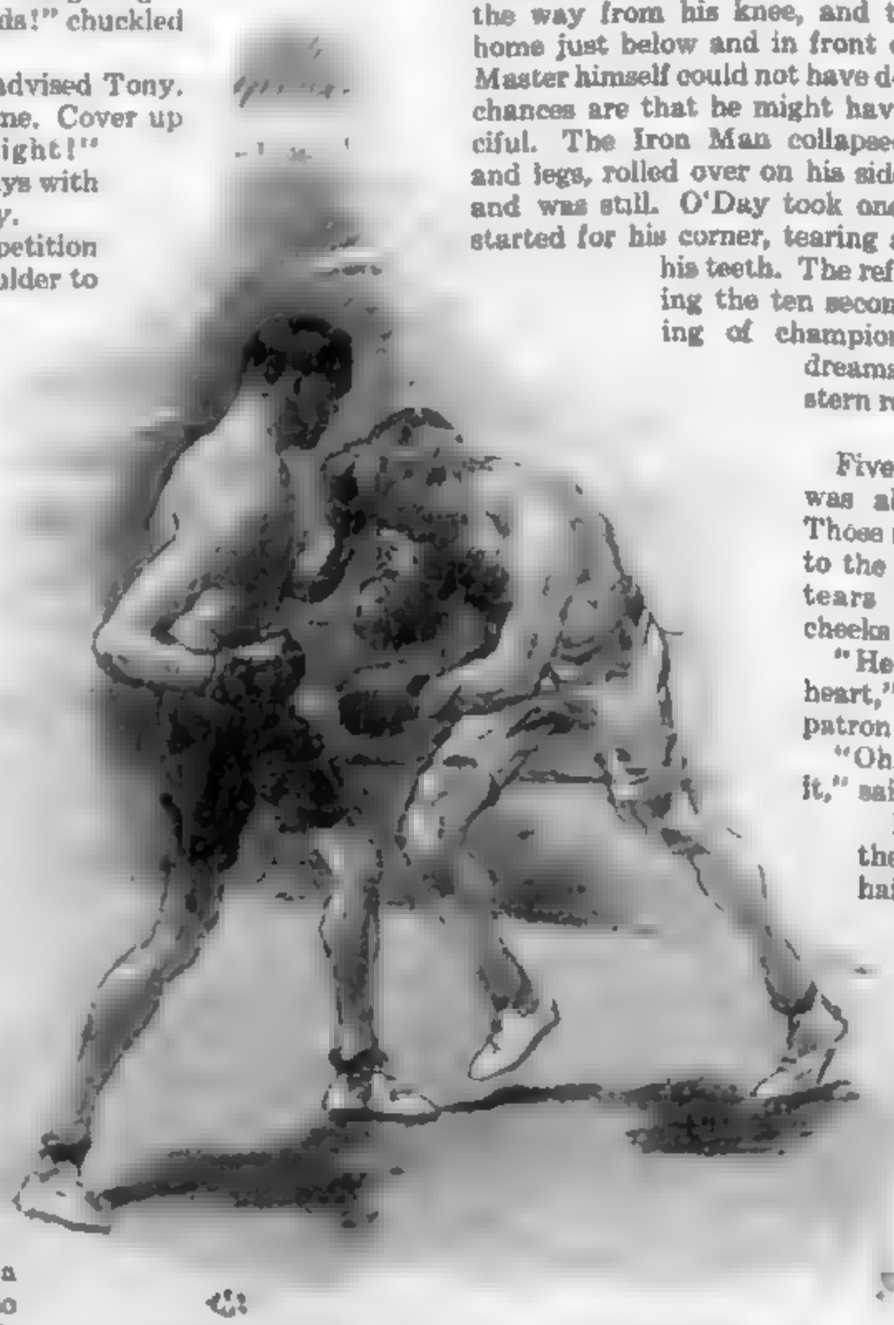
"He can't stop you," said Tony, and knew that he lied.

The seventh round saw the end of the contest and the making of an interesting bit of ring history. Henry fought till the last ounce of strength was gone and then he began to stagger. Quick as a flash O'Day switched the point of attack and whipped a savage uppercut home to the unprotected jaw.

Henry reeled against the ropes; his legs bent under him and his hands dropped to his sides.

It was then that the redhead proved himself a ring general. Nothing so plainly stamps the real class of a fighting man as the manner in which he goes about the delivery of the master stroke. The bungler, dazzled by the prospect of early victory, loses his head and rushing in tries to beat his victim to the floor with a flurry of wild swings, none of which finds a vital spot. The craftsman takes his time.

O'Day stepped back, measured the distance with a cool and practiced squint, located the target, and stepped in again swiftly. The blow that ended the fight came all the way from his knee, and the padded fist crashed home just below and in front of the left ear. The Old Master himself could not have done it better, though the chances are that he might have been a bit more merciful. The Iron Man collapsed in a huddle of arms and legs, rolled over on his side, quivered a few times and was still. O'Day took one look at his work and started for his corner, tearing at the glove lacing with his teeth. The referee was already counting the ten seconds that mark the passing of championships, the ending of dreams, and the beginning of stern realities.



O'Day, Breathing Like a Leaky Accordion, Met Tony Somewhere Near the Middle of the Ring

Five minutes later Henry was able to leave the ring. Those nearest the aisle leading to the dressing room saw the tears streaming down his cheeks and laughed at him.

"He seems to take it to heart," said one reserved-seat patron to another.

"Oh, well, he gets paid for it," said the other.

Hoarse and breathless the gallery gave Henry hail and farewell.

"It was a long time coming to him," said the dollar customers, "but when he got it he got it good! . . . Some fight!"

Tony bolted the door of the dressing room behind him. Then kneeling beside the rubbing table he put his

(Continued on Page 56)

THE GUNS THAT COUNT

A Final Inspection of United States Field Artillery in France

By Richard Bentinck

KILLING or maiming seventy-five children, women and old men at Good Friday services in a Paris church with one shell from a mysterious German gun about seventy miles away looks like an awe-inspiring achievement in frightfulness. Such a gun may seem a dreadful menace to us in America; thousands of miles removed from the battlefront, we are not as yet inured to such terrorizing tactics. We know too little about the guns that really count in present-day warfare to appraise correctly the futility of this new German toy of hell.

Cannon have taken a place of such supreme importance in the present conflict that we should be familiar with the guns we oppose to the much-cracked-up German pieces. The Allied armies on the Western Front are using many French guns. It is a reassuring fact that these guns are more than a match for the German artillery.

We have only to compare the exploits of this latest Teuton device for butchering innocents with the terrible execution of the French artillery, to come to a heartening conclusion as to the superiority of our Allied ordnance; the more heartening because we do not underestimate the German strength. War teaches war. We may learn even from our enemy, and the perfection his latest invention may ultimately attain—perhaps as a result of our own ingenuity—cannot be conjectured. But one thing is certain: At present the German long-range gun is a mere toy, incapable of being used effectively against an opposing trained army.

No doubt its uselessness as a weapon of war against men is the reason why the Kaiser employs it in an effort to terrorize noncombatants, defenseless women and babies, in *echt Deutsch* style. The effort is on a par with those of the Zeppelin raids and the bombardment of English unfortified coast towns earlier in the war. It is a phase of German propaganda aimed to weaken the faith in its own armament of the populace at home. If the peoples of the Allied countries could be impressed with the efficacy of German equipment sufficiently to doubt the adequacy of their own war tools against those of the Hun, they might be made to clamor insistently for peace to end the "futile struggle against superior forces." So the Kaiser wishes to think. But he has signally failed to impress the Allied peoples that way.

The Parisians go about their business as unconcerned over the long-range gadfly stings as the English did under the air raids. The braves of the gay city on the Seine shrug their shoulders and say *"C'est la guerre!"* They know more intimately than we the unspectacular but far more deadly work their own trusty 75's, their 90's, their 220 howitzers, their 340's and 400's are accomplishing where it really counts.

Killing off a few noncombatants every fifteen minutes during daylight emphatically does not count in this war business. It does not even terrify the noncombatants. Such tactics will never win this war. What does count is the havoc wrought among the effectives. That is where the long-range toy fails. That is where the French cannon are most formidable.

Hundreds of letters and entries in diaries found on German prisoners reveal the terror French shells struck in the hearts of fighting men. A German machine gunner, quite recently captured, confided to his notebook: "The assault had to be stopped because of the violent *trommelfeuer* of the French. Very heavy losses in our regiment. At night we were relieved. It was time! For all our men were going mad in that witches' caldron."

Another, a very young boy, writes to his parents: "It is bitter, bitter hard! I am still so young! What is the good? What use praying, beseeching? The shells! The shells!"

An officer of the 80th Regiment writes that reserve and rest trenches received as many shells as the first-line trenches.

Lieutenant H——, of the 81st, states that "all roads are ceaselessly raked by the French artillery. We cannot even bury our dead. The men prefer starving to going out for food."

A German battery commander describes the massive firing of the French guns: "The French artillery preparation began. The fire of an entire battery was concentrated upon each 100 to 150 yards of our trenches. And I had to defend nearly six kilometers"—about three and a half miles—"with my six batteries. My guns began flying up in the air. We received between 2000 and 3000 shots per battery. Guns, provisions and munitions vanished. So did most of the men. The rest were made mad with gas. Masks don't protect men that are hard at work and have need of air. . . . My first battery disappeared utterly. The second received 1250 shots from a heavy French battery between 2:30 and 10:30 A. M. The shots were perfectly aimed."

The terror of fighting men, cowed in trenches that fail to protect, speaks from these letters. With it compare the stoical reception of the long-range novelty by the Parisians, and the failure of the latest tool of frightfulness

(Continued on Page 93)

Greek Soldiers are Being Trained by French Officers in the Uses of the Deadly "Seventy-Five"

TOBERMORY

By KENNETT HARRIS

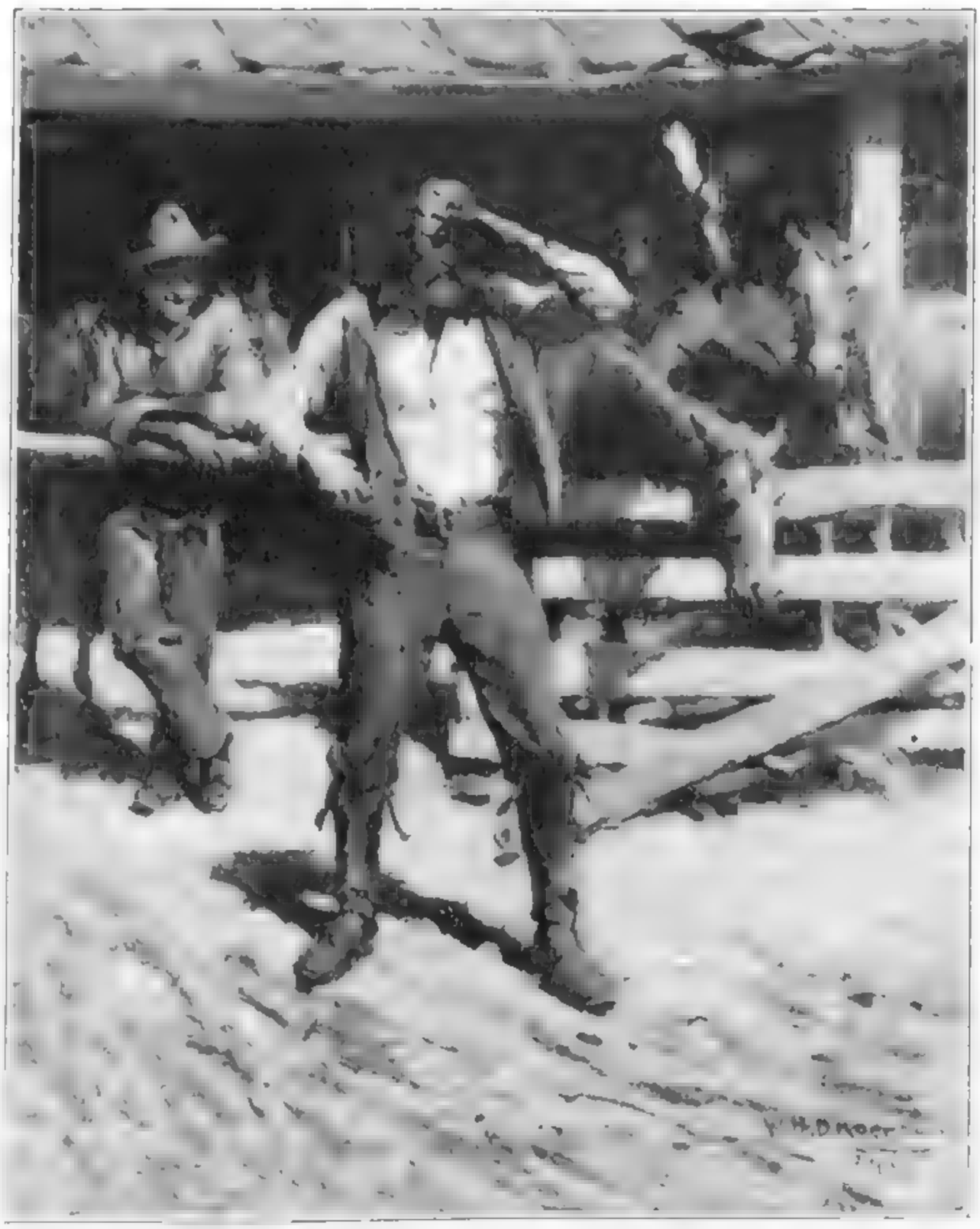
ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

JIMMY GOOD-VOICE-FLUTE had been pestering the trader for gratuitous cigarettes for at least half an hour after he had got all that was coming to him for his beaver pelts, and when he surreptitiously slipped a dollar-and-fifty-cent skinning knife under his blanket and tried to look innocent the trader's patience gave out completely. The old bullwhacker watched the ensuing action with grave interest, and even left his seat on a nail keg by the stove to view the continuation of the proceedings outside the store. He viewed them from the inside, however, through a clear patch that he rubbed on the frost-covered window, first closing the door to keep out the zero cold.

It was an interesting spectacle. It takes an active and speedy white person to keep within kicking distance of a running Oglala Indian in the prime of life and good condition. Actually to kick him three times and make up the ground lost on each occasion, which the trader did, constitutes a record performance. The course ran over ground covered with a light snow, around the hay corral and to the steep bank overhanging the creek, Jimmy demonstrating the aptness of the first two-thirds of his family name as they went. The trader stopped at the creek bank; the Indian went on, down and through.

When the breathless advance agent of commerce returned the old bullwhacker complimented him on his form, but deprecated his violence.

"I was something of a foot racer myself when I was some younger," he said, "but I don't believe I'd have allowed you much of a handicap. Nevertheless, Ike, a man hadn't ought to let his heels outrun his head like you done. I reckon it's no more than natural and human for to feel a mite peevish once in a spell. We can't all be like Old Man Tobermory, but we can smother our honest feelings, sort of—or we ought to could—when it ain't to our interest to show 'em."



"I've Got Faith in That Boy," Pa Kept Saying. "You Can't Tell Me That He Ain't Got a Single Spark of Gratitude in Him, After All I've Done for Him"

"Who's Tobermory?" inquired the trader, picking up the skinning knife and returning it to stock.

"When Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Soap has got you knotted up in rawhide and wired to a sapling you'll be sorry for this," pursued the old bullwhacker, shaking his head with much seriousness. "When the squaws are singing happy little songs as they stick lighted pine splinters into your shrinking form you'll be a-cursing of the day when you humbled the haughty spirit of the noble red man."

"Who's Tobermory?" repeated the trader.

"When the Badface band exhumes the tomahawk and the shrill warwhoops is a-ringing through the forest aisles you'll regret that you hadn't extended the right hand of fellowship to him instead of the sole of your number nine," the old bullwhacker went on. "An Injun has got his feelings, the same as you and me, and you injured that one in a tender and sensitive spot, Ike."

"I aimed to," replied the trader. "Who's ——"

"You've just about forfeited his friendship," sighed the old bullwhacker. "He won't be easy now until he's got red hair hanging in his tepee. Is this here shack insured?"

"You never stopped to listen when folks got to talking about me," remarked the trader. "I come into the Mandan Territory before I growed hair of any color at all, and I was eating baled hay without spitting out the wire before I was three years old. All I wear boots for is the looks of the thing. Who was Tobermory? I was asking you."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," said the old bullwhacker. "Well, he was a man that wouldn't never have treated nobody the way you done a while ago. He was mild and gentle in his ways, Old Man Tobermory was. Moses wasn't nothing to him for meekness, and he claimed that Job, seemed like to him, was a lee-eetle mite disposed to kick on slight provocation. Not that he wanted to criticize Mr. Job or be finding fault with him, but—well, it seemed like Satan might have made out a tolerable case against him if he had wanted to bad enough. 'Still,' says Tobermory, 'I got to own that I never had no boils myself on me.' Then he strokes his old gray whiskers all the way down from his chin to the buttons on his pants. 'I reckon mabbe it's because I've always et a heap of corn bread and sorghum molasses with the rest of my victuals; what do you reckon? How does a fellow go about it to get boils, anyway? I'd like to try 'em.' You see he sort of prided himself on being patient.

"Well, he come into the territory from Missouri or Iowa or somewheres—him and his old woman and the two boys—and they settled on the Belle Fourche, near where the Gooseneck Ranch was. If you'll believe me he broke forty-odd acres of sod with a yoke of balky steers and never said a word out of the way. What's more, he kept good friends with the man who sold him them steers and told him they'd pull the tongue out of a wagon—friends with him for years after. Lent him money, by Godfrey!"

"Did you ever pay him back?" inquired the trader.

"Do you want to hear about this?" demanded the old bullwhacker. "All right then! One day he went out to the pasture where he'd had ten head of three-year-old colts and found the fence wire cut and the colts gone.

"'Too bad!' he says. 'Too bad! Well, the Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. I ain't got no kick coming.'

"His biggest boy, Arch, who was with him, was nosing round the tracks where the wire was cut. 'The Lord didn't take 'em away,' says Arch. 'It was a couple of sons-of guns riding half-shod ponies. See if it wasn't! And they headed straight for no place they could ride round that was anyways populous, the way their trail runs. I reckon we might tag along after them, just out of curiosity, paw. You fog along and I'll go to the house and get you a gun and overtake you.'

"'What do I want with a gun?' asks Tobermory. 'This ain't the Fourth of July for to make a joyful noise, and we ain't out after meat. I'm sorry to see you getting notions like that into your head, sonny. If them Sabeans need them colts worse than what I do they're welcome to them; but I don't know that it wouldn't be just as well to explain to them that I'm a poor man and leave it to their better feelings whether it wouldn't be the right thing for them to let us take 'em back—if we catch up with them.'

"'All right, pappy,' says Arch. 'If you'd sooner talk 'em to death than kill 'em outright I'm agreeable. I guess they deserve it—the naughty, bad, wicked things! I don't blame you for feeling sort of vindictive.'

"'Why, Archie!' says Tobermory. 'Why, boy, I ain't feeling a particle vindictive. I can't figure how in time you should think such a thing as that of me. No, I ain't mad at 'em. All I said was that I'd tell 'em how things was with me. They hadn't ought to mind that. Do you reckon they'd mind—if I just told 'em? You know we really do need them colts, Archie. 'Course we could get along without 'em, but ——'

"Arch had got too far ahead to hear good, so he stopped talking and followed along the trail, which was tolerable plain so that the boy was making right good time. It was all Tobermory could do to keep him in sight. The balance of the morning they rode about south and an hour after noon they come into sight of Bear Butte and pretty soon Arch pulled up at the top of a rise.

"'Look over there,' he says, pointing with his finger, and there about a mile away they made out a bunch of horses and some men milling round under some cottonwoods.

"'There's more than ten head there, and there's more than two men,' says Tobermory; and then he seen that Arch had got a little Spencer carbine under his leg and was pulling it out. 'I'd like for you to put that back, Archie,' he says. 'Remember, them that takes the sword shall perish by the sword, and the same applies to guns. I didn't see you had that when we started or I'd have asked you to leave it at home.'

"'We might as well go back then,' says Arch, reining round. 'I feel bashful when I meet a bunch of perfect strangers and ain't properly attired and fixed up like other men; and I bet that every last one of them fellows is wearing the very latest styles in artillery and has got 'em on straight. Let's go home, pappy.'

"'All right, son,' says Tobermory. 'Tell ma to set out a bite for me on the table and not to wait up.' Saying which he trots along toward the cottonwoods. Arch made a move to pull out the carbine again, but he was a good boy and 'most always done what his daddy told him, so he just cussed a streak and then put out after the old gentleman; and they both arrived together, just at the same time that Black Jack Frushin kicked his last at the looped end of a rope that was slung over a limb of one of the trees.

"The party consisted of Alonzo Dolby and his merry little band of stranglers, who had accidentally happened on Frushin and a partner of his, name of Gus Minnick, who was driving four other horses besides the Tobermory ten, all with brands that wasn't vented, and no good excuse. They had give the boys a fair—well, a fair-to-middling trial, and had got as far as one up and one to play when the Tobermorys come up and sort of diverted attention.

"Dolby knew Old Man Tobermory and gave him glad welcome. 'If we had known you was coming we'd have sure delayed the performance,' he says; 'but you can have a seat for the second act, which is just a-going to begin.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that you've hung that poor boy just because he had a few cayuses that didn't properly belong to him?' says Tobermory in horror-struck tones.

"Dolby said he sort of reckoned that they had, kind of, and asked him what was his own opinion about it, judging from the looks of the late Mr. Frushin.

"Old Man Tobermory wagged his head mighty sorrowful. 'And do you mean to say that you're figuring on hanging that one too?' he asks, pointing with his finger to Gus Minnick, who was all wound round and waiting.

"'You might say we got definite intentions bordering on decisions thataway,' Dolby told him. 'You see, Tobe,' he

says, 'we've got to do something to show that we ain't approving this here promiscuous stock-rustling and general helling round. We don't want the idea to get out that we don't take a warm and practical interest in good morals. We aim to be an uplifting and elevating force in the community, and we will now proceed to uplift and elevate Brother Minnick.'

"'Hold on, 'Lonzo!' says Tobermory. 'I just want to say a word or two before you do anything rash. You ain't agoing to improve no man's morals by treating him as if he was a family wash. Once you've hung him you've spoiled all his chances for future usefulness. He ain't going to distinguish himself in no walk of life you can mention, from that out, the way I look at it. And what's more, it ain't kind or considerate, noways. You wouldn't like it yourself. No, sir! None of you gentlemen wouldn't. I don't claim it's the right thing to go round gathering up folks' horses without asking or saying something about it, but I don't believe Mr. Minnick here has had the advantages that some of us has had, and I believe he's sorry right now that he done so. And I think if you asked him he'd promise that he wouldn't do it no more—wouldn't you, Mr. Minnick? You think it over and you'll see that you've done wrong. You don't aim to do wrong, do you?'

"Minnick looked up at Dolby. 'Do I have to take this as well?' he asks. 'Ain't this against the constitution providing against cruel and unusual punishments? It's all right, I suppose, if you say so. You've got me tied.'

"'I told you so, pappy,' whispers Arch, nudging the old man.

"'You hush, son!' says Tobermory. 'I reckon he thinks I'm making sport of him, which sure would be a cruelty and which I wouldn't do and ain't. 'Lonzo, you turn this boy loose and I'll take him back to the ranch with me where he won't be led astray by bad company and will have good books and moral influences and steady work and wages and regular square meals. I've got a heap of faith in this boy. If I was a betting man I'd be willing to bet I can reform him, even if appearances is against him now.'

"'We'd like to oblige you, Tobe,' says Dolby, 'but you're a heap too hopeful. All said and done, Mr. Minnick is a horse thief.'

"'All said and done, they're mostly my horses,' says Tobermory. 'If I'm willing to overlook it I guess you gentlemen ought to be. Now I'd just like to say a few words to prove that I'm right about this.'

"'For the love of heaven let him take the dirty son-of-a-gun!' says one of the party. 'A few words is good with me, and he's sure said 'em aplenty. I like to see a good lively hanging as well as the next fellow, but I ain't agoing to hold out for it if Mr. Tobermory is agoing to object at any more length.'

"That got another man started. Seemed like Minnick had shot off the tip of his ear and the soreness had worked all through his system. He expressed himself according, and then Gus chirped up and told him that his ears was too long anyway. 'You certainly couldn't expect me to shoot you in the brain,' says Gus.

"'Now don't you boys get to fussing and quarreling,' says Tobermory. 'It ain't seemly. Gus, you poor, misguided fellow, are you willing to come home with me and behave yourself?'

"'Suits me,' says Gus.

"'There you are!' says Old Man Tobermory, as pleased as pie. 'He says he'll behave himself, and what more could you ask?'

"So, after a little more, back and forth, they untied Gus, and him and the old man and Arch and the colts started back. Gus acted kind of quiet and thoughtful for a spell. They had gone four or five miles before he spoke. Then he says to Old Man Tobermory: 'You was mentioning wages a while back. How much do you reckon you want to pay me, Mister Man?'

"Arch heard him. 'Why, you slit-eyed, crooked-nosed, small-souled, bandy-legged blister!' says he. 'I've a notion to drag you out of that saddle and jam you a yard and a half into the ground. Wages!'

"Gus slid his hand down to his hip before he took time to think that it was waste motion. Then he remembered that 'Lonzo Dolby had forgot to return him the personal property that he was reaching for, and spurred off to one side to avoid the rush that Arch started to make. Old Man Tobermory edged in between them pretty lively and told Arch to behave.

"'I'm perfectly ashamed of you, son,' he said. 'I don't know what on earth Mr. Minnick is agoing to think of such manners—talking about a gentleman's features and limbs, what he ain't noways to blame for, right to his face! Why, you act as if you'd never had no raising. You excuse him, Mr. Minnick; he doesn't mean no harm; he's just young and thoughtless. You and him is agoing to be the best kind of friends or I miss my guess.'

"'You miss it about a statutory mile if he ever makes them kind of cracks again,' says Gus. 'Such language applied to me 'most always occasions a coolness in the applicationer sort of approximating the temperature of a wedge. If I hadn't a high respect for you I'd be miffed about it as it is.'

"'You apologize, Archie,' says Tobermory. 'You apologize, like a good boy.'

"'Sure,' says Arch, with a sweet, dutiful smile. 'I done wrong, pa. Mr. Minnick, I hope you'll overlook it. I wouldn't sleep more than twelve hours at a stretch if I thought I'd really hurt your tender feelings and got you to disliking me. I apologize. Sure! I'd apologize to a polecat—any polecat—to please pa.'

"'Now that's handsome,' says Tobermory, with his crinkled-up, benevolent grin. 'That's more like my boy Archie. Now about them wages: I'm willing to pay what's fair—thirty-five a month; and if we do well and don't have no losses I'll raise it at the end of the season.'

"'Well, that ain't much,' says Gus; 'but I've took a fancy to you, and then you done me a favor a little while ago, so if your old woman ain't no more than an average bad cook I'll help you out.'

"'I feel sure that ma'll do her level best to please you, since you're so kind and obliging,' says Arch. 'Any time the grub is cold you just tell me and I'll make it hot for you. I'll make it so damned hot for you——'

"'Archie!' says the old man.

"'Yes, I see that me and Archie is agoing to be the best kind of friends,' says Gus, and his eyes was slittier than ever when he said it.

"Now I take the same view of human nature as Tobermory," observed the old bullwhacker. "I claim there's some good in most folks if we could only find it. The trouble is that we don't look hard enough. Ain't that right? Tobermory figured that Gus had just mislaid his redeeming qualities, but they was in him somewheres, hid away under a mess of orneriness where nobody'd ever

Continued on Page 117

"Why, You Slit-Eyed, Crooked-Nosed, Small-Souled, Bandy-Legged Blister!" Says Arch. "I've a Notion to Drag You Out of That Saddle and Jam You a Yard and a Half Into the Ground"

SHOOTING STARS

By William A. Bishop
V.C., D.S.O., M.C.

DAWN was due at five-thirty o'clock on Easter Monday, and that was the exact hour set for the beginning of the Battle of Arras. We were up and had our machines out of the hangars while it was still night. The beautiful weather of a few hours before had vanished. A strong, chill wind was blowing from the east, and dark menacing clouds were scudding along low overhead.

We were detailed to fly at a low altitude over the advancing infantry, firing into the enemy trenches, and dispersing any groups of men or working troops we happened to see in the vicinity of the lines. Some phases of this work are known as "contact patrols," the machines keeping track always of the infantry advance, watching points where they may be held up, and returning from time to time to report just how the battle is going. Working with the infantry in a big attack is a most exciting experience. It means flying close to the ground and constantly passing through our own shells as well as those of the enemy.

The shell fire this morning was simply indescribable. The bombardment, which had been going on all night, gradually died down about five o'clock, and the Germans must have felt that the British had finished their nightly straffing, were tired out and going to bed. For a time almost complete silence reigned over the battlefields. All along the German lines star shells and rocket lights were looping through the darkness. The old boche is always suspicious and likes to have the country round him lighted up as much as possible so he can see what the enemy is about.

The wind kept growing stiffer and stiffer and there was a distinct feel of rain in the air. Precisely at the moment that all the British guns roared out their first salvo of the battle the skies opened and the rain fell in torrents. Gunfire may or may not have anything to do with rain-making, but there was a strange coincidence between the shock of battle and the commencement of the downpour this morning. It was beastly luck, and we felt it keenly. But we carried on.

A Squadron of British Machines Ready to Ascend

While the British fire was at its height the Germans set up a counter barrage. This was not so intense, but every shell, added to the shrieking chorus that filled the stormy air, made the lot of the flying man just so much more difficult. Yet the risk was one we could not avoid; we had to endure it with the best spirit possible.

An Uncanny Puppet Show

THE waves of attacking infantry as they came out of their trenches and trudged forward behind the curtain of shells laid down by the artillery were an amazing sight. The men seemed to wander across No Man's Land and into the enemy trenches as if the battle was a great bore to them. From the air it looked as though they did not realize that they were at war, and were taking it all entirely too quietly. That is the way with clockwork warfare. These troops had been drilled to move forward at a given pace. They had been timed over and over again in marching a certain distance, and from this timing the creeping or rolling barrage which moved in front of them had been mathematically worked out. And the battle, so calmly entered into, was one of the tensest, bitterest of the entire world war.

For days the battle continued, and it was hard work and no play for everybody concerned. The weather instead of getting better, as in spring it should, gradually got worse. It was cold, windy and wet. Every two or three hours sudden snow-storms would shut in, and flying in these squalls, which obliterated the landscape, was very ticklish business.

On the fourth day of the battle I happened to be flying about five hundred feet above the trenches an hour after dawn. It had snowed during the night and the ground was covered with a new layer of white several inches thick. No marks of the battle of the day before were to be seen; the only blemishes in the snow mantle were the marks of shells which had fallen during the last hour. No Man's Land itself, so often a filthy litter, was this morning quite clean and white.

Suddenly over the top of our parapets a thin line of infantry crawled up and commenced to stroll casually toward the enemy. To me it seemed that they must soon wake up and run; that they were altogether too slow; that they could not realize the great danger they were in. Here and there a shell would burst as the line advanced or halted for a moment. Three or four men near the burst would topple over like so many tin soldiers. Two or three other men would then come running up to the spot from the rear with a stretcher, pick up the wounded and the dying, and slowly walk back with them.

I could not get the idea out of my head that it was just a game they were playing at; it all seemed so unreal. Nor could I believe that the little brown figures moving about below me were really men—men going to the glory of victory or the glory of death. I could not make myself realize the full truth or meaning of it all. It seemed that I was in an entirely different world, looking down from another sphere on this strange, uncanny puppet show.

Suddenly I heard the deathly rattle of a nest of machine guns under me and saw that the line of our troops at one place was growing very thin, with many figures sprawling on the ground. For three or four minutes I could not make out the concealed position of the German gunners. Our men had halted, and were lying on the ground, evidently as much puzzled as I was. Then in a corner of a German trench I saw a group of about five men operating two machine guns. They were slightly to the flank of our line and evidently had been doing a great amount of damage. The sight of these men thoroughly woke me up to the reality of the whole scene beneath me. I dived vertically at them with a burst of rapid fire. The smoking bullets from my gun flashed into the ground and it was an easy matter to get an accurate aim on the German automatics, one of which turned its muzzle toward me.

But in a fraction of a second I had reached a height of only thirty feet above the Huns, so low I could make out every detail of their frightened faces. With hate in my heart I fired every bullet I could into the group as I swept over it, then turned my machine away. A few minutes later I had the satisfaction of seeing our line again advancing, and before the time had come for me to return from my patrol our men had occupied all the German positions they had set out to take. It was a wonderful sight and a wonderful experience. Though it had been so difficult to realize that men were dying and being maimed for life beneath me I felt that at last I had seen something of that dogged determination that has carried British arms so far.

The Blue Nose

THE next ten days were filled with incident. The enemy fighting machines would not come close to the lines and there was very little doing in the way of aërial combats, especially as far as I was concerned, for I was devoting practically all of my time to flying low and helping the infantry. All of our pilots and observers were doing splendid work. Everywhere we were covering the forward movement of the infantry, keeping the troops advised of any enemy movements and enabling the British artillery to shell every area where it appeared concentrations were taking place. Scores of counterattacks were broken up before the Germans had fairly launched them. Our machines were everywhere back of the enemy lines. It was easy to tell when the Germans were massing for a counterstroke. First of all our machines would fly low over the gray-clad troops, pouring machine-gun bullets into them or dropping high explosive bombs in their midst. Then the exact location of the mobilization point would be signaled to the artillery, so that the moment the Germans moved, our guns were on them. In General Orders commending the troops for their part in the battle Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig declared that the work of the flying corps, "under the most difficult conditions," called for the highest praise.

We were acting, you might say, as air policemen. Occasionally one of our machines would be set upon by the German gangsters—they were careful fighters and seldom attacked unless at odds of four to one—and naturally we suffered some casualties, just as the ordinary police force suffers casualties when it is doing patrol duty in an outlaw country. The weather was always favorable to the German methods of avoiding open-air combats. Even the clearer days were marked by skies filled with clouds sufficiently large and dense to offer protection and hiding places to the high-winging Hun machines.

I had several skirmishes, but did not succeed in bringing down another machine until the twentieth of April, when I was fortunate enough to begin another series of extremely interesting and successful fights. I was promoted to be a captain about this time and thought I was very happy; but the promotion was followed by another incident which really made me proud. The sergeants of my squadron had made me a round "nose" for my machine. It fitted on the propeller head and revolved with it. I had it painted a brilliant blue, and from that time on my machine was known as "Blue Nose."

It was given to me, the sergeant major explained, as a sign that I had brought down more than five machines. I was so pleased with this tribute from the men that I took old Blue Nose visiting to several other squadrons, where I exhibited my new mark of distinction to many of my friends and flying companions.

The machine I got on the twentieth of April was the first I ever destroyed in flames. It is a thing that often happens and though I have no desire to make myself appear as a

bloodthirsty person I must say that to see an enemy going down in flames is a source of great satisfaction. You know his destruction is absolutely certain. The moment you see the fire break out you know that nothing in the world can save the man or men in the doomed aëroplane. You know there is no camouflage in this, and you have no fear that the enemy is trying any kind of flying trick in the hope that he will be let alone.

This fight seemed to have changed my luck for the better. Everywhere I went for the next few weeks enemy machines were easily found, and I had numerous combats, many of them successful. Some days I could have been accused of violating all the rules of a flying men's union—if we had had one. I would fly as much as seven and a half hours between sunrise and sunset. Far from affecting my nerves, the more I flew the more I wanted to fly, the better I seemed to feel; and each combat became more and more enjoyable. Ambition was born in my breast, and though I still dared not entertain hope of equaling the record of the renowned Captain Bull, who by this time had shot down more than thirty-five machines, I did have a vague hope of running second to him.

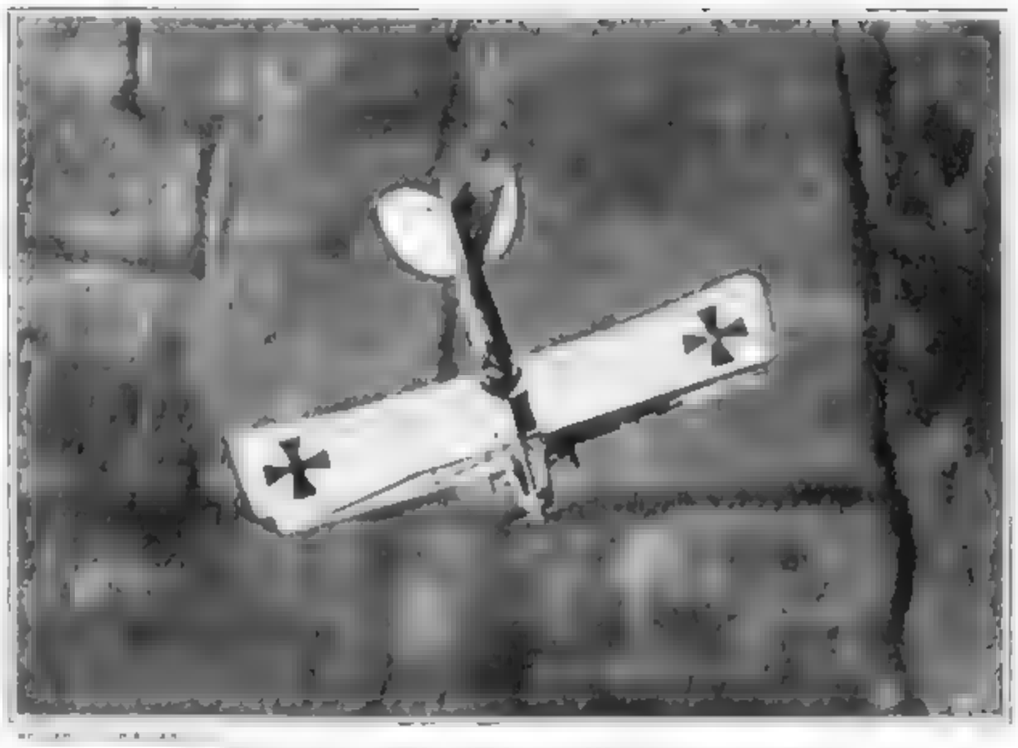
It was apparent to us by this time that the Germans were bringing their best pilots opposite the British Front to meet the determined offensive we had been carrying on since the first of April. Most of the machines we met were handled in a manner far above the German average. Each night our pilots brought in exciting stories of the chase. Though they were a higher class of fighting men than we had hitherto flown against, the Germans still showed a reluctance to attack unless they outnumbered us by at least three to one.

Scarlet Huns

ONE of the distinguished German flying squadrons opposite us was under command of the famous Captain Baron von Richtofen. One day I had the distinction of engaging in three fights in half an hour with pilots from this squadron. Their machines were painted a brilliant scarlet from nose to tail—immense red birds they were, with the graceful wings of their type—Albatross scouts. They were all single-seaters and were flown by pilots of undeniable skill. There was quite a little spirit of sportsmanship in this squadron too. The red German machines had two machine guns in fixed positions firing straight ahead, both being operated from the same control.

The first of my three fights with these newcomers in our midst occurred when I suddenly found myself mixed up with two of them. Evidently they were not very anxious for a fight at the moment, for after a few minutes of maneuvering both broke it off and dived away. Ten minutes later I encountered one of the red machines flying alone. I challenged him, but he made off as fast as he could go.

On my return from chasing him I met a second pair of red Huns. I had picked up company with another British machine, and the two Huns, seeing us, dived into a cloud to escape. I went in after them, and on coming out again found one directly beneath me. Onto him I dived, not pulling the trigger until I was fifteen yards away. Once, twice, three times I pressed the lever, but not a shot from my gun! I slipped away into another cloud and examined the faithless weapon, only to find that I had run completely out of ammunition. I returned home quite the most disgusted person in the entire British Army.



A Vanquished German Aeroplane Crashing to the Ground

A few days after my unsuccessful experience with the red Richtofen scouts I got my just revenge and a little more back from the Huns. My major had been told to have some photographs taken of a certain point behind the German lines, and by special permission he was given the privilege of taking them himself. The point to be photographed was about seven miles in German territory and in order to make a success of the snapshotting it would be necessary to have a strong escort. The major offered to go out and do the photographs on his own, without an escort, but the colonel would not hear of it; and so it was arranged that an offensive patrol would go out at nine o'clock in the morning, meet the major at a given point, and escort him over the ground he wished to cover.

A Royal Flying Corps Pilot, Off to Observe Over the German Lines

Preparing a Model Aërial Map Used for Instruction

My patrol was the one working at the time, and I was the leader. At nine-thirty we were to meet just east of Arras, at six thousand feet. The rendezvous came off like clockwork. I brought the patrol to the spot at nine-twenty-eight and two minutes later we spied a single Nieuport coming toward us. I fired a red signal light and the Nieuport answered. It was the major. I then climbed slightly and led the patrol along about a thousand feet above the Nieuport in order to protect the major and at the same time keep high enough to avoid too much danger from antiaircraft fire. We got to the area to be photographed without any other excitement than a very heavy greeting from the Archies. There were a number of big white clouds floating round about six thousand feet, and these made it difficult for the guns to shoot at us. But they also made it difficult for the major to get his photographs. We went round and round in circles for what seemed an eternity.

Close Range

DURING one of these sweeping turns I suddenly saw four enemy scouts climbing between two clouds and some distance off. I knew they would see us soon, so it occurred to me it would be a brilliant idea to let the enemy think there was only one British machine on the job. Under these circumstances I knew they would be sure to attack, and then the rest of us could swoop down and surprise them. I had no intention of letting the major in for any unnecessary risks, but it seemed such a rare chance I could not resist it.

I led the patrol about two thousand feet higher up, and there we waited. The enemy scouts did not see us at all, but they did see the major. And they made for him. The first the major knew of their approach, however, was when they were about two hundred yards away, and one of them somewhat prematurely opened fire. His thoughts, he told me afterward, immediately flew to the patrol, and he glanced over his shoulder to see where we were. But we had vanished. He then wondered how much money he had in his pockets, as he did not doubt that the four Huns, surprising him as they had, would surely get him.

Despite these gloomy and somewhat mercenary thoughts the major was fighting for his life. First he turned the nose of his machine directly toward the enemy, poured a burst of bullets toward a German at his right, then turned to the left as the second machine approached from that direction and let him have a taste of British gunfire as well. This frightened the first two Huns off for a moment; and in that time I arrived on the scene with the rest of the patrol.

One of the Huns was firing at the major's machine as I flashed by him, and I fired at a bare ten yards' range. Then I passed on to the second enemy machine, firing all the while and eventually passing within five feet of one of his wing tips. Turning my machine as quickly as I could I was yet too late to catch the other two of the formation of four. They had both dived away and escaped. I had hit the two that first attacked the major, however, and they

(Continued on Page 118)

TOWARD MORNING

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VI

FOR two months it had not rained. Day after day the sun went down like a fever spot, and at night the panting townsfolk threw open their shutters, trying to catch some vagrant breeze from the brief darkness. At four o'clock the sun showed a brazen rim above the horizon. The little freshness was burnt up like a drop of water on a sheet of white-hot metal.

In the *Gymnasium* there had been rumors of heat holidays. The children were quarrelsome, listless and irritable by turns. But the state had lately given a fresh twist to the educational screw. There were so many competitors for the posts it had to offer it could take its choice from the best brains in the country. It lifted the examination bar a little higher, and the *Herr Oberlehrer* Schäfer drove his charges to the jump.

So the rumors of the heat holidays grew fainter. The children were apt to turn savagely on each other at the mention of them.

"German boys can put up with heat and cold," the *Herr Oberlehrer* said in his hard colorless voice. "In England half the year is given over to holidays, because the English are an idle and effete nation. They have no strength to endure. They are sunk in luxury; they batten on the glory of their forefathers. But we Germans are a Spartan people; we know how to suffer. We steel our muscles day by day for the final issue. If there is weakness among us it must be rooted out pitilessly." His own lips were cracked with fever. Though they hated him, they knew that he, too, was driven. In the darkened schoolroom they stirred to a patient, answering activity. "Now—we are at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. Karl Schultz, will you be kind enough to give me your idea of Germany at the beginning of this epoch?"

It was very quiet again. The little scuffling movement died away, and in the stillness they could almost hear the hot droning of the insects in the neighboring forest. The *Herr Oberlehrer* repeated his summons, and slowly, painfully Schultz dragged himself to his feet. But he said nothing. He stood in the midst of his watching companions like a stumpy little tree amidst a pale undergrowth. His face was turned to the light that sickered through the closed shutters. It looked misshapen and swollen—and overwhite. There was something grotesque about it—a half-comic semblance to a human face that the moon shows when it is full.

"Well, and how long do you require to gather your great thoughts, Schultz?"

The boy's mouth dropped open. He turned stupidly in the direction of the voice.

"Frederick the Great—Frederick the Great ——"

"That's very interesting! It appears that Schultz has heard of someone called Frederick the Great. Go on!"

"Frederick the Great was so fond of big soldiers—whenever he saw anyone tall—he had him stolen—so everyone stooped whenever they came near ——"

A gust of exasperated laughter bowed the lifted heads. The *Herr Oberlehrer* leaned forward over his desk. His voice no longer feigned an ironic suavity; it sounded shrill and rasping, like the grinding of one metal upon another.

"Are you making fun of me, by any chance?"

"Frederick the Great came to the throne ——"

"Stop that gabble! Answer my question! Have you or have you not prepared your work?"

The child made a blind, fumbling movement with his queer, misshapen hands that seemed to appeal to someone unseen.

"My head hurts, *Herr Oberlehrer*—my head hurts always. I can't think about anything else."

They stared at him aghast. There was hysteria in the atmosphere—a feeling of splitting nerves. Someone dropped a pencil box and the class winced as though under the cut of a whip.

"Try not to whine, Schultz; I dislike whining. Your headache does not interest me, and this isn't a girls' school. Either you did or you did not learn your lesson."

"I tried, *Herr Oberlehrer*—I tried; but I can't do it—I can't really, it hurts—it hurts so."

"You young humbug! The truth is you are the biggest loafer in the class. You're a stumblingblock to the real workers, and I shall make an example of you. In the meantime you will stand there until your memory chooses to exert itself. Let there be absolute silence while our delicate young friend gathers his aching wits together."

They let their tension slip for an instant in a titter which died away like a feverish breath of wind, then they were still again. Some of them gazed pitilessly at the lonely figure in their midst; others had their faces hidden.

Helmut could not bear to look; and yet again and again his eyes were drawn against his will. His heart seemed to be beating all over him. He could almost hear the thick throb of his pulses; the air throbbed with them. He knew what it was to stand like that—alone, no one helping, no one caring, one's brains and limbs frozen with shame and terror. He knew it so well that his soul seemed to be deserting him—to be creeping into Schultz's body—to be seeing through his eyes, sweating in his agony. When he looked up he saw himself standing there, crushed and stupefied under the growing burden of silence.

If only someone cared—did something.

And suddenly Helmut leaned forward and pushed his notes into one of the limp, hanging hands. Even then he knew that it was of no use—that it was obvious and stupid. The crackling of the paper filled the room with outrageous sound. Schultz turned stupidly, but a faint light had broken over his whole face.

Then he let the papers slip.

The *Herr Oberlehrer* came swiftly down from his rostrum; it was like the swoop of some big murderous bird. He stood over the two boys, and for a moment Helmut almost thought he was smiling, his eyes were so bright; and his teeth showed beneath the updrawn lips.

"You clumsy young cheats! You little fools! Do you really think you can play a stupid trick like that on me? A pair of good-for-nothings! Well, I have finished with you this time! I will not have you in this class or in this school. You contaminate it, and I shall see to it that you are removed to the idiot asylum, where you belong. Get out of here—into the courtyard—and cool your heads for a little! My dog will keep you company, and keep you quiet till I come. No—leave your books! You will not want them again here."

They crept out from their desks as though their legs were hardly strong enough to carry them. It was such a long way to the door. They were so small and the room was so big.

And Helmut stumbled, as he had stumbled once before, and this time the *Herr Oberlehrer* leaned forward and struck him savagely across the round blond head.

"He had no right to do that! No right! It's forbidden. I shall complain to my father. I shall tell everybody. He will be sent away and everything will be different. He had no right!"

He did not know that he was crying. The tears rolled unheeded down his hot red cheeks. He held his small sturdy figure squarely, defiantly, but his lips and nostrils were quivering.

"He had no right!" he repeated over and over again.

Schultz did not answer. He was calm—stolidly calm and aloof, as though what had happened did not concern him. The heavy-lidded eyes were half closed, and his abnormal head swayed sleepily on his shoulders. And gradually the silence choked his companion's boyish fury. Pain and humiliation ceased to spur him. He was like a young horse that has flung its rider, and after a headlong gallop stands panting and quivering, awaiting retribution.

"What does it mean to be expelled?" he asked unsteadily. "I suppose he can expel us—just because we're stupid and can't get on. But what does it mean?"

Schultz remained silent. Apparently he had not heard. There was something intent about him, as though he were following up a definite, rather amusing thought.

"They can't kill you just because you can't do lessons, can they?" Helmut persisted. "One hasn't got to die because one's stupid? But if one doesn't pass one's exam—but then, I've never known anyone who failed; perhaps one doesn't hear of them."

He stopped, overwhelmed by a rush of vague, terrible fears. He did not know what they were, but they had to do with his father and mother, who were always watching—always waiting for something; with the *Geheimrat*, whose approval mattered so much more than anything; with Kurt, who would be triumphant;

"People in Our Position Mustn't Live—After They're Disgraced—My Mother Said"

with the *Geheimrätin*, who would say "That's just what I expected." Above all they had to do with the world that loomed up behind these figures—a world that had no use for failures.

But then what happened? Or were Schultz and he the only boys that ever failed—lonely, horrible abnormalities?

The full midday sunlight poured down into the courtyard, and the air shimmered with parched, suffocating heat. From the shuttered windows of the schoolhouse came the drone of children's voices, but outside the gates it was still as death; even the hum of insects had dropped to an exhausted, quiescent silence.

The two children stood helplessly in the glare of the sun. They dared not go in to fetch their caps, and there was no shade except where the one tree threw its branches over the wall. And in that little square of shadow lay the *Herr Oberlehrer's* Teufel, watching them, his lolling tongue a spot of bright color in the bleached monotony.

It was with a purpose that the *Herr Oberlehrer* had spoken of him. He knew—and was pleased to know—that next to himself his dog was the most feared being in the school. An ill-conditioned cur at best, in the playground, where he would occasionally appear, he seemed to take to himself something of his master's temper. He would attack without provocation—cruelly, effectually; and to strike him or kick him off was beyond the courage of the bravest. For the *Herr Oberlehrer* loved the animal. With Teufel he could be gentle, caressing and even playful. It was as though the savage, pitiless nature woke in him a difficult respect.

"If only we could run away," Helmut muttered—"somewhere where they would never find us."

A wave of physical sickness swept up from the pit of his stomach, and he had to clench his teeth to keep it back. His head buzzed as though every drop of blood in him had a little voice, and a yellow fetid mist swam before his eyes.

For the first time Schultz was speaking:

"Hello, Teufel! Nice dog, nice dog, Teufel!"

He crouched down, patting the ground, the other hand with a lump of meat between the crooked fingers, temptingly extended. "Come on, Teufel! Good dog!"

Helmut forgot fear and sickness.

"Why, I wouldn't give him anything—the beast!"

The voice continued its singsong reiteration:

"Come on, Teufel! Good dog!"

"Fancy your wanting to feed him!"

Schultz called softly. A feverish purpose was in his voice, in every movement. It lent him a strange forcefulness—almost a dignity. Suddenly Helmut became afraid of him.

The dog lifted his head. He, too, seemed aware of something unusual. He rose, yawned and stretched himself, and came nearer, sullen, reluctant but compelled. He sniffed at the outstretched hand, showing his ugly fangs.

"Good dog, Teufel!"

The boy and the dog eyed each other; a challenge might have passed between them. Viciously the animal snapped the meat from the steady hand and gulped at it.

"I'd have killed him first," Helmut stammered.

Schultz smiled vaguely. He got up, still watching the dog, which had fallen into an abrupt immobility. His jaws hung open, and there was a look of puzzlement—of comic incredulity on his ugly face.

Then he began to cough. At first it was just an ordinary cough—but it persisted. Presently the dog lay down, worrying at his muzzle with his paws, rolling over, twisting to the accompaniment of the gasping, suffocating whine. It grew louder, piercing; it was like the cry of a human being tortured out of human semblance. Suddenly, as though galvanized, the dog leaped up on his hind legs, pawing the air.

At first Helmut had laughed. It had been funny to see the dreaded tyrant rolling and twisting like a harmless puppy; now it was terrible. He looked at Helmut—the thing he had hated looked at him with Schnäutzchen's eyes—brown eyes, full of pathetic, piteous questioning.

"Karl—what is it? What's the matter?"

But still Schultz did not answer. His white face was blank. He stood passive, his hands thrust into his pockets, watching with the dazed intentness of someone who is not yet quite awake.

The Steel Hands Whirled Him Up and Up—Then Flung Him Headlong Out of the Glaring Sunlight Into Darkness

Teufel had dropped down upon his forepaws, crying again—a muffled, protesting cry. Now, as though released from a chain, he began to race round the courtyard, full speed, striking against the walls, reeling, choking, screaming. And behind him trailed blood—a circling pattern on the gray stones.

There were faces at the window; the drone of voices had long since died away. In a moment, as it seemed to Helmut, the courtyard was full of people. He had a vague impression of *Herr Oberlehrer* flying past him—a gaunt black vulture with flapping wings. He saw him fling himself in front of the raging animal—catch at him and go down with him.

The screaming ceased. For a long minute no one moved. *Herr Oberlehrer* and his dog lay in a black heap together. At last the man rose. He stood over the quiet, outstretched body. There was something in his hand—something red that dripped through his fingers.

"Who did this?" His voice was subdued, almost gentle, more terrible than they had ever heard it. "Someone gave my dog meat—meat packed with needles. There were two boys alone with him—Felde and Schultz. Which of you two is it?"

The silence hung over them like a sword. Helmut turned dazedly toward his companion. The blank look had gone, the white face was convulsed and twitching with full consciousness—with an agony of naked animal terror. The *Oberlehrer* came nearer—slowly—slowly—inevitably.

"Who was it?"

The stubby hand rose, it pointed.

"It was he—Helmut. Helmut did it."

Helmut turned. He had no thought of protest—only of escape. But the black figure sprang on him. Helmut screamed involuntarily as the steel hands fastened on his arms. But they whirled him up and up—and then suddenly flung him headlong out of the glaring sunlight into darkness.

In the morning the *Herr Oberlehrer's* place was taken by a junior master—a young man who could not subdue the murmurs that rose and died away again like an uneasy wind. Rumor and counter-rumor ran from class to class with a lightning swiftness.

It was Kurt who told them that Helmut had recovered consciousness, but that he was never coming back.

And at midday another rumor reached them. And suddenly the whispering ceased. The children moved on tiptoe. They did not speak to one another. They avoided each other's eyes as though they were afraid of what they should see there.

Karl Schultz had confessed. He had left a letter. And now he was dead. He had waited for two hours and then thrown himself in front of the Orient Express at the level crossing.

What the express had left was to be buried in the town cemetery that night.

And it was Karl Schultz's birthday his eleventh birthday.

VII

THE *Gasthaus* stood at the head of the seven waterfalls. Through a narrow cleft in the mountains it peered out on the Rhine valley, and on days when the summer haze lifted one could see the great river lying like a glittering uncoiled snake across the plain.

Hundreds of years before, Franciscan monks had kept watch from the narrow fastness and the Angelus had broken sweetly through the song of falling water. But now the monastery lay in ruins behind the *Gasthaus*; careless feet trod the worn cloisters; and the eternal voice was drowned in laughter and singing and the clink of glasses.

The fir trees grew close about the monastery. They held it in a dark embrace, protecting it against the invasion of insolent men. And when the night came they triumphed somberly. Their darkness rustled and murmured with forgotten things. The moon, falling aslant between their pointed shadows, clothed the crumbling walls in white glory and an unearthly life woke and moved with sweeping garments through the roofless chapel.

Then the water of the seven falls was like the low singing of a great choir.

At night Helmut lay awake, listening, trying to catch the words, which flowed away from him just as he seemed to hold them fast. Even through his fantastic, uneasy dreams he pursued them desperately, patiently, knowing they held the reason for all he suffered.

But in the daytime he crept away through the belt of forest, high up to a sudden opening where the meadows ran lush and sparkling to the banks of the little lake. Here was silence. The water lay like a darkly polished shield under the clear sky, with the cathedral spires of the forest reflected upon its unruffled surface.

The stillness was a cool hand upon his heart. For hours he sat in the shade of the trees, his face between his hands, and looked out over the drowsy peace. There were no thoughts to trouble him. His tired brain was as quiet as the water. When a broad-winged butterfly fluttered like a painted leaf through the sunlight he felt a little frightened happiness stir within him.

Then one day at the long dinner table the *Geheimrat* explained the origin of the waterfall.

"It comes from a secret passage somewhere at the bottom of the lake," he said. "No one has ever been able

(Continued on Page 101)

A Great War Base East of Suez

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

FOR Englishmen the time has gone by when east of Suez the best was like the worst; the ten commandments have got themselves written into the social code in India, and a man suffers positive disgrace who gets caught in the act of assuaging a thirst that is anything but normal and conservative.

The good old days are over. Even the Indian Ocean no longer "sits an' smiles" as it did for Rudyard Kipling. It sits and glares and evilly grins, covering nests and wide-flung fields of deadly mines. Everything is different. Everything but the fact, perhaps, that the great Indian Empire is still in the prickly-heat belt. They say the war has actually changed the climate of the hitherto temperate zone, but India is too far from the guns to get the benefit of any atmospheric disturbance they may create. So the heat keeps on prickling—twelve months in the year in some sections of India—and the physical discomfort of the white man in the brown man's land is not diminished. But he thinks less about it than he formerly did.

Toil and worry and sustained serious-mindedness have taken the place of leisure and fascinating frivolity, and nonessentials have faded for most persons into the unregarded background of life. This is true in some degree all over India; it is especially true in Bombay, which at the beginning of the war rose to preëminent importance as the chief base of the war zones of the East.

The port of Bombay is the front door of India. Following the long coast line round the tremendous peninsula one discovers no side doors of special consequence; and Madras and Calcutta open upon Asia and the realms of the Pacific. That is why Bombay, destined to become the first city of India, developed into one of the busiest centers of activity on earth when India turned to face a European world at war and to throw her weight into the struggle for the Empire's existence.

Getting into or out of Bombay is an interesting experience and almost as exciting as a venture into any other mine-strewn area of war. To the newly arrived it is a great surprise to find that the Eastern seas are dangerous, but it happens that they are—exceedingly dangerous.

The Mine-Strewn Bay of Bengal

ONE goes out across the Pacific to begin with—a peaceful voyage on a fine big ship. There is considerable talk among transpacific passengers and ships' officers about possible submarines or German raiders, but one feels quite sure it is all bugaboo talk and one's sense of security is not disturbed. Then comes Hong-Kong. Hong-Kong is the Pacific terminal in the Far East, and at Hong-Kong the traveler for points beyond—Singapore, Java, Ceylon and India—must transship to—to anything that happens to be available; anything left afloat to ply the waters of the Eastern seas.

And there is very little choice; no choice at all, in fact. All the big passenger ships of the old days have been sent

Lady Willingdon

to meet urgent need elsewhere in the world; many of them have gone down in the meantime, and only a few old tubs are left that in ordinary times would be on the marine scrapheap. But under such circumstances the sensible traveler makes the best of the best he can get in the way of accommodation and resolutely combats in himself a distaste for life's unnicetties.

On a regular ship it takes only four days and some hours to go from Hong-Kong down to Singapore. We did it in something less than ten days and made the skipper's life miserable by reversing the usual process of betting on the daily run. The interest was not in how fast he could make the old craft go but in how little speed he could get out of her without stopping her altogether.

Round Singapore they have no fear of mines—though they have picked up a few within the past year or so. But enemy raiders they do fear and are on a constant lookout for them. They seem to be convinced that there are some still loose in the world and they thrill each other with scare-head stories about them every little while. I thought I detected a note of disappointment in the general conversation about their continued absence.

In the Bay of Bengal the danger increases and daily mine-sweeping operations are necessary along the approaches to Colombo. There have been some sinkings in that locality, and every once in a while a mine is picked up. But from the enemy standpoint the port of Bombay is naturally the important center, and all ships bound for Bombay have to stop a long way out in one direction or another and wait for the sweepers to come down, clearing a channel for them up to the harbor.

Is this information that would give "comfort to the enemy"? I wonder. I hardly think it is. Rather I should think the Germans would grind their teeth in fine Teutonic rage when they think how much of their destructive effort in the East, with all the labor and risk and expense of it, is practically without result.

The End of a Neutral Skipper

THE interesting question is How do they do it? There are no enemy submarines south of the Suez Canal. Or are there? Who knows? The Germans have demonstrated their ability to get almost anywhere with their forever-to-be-execrated U-boats. They have been known to get into the Mediterranean, past the guns of Gibraltar and all Gibraltar's naval defenses, by the simple trick of slipping in directly under British ships going through the straits. But this would not be possible in the Suez Canal because the channel is not deep enough. To be sure there is the open way round the Cape, but the British do not believe any submarines have attempted that route.

And there are no raiders. Therefore, what is left to believe except that the work is done by bought-and-paid-for individual neutrals to whom the British have granted the much-talked-of freedom of the seas? As a matter of fact it is known that some of it at any rate is done by neutrals, because they have been caught at it and justly punished.

Out in the Bay of Bengal an officer of the old battle-gray freighter on which I traveled told a group of passengers on deck one day how he himself had been a witness to one such dastardly neutral deed. He was an officer at the time on a troop ship that was bringing part of a British brigade out to the Mesopotamian zone. They got round from England all right, and across the submarine-infested Mediterranean; and when they brought up at Port Said they were feeling devoutly thankful—as people always do on that route—that they had run the gantlet successfully. No further danger was to be expected. They could put away their life-belts, swing in their boats and settle down for the remainder of the voyage to the enjoyment of peace and quiet. An enemy might safely count on the relaxation of their watchfulness.

A neutral ship, which had been lying at Port Said for several days on one pretext or another, got out just ahead

The Port of Bombay is the Front Door of India; Through it the Armies in Mesopotamia and East Africa Had to be Provided With Food, Equipment and Munitions

of them when they started through the canal; and this officer, standing on the bridge looking forward through the narrow channel, saw—what he saw!

"I had my suspicions about her all the time," he said. "I don't know why, except that when you are partly responsible for the safety of several thousand troops you get suspicious of everything, including your own shadow. I just wondered why she had hung up so long at Port Said, that's all. And nobody could tell me. She was waiting for big game; that's what she was doing!

"She was steaming along about half a mile ahead of us in the canal and I had my glass on her. Good thing too. When her skipper was on trial for his life I was able to testify that I actually saw something lowered over her stern. We stopped, of course, and signaled everything else to stop. Then the sweepers came down and picked the thing up. It was a mine right enough, and it would have blown us to Kingdom Come and blocked the canal for no telling how long if we had struck it. We stood the neutral skipper up against a wall and shot him, and if I had been pronouncing sentence he'd have had his whole bally crew to bear him company."

So there you are. Some neutrals complain about British suspicions and about the restrictions imposed on neutral shipping; but such an incident could hardly be expected to strengthen British faith in neutrality, could it?

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when we came up to the point indicated in our sailing directions as the entrance to the channel into Bombay, and we joined an interesting company of ships. One of them was on fire—a big freighter down from the Persian Gulf. And a ghastly sight she was too. Everything above her hull had been burned away except her funnels, and she was belching great clouds of smoke and occasional long licks of flame. Her crew and some passengers, I learned afterward, had taken to the lifeboats and had been picked up by the big ocean-going tugs that had come in response to her wireless call. These tugs now had her in tow and the intention was to beach her, but she had a fearful list and looked as though she might capsize at any moment. Some of us stood at the deck rail and watched her intently for an hour or more, thinking we were going to see her sink. She looked as though she was hardly worth beach room even on an empty beach.

Mark Twain's Guide to Bombay

THEN there was a troop ship from East Africa lying off our port bow, filled with happy men in khaki who crowded the rails and shouted across at us. And a short distance away lay a big hospital ship from Mesopotamia. A half dozen small cargo carriers and a full oil tanker, low in the water, were up ahead, while off beyond a little way another tanker, outward bound and evidently empty, was speeding along in defiance of mines and kicking her propellers in the air as though she were having the time of her young life. The tankers were painted black and vermilion, the hospital ship was in the white and red of the cross of mercy, the trooper was grotesquely camouflaged, and

Lord Willingdon, Governor of Bombay

everything else was battle gray. The tropic sun was beating eye-searing sparks from a shimmering sea, and all round hovered a wonderful silence. The scene was a study in unbelievable color.

Then down came the little black mine sweepers. They were very efficient looking and just a bit cocky about themselves.

"Here, you chaps, stand about now, will you!" they seemed to say. "Let the hospital ship go first. Look alive there, little tanker! What do you think you are—royalty? Move over to starboard and make way. That's right! Troops next! And now, you dilapidated old merchantman"—this to us—"get a move on! No need to tell you to keep your speed down. You couldn't make more than six knots to save your bloomin' old hull. But off with you, all of you! You've got a clear way up to the docks now, thanks to us as risks our lives for you! If it were not for us you'd all be down with Davy Jones!"

And we steamed slowly away in the wake of the trooper. I had been twenty-seven days on the ancient freighter and had grown fond of her and of her British ship's company. She was laden with cargo to the value of a million pounds sterling that we had picked up at ports along the way, and she was to go on from Bombay, through the Suez Canal, across the Mediterranean and round to London. Would she ever get there? That was the question then. It has been answered: No, she never did. I have just learned that they got her, but no one will tell me when or where.

For one of her officers it was the third sinking. He was a bit superstitious about the third time down and talked about it in a humorous way quite frequently But she was fair enemy game, as fairness is defined these days. She carried no passengers beyond Bombay.

On the way round from Colombo I read—I had read them before, years ago—Mark Twain's impressions of Bombay. It was a great mistake. Mark Twain had what he himself called "an unregulated imagination." In an instant he saw Bombay as "a bewitching place, a bewildering place, an enchanting place—the Arabian Nights come again!" And in an instant he saw all the color and dash and heard all the wild sounds and the weird music of Oriental life which others must search for and, having found, perhaps may never recognize. As a preliminary guide he serves principally to make one ashamed of one's own sobriety of soul.

Along the Waterfront

HOWEVER, after we had crept for hours up through the buoyed channel, with nothing at all to see except a dim far-away coast line, I did get a vision of Bombay. Not a view, a vision. It had been a long, weary, slow-passing day. By that time it was late afternoon and a white mist was lying on the sea, which floated up round the base of the city like a filmy veil. No buildings at all could be seen, but rising above the mist were many gilded domes, shining white minarets and uneven red roof lines, all bathed in the glow from a great flame-colored sun that hung low in the west. It was rather wonderful and alluring.

No need to mention medical and passport inspection perhaps, but that, too, took time, and while it was in progress we lay at anchor in a wide outer harbor crowded with ships; hospital ships—I never saw so many hospital ships in one port—battle-gray freighters and fighters, camouflaged troopers, tankers and tubs, tugs, scows, barges common rowboats and many swift scurrying launches. Everything afloat gave evidence that Bombay was a busy base of war.

Then we were towed through a short canal into the inner harbor and nosed by puffing tugs up against a long granite dock. It was black dark by that time and pouring rain. "A bewitching place, an enchanting place—the Arabian Nights come again?" No, nothing like that. That for peacetimes, maybe, and for the fortunate few. For me considerable preliminary difficulty in getting ashore in the first place; then miles of low black freight sheds peered at in the gloom over the dripping, leaking, clammy rain apron of an ancient rickety gharri; for me splattering mud and slush, and steaming intolerable heat; for me a rattle and rumble and jolt and the crack of a wicked whip over the

(Continued on Page 58)

At the Beginning of the War Bombay Became the Chief Base of the War Zones of the East, the Pivotal Point of the Widest-Flung War Area of Them All

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Doing Your Part

A GOOD many people are taking a credit to themselves that they do not deserve. Living just as you lived two years ago, earning as much, spending as much, saving as much and putting the savings into Liberty Bonds is a tepid sort of patriotism. Say a man's income was ten thousand; he spent seven, saved three and put it into railroad bonds. He now earns ten, spends seven, saves three and puts it into Liberty Bonds. He is doing very little indeed to help win the war. He might put his money into railroad bonds and get six per cent or six and a half, instead of four and a quarter per cent on Liberty Bonds; but that is a trifling contribution to the cause. He withholds three thousand a year from the railroads or from industry, and hands it to the Government; but the Government must directly hand a good part of it on to the railroads or to industry for necessary extensions and improvements. It has already taken authority to lend billions to the railroads and to industry for such purposes.

What the nation needs of that individual is increased production and decreased consumption. If he goes on producing and consuming just as before the war, a mere change in the direction of the investment of his surplus counts for only a little. When he puts his income up to eleven and cuts his expenditure down to six he is really getting into the trenches.

Merely buying bonds, without producing more or consuming less; is only easy-chair help—bookkeeping help. That releases a certain amount of credit for the Government's use. But credit is the least of the Government's needs. It already has a vast stock of that commodity. Its vital needs are more labor, more food, more fuel, more warlike goods; in short, greater production, less civilian consumption.

Training for War

THE German armies have been more capably led than the Allied armies. It would be very strange if they had not been. Italy produces more notable singers than an area of equal population in the Western United States, because time out of mind music has been the subject of liveliest interest in Italy. People have talked it, thought it, practiced it, lived for it. Any sign of exceptional musical talent has been quickly recognized and cordially applauded. For generations Germany has maintained a very numerous officer class, cultivated it, truckled to it, fostered it in every way. A young man who displayed particular talent for the profession of arms saw a fine career before him. He was given abundant chance to develop his talent, with a great military establishment and a huge standing army to practice on. In no other European country was there anything like such a sustained effort to discover and develop military ability.

That is the first item in genuine preparedness for war with a formidable antagonist—the constant training, developing and encouraging of officers. That is impossible, for one item, unless you give them a big standing army so they can have the actual experience of handling great bodies of men in the field.

You can repeat it day after day: This war must end in an acceptable guaranty of enduring peace or every nation in the world must adopt preparation for war on the Prussian model.

The Front Page Saphead

WAR makes heavy demands upon journalistic space. Never before were telegraph wires so laden with messages of vital importance. Never was a public so eager for real news. Yet there is always a way to first column, front page.

Let some sapheaded young man announce that he is a conscientious objector to the draft, or anybody with the slightest claim to public attention make a fool remark about the President. Instead of being treated as the ordinary, run-of-mill, inconsequential delinquents that turn up every day in the year, and so tossed into the patrol wagon and inconspicuously haled off to court, these delinquents can be pretty sure of a column, in preferred position—maybe with photographs and an opportunity to give the public their views on female suffrage or free trade.

A whole after-the-war vaudeville circuit might be organized from people who have got on the front page through acts or utterances that called for a quick sentence and no special publicity.

Inland Waterways

IN THE year of grace 1918, by the fortunes of war, the United States got a start on inland water transportation. In April, Secretary McAdoo took over the Erie Canal and put it under the Federal railroad administration. After two generations of worse than neglect, after squandering hundreds of millions on pork-barrel appropriations—we see what may be the beginning of an honest and intelligent development of inland waterways. But we owe Congress nothing for it.

While Congress fed the pork barrel New York State spent a hundred and fifty million dollars building a well-planned barge-canal system, suitable to modern needs and so situated as to give promise of real usefulness. It made the canals, but it had no proper terminal facilities and no barges. Taking them over as director of railroads, Mr. McAdoo will equip them. More than that, he will undoubtedly link them up with the railroads, using the two methods of transportation in complement to each other so as to get the highest usefulness from both.

It is a late start—but important. Will public opinion demand that it be no transient expedient, but the permanent beginning of an honest, scientific Federal development of inland water transportation? If public opinion does not demand that very insistently Congress will relapse to the pork barrel. To insure a real beginning, the subject of waterway development must be taken out of the hands of logrolling, politics-playing congressional committees and put under the control of a permanent, nonpolitical, scientific commission.

A Valued Contemporary

AN UNSELFISH interest in American literature moves us to call your attention to one of our competitors, which otherwise would most likely escape your notice. Its title is The Official Bulletin. It is published at Washington "under order of the President of the United States," as the subtitle announces. The subscription price is five dollars a year. It contains a dozen to sixteen pages, about two-thirds the size of this page, of the least expensive quality of newsprint paper. As to its editorial quality—the care and judgment with which its contents are selected and the skill with which they are presented—we prefer to express no opinion, for we are always content to let the other fellow edit his paper in his own way.

Copies of the journal may be consulted at all or nearly all public libraries and at many post offices. We urge you to scrape up some degree of acquaintance with it, because it is the only journal of general information and opinion which this Democratic Congress seems willing to permit in national circulation. As The Official Bulletin is carried free in the mails it is not subject to that ingenious zone system which will obviously destroy national circulation for journals that are obliged to pay postage.

So after the new postal law comes fully into effect and postage-paying publications have been restricted to regional circulation the one medium through which American citizens living far apart can get a certain amount of general information and opinion in the same way will be The Official Bulletin, at five dollars a year. Look over a copy and see how the prospect pleases you.

Money After the War

IN APRIL the Federal Reserve Board figured up one hundred and twelve billion dollars of war loans issued by belligerent governments since August, 1914—not to mention some twenty-five billion dollars of circulating notes.

Viewing this enormous absorption of capital for war purposes many people have been saying that after the war capital would be so scarce and dear as to set a heavy brake on business and on all industrial development.

But we prefer to look at it the other way round. This enormous amount of capital was there to be absorbed. The energy that produced it in such unthought-of abundance for war can produce it for purposes of peace. Four years ago even the richest nations—the United States and England—looked upon the raising of three or four hundred million dollars as a quite formidable undertaking. Billions do not daunt them now. Nobody understood a prosperous nation's ability to provide capital. In a year the United States has discovered resources in the way of investable capital that Wall Street had hardly dreamed of. Millions of people have been taught to invest.

We prefer to believe that the country's industrial development will be financed after the war much more easily than before.

Our Chief Business

A LITTLE more than a century ago, at Waterloo, the world finished twenty years of nearly continuous fighting. We are now in the fourth year of a situation that has the essential elements of another Napoleonic era. There is no individual conqueror; but in the place of the great Corsican there are Prussian chiefs, at least as unscrupulous, controlling enormous military power which they are bent upon using to the limit for domination. The fighting must continue until they are overthrown. It is idle to speculate on how long it will take. We can only hope there will be no delusive truces and sham peaces.

All that part of the world which aspires to independence—and has not the point of a German bayonet against its ribs—is now by way of getting thoroughly organized to resist the Prussian menace. *Junkertum's* only hope finally of winning lies in dividing its foes. A sham peace that left it in full control of Germany's military resources would play into its hands.

But the alliance against Prussian militarism ought now to be given a more permanent and comprehensive form. That part of the world which aspires to freedom should by formal action accept the fact that fighting the Prussian menace until it is overthrown, however long that may take, and safeguarding against the appearance of any like menace in the future, is its chief business.

Government by Oratory

RUSSIA is enjoying the ideal government for which some of our American friends on the extreme left have long sighed. The recipe for it is simple:

First, exclude the loathed bourgeoisie from all share in the management of affairs—exclude, that is, the only people with any experience in managing affairs. Then enunciate a set of lofty general principles and stick to them.

If anybody complains that the railroad service has broken down, food is scarce and the street cars are not running, repeat that you are passionately devoted to human equality.

Never mind that there is no coal in the city or that farmers cannot get plows. Draw up a fervid pronunciamento asserting the rights of the common man. Be careful that your adjectives and adverbs are properly selected and let the fire department look out for itself. That is a bourgeois interest anyway, for if anything burns it will be only the houses owned by capitalists.

Your affair is the triumphant proletariat—without bosses, jobs, fuel, food, clothes or lodgings, but gloriously triumphant at last. You may run out of all the necessities of life; but the resources of the dictionary are practically unlimited.

The Bolshevik idea of government is not strictly new. Many years ago there was an exciting municipal campaign in Chicago, involving certain questions of city management and public utilities. The Whitechapel Club, a once-famous organization of newspaper men, put its ticket in the field with this platform: "No Gas! No Water! No Police!"

WHAT ARE LUXURIES?

By Albert W. Atwood

ALMOST from the beginnings of history mankind has been puzzled and troubled over the question of luxury. Are luxuries right or wrong? Are they useful or useless? What are luxuries, anyway? These questions have engaged the kings, ministers, lawgivers, judges, prophets, moralists, preachers, teachers and wise men of every civilization from that of ancient Greece down to and including that of America in this year of the great war.

But what in the past has been only a question of ethics and economics is to-day part and parcel of the program of war, of the world's most gigantic struggle for existence. War has but little time for debate, for the niceties of philosophy. It will solve the question of luxury for its own purposes and in its own arbitrary way. Perhaps that will not be the world's final or permanent solution, but at least the war has done this—it has put the question of luxury right up to every nation and to every individual for an immediate answer.

Almost every adult human being has his or her own idea of what constitutes luxury, but the trouble is that people do not agree on the subject. Nor is any government, even in wartime, wise or powerful enough to classify all products as luxuries or non-luxuries convincingly. But it must and can decide which industries and products contribute most directly to the conduct of the war and which less directly. Obviously ammunition for armies and navies contributes more directly to the conduct of the war than expensive jewelry for private wear. So, too, we would put army blankets ahead of ball gowns, and a thousand and one products ahead of a thousand and one other products.

It is clear enough that certain products are more necessary, essential, important, useful and desirable in the present world crisis than others. So gradually the Government is using the power it possesses through the Food and Fuel Administrations, the Director General of Railroads, the War Industries Board, the control over exports and imports, and taxation, to expand at one and the same time the more necessary industries and contract those which are less necessary.

Meanwhile these latter are induced to take up, as similar industries have in England, the manufacture of airplane parts, delicate shell parts, periscopes, fuses, gauges, shell primers, cartridge clips, shell plugs, field kitchens and all the materials of war which highly specialized industries are so well fitted to make. But naturally as the public watches this readjustment it jumps to the conclusion that the less essential industries must necessarily be undesirable luxuries.

The War Has Put the Question of Luxury Right Up to Every Nation and to Every Individual

Our Extravagant Neighbors

BUT the striking fact is that the number of industries whose products are absolutely unnecessary, nonessential, unimportant, useless and undesirably luxurious is limited. It is all a question of degree. At first sight one would say that the millinery trade was nonessentially luxurious, and there are many women who buy too many hats and pay too much for them. But no one will deny that women need some kind of headgear even in wartime.

Luxury always has been relative, and it is more so now than ever before. No one would say that a large supply of watches for society women is as essential at this moment as ships; and yet some clocks and watches are essential even on ships. If the watch-making industry employed as much capital, labor, raw materials, fuel and transportation as the shipbuilding industry, its output would be regarded as luxurious in the worst sense; and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of industries whose products are luxuries only because they are relatively less essential to war than certain other products.

People never have agreed and probably never can agree on what constitutes luxury because each individual regards it generally as what he himself is not accustomed to use or cannot afford to buy. Luxuries usually consist of the indulgences of others, not our own. We always spend money for necessities, but the other fellow—oh, he is terribly extravagant with his luxuries!

The things we cannot afford, do not want or are not accustomed to—they are the luxuries. To the child a movie may be luxury; to another person the theater; to still another the opera; and to yet another a private concert in his own house with grand-opera stars. So to the tramp a trolley ride may represent the height of luxury; to the poor clerk a taxicab may have the same meaning; while still another person yearns for a privately owned automobile with a chauffeur.

There are country boys to whom a ride in a day coach would be luxury untold, while to the traveling salesman it would be misery to ride in any other than a parlor car. What you yourself use is always a necessity, as you can prove by no end of argument. If a trolley is your limit then you cannot be expected to give it up, war or no war. If a private railroad car is your accustomed means of conveyance, if you have always traveled in a private car, then it seems the simplest, most natural and reasonable way to travel.

Last winter, when the railroads were unable to transport sufficient food and coal for the needs of the people, the Director General of Railroads quite properly ruled against all private cars. Naturally the public did not waste any sympathy on millionaires' wives and daughters who were obliged to travel for the first time in an ordinary Pullman compartment or stateroom. Indeed the public derived much innocent amusement from jeering at them, fully conscious of the apparent emptiness of any vestige of right or excuse upon the part of those who asked for this conspicuous privilege. Indeed for years the private car had been an intolerable abuse in railroad operation, an obvious nuisance and burden to be swiftly abolished in wartime.

But even the private car might under normal peace circumstances be no luxury at all. If a really great statesman is saved from fatigue by the use of a private car it might well be worth while, from the viewpoint of public welfare, to permit him the use of one.

Surely it is a far more inexcusable luxury to allow a worthless loafer whose wife supports him by taking in washing to ride on a street car in Washington than for President Wilson to hurry from the White House to the Capitol on an important mission in an expensive limousine. Peculiar talents demand the satisfaction of peculiar wants. For a scholar or scientist a great private library or laboratory may be necessary, while for other men they may be mere luxuries.

But the most striking thing about luxury is that it is not merely a question of the individual and of the rank and class, but even more of nationality, climate, race and age. A sealskin coat is a necessity in Greenland, but a luxury perhaps in warmer climates. The older generation nearly always condemns as luxuries a large part of the new inventions of the next generation.

In recent years many old people have visited their censure upon telephones, just as the old people of England in 1557 thought the young folks were going to the dogs because they used newfangled earthenware dishes instead of the old-fashioned wooden articles. They also thought chimneys were superfluous, and even became excited because people were building houses of oak instead of willow. Said the typical kill-joy of that day:

"Formerly the men of England were of oak and the houses of willow. Now the houses are oak and the men willow."

Luxuries Become Staples

MANUFACTURERS of silk are determined at the present time that their product shall not be classed wholly as a luxury. From a merely military viewpoint they have an easy enough task because silk is used for airplanes and cartridge bags. But they want to show that even for the civilian silk is not a luxury. Probably the makers of earthenware dishes felt exactly the same way three hundred and sixty years ago. The two problems are exactly the same, though nearly four centuries apart. If earthenware dishes and silk for garments can really take the place of wooden dishes and woolen suits at no greater cost or but little greater cost—or, better yet, at less cost—then they leave the luxury class and become staple articles.

One of the great Chicago packing houses recently found itself oversupplied with curled hair, a horse and cattle by-product. One of the chief uses for this product is in the hair mattress, but the sale of curled hair was restricted by a veritable iron ring because hair mattresses had always been regarded as a luxury and thus the output was distinctly limited. To increase it was regarded as business heresy.

But the packers set out deliberately to increase the consumption of curled hair by advertising the product and reducing its price. In other words, they set about to take this particular product out of the luxury class and put it into the staple class. No doubt they considered this a clever but matter-of-fact, commonplace commercial operation, without a vestige of romance. But in this prosaic business measure and in the efforts of the silk manufacturers to prove that their product is economical in view of the high cost and scarcity of wool, we have an epitome of ages of progress, of the whole onward sweep of civilization.

For at the root of all human progress has been the increase in wants and the spreading out of luxuries from the few to the many. As civilization advances, the needs of its members extend like outposts of an army on the march.

Every new want was at first regarded as superfluous, unnecessary and luxurious, but all that we know of civilization to-day rests upon the foundations of those new wants.

Not so many hundred years ago man and wife had to eat off the same plate. In the whole realm of Charlemagne, the greatest emperor of his time, there were only two bed sheets, one table cloth and one pocket handkerchief. Light at night either within or without the house, sidewalks in cities, shoes, windows and countless other necessities of to-day were almost unknown. The queen of France was the only woman in her country who had more than two linen chemises. Many of the greatest nobles had but two beds in their palaces of a hundred

rooms, and rarely any chairs or carpets. So scarce were shirts that kings gave them as presents to one another.

But in modern times these luxuries have steadily reached out from the few to the many. Luxuries constantly cease to be such. They lose their character as they become widespread, general and cheap. Formerly only the nobles could afford a carriage, and the common people plodded through the filth of city streets in which there were no sidewalks. Then came sidewalks to protect the poor, and to-day the very mechanic who would have dodged the horses of the nobles a few hundred years ago rides in a small automobile, which is far swifter and more convenient than the former equipage of a duke. The line which separates luxuries from necessities or from comforts and conveniences shifts not only from age to age but almost from year to year.

The increase of wealth and its more general distribution, the development of natural resources, the progress of discovery and manufactures, and more especially quantity production, standardization, the wholesale invention of substitutes, and advertising—these are the great forces which have made life worth living for the masses of people.

But luxuries have done more than develop into material necessities. They have fathered variety, beauty, grace, harmony, refinement and the æsthetic enrichment of life. They have stimulated the arts and spurred men on with restored energy to fresh work and progress. In that sense the old saying that the superfluous is the most necessary is profoundly true. Even the soldier in the trenches would prefer to cut down a little on his food ration if he had to choose between a full ration and no tobacco or a slightly smaller ration and a little tobacco.

An existence without any luxuries would be monotonous, depressing, cowlike. A French writer said that nearly all wants are unnecessary, and grieved that he did not have hoofs instead of feet so that he could get along without shoes and stockings.

But he was hardly more absurd than a well-known Englishman who only a few years ago denounced both automobiles and telephones, the latter on the ground that people are able to phone for theater tickets instead of taking the trouble to go after them, and thus indulge more freely than they should in the theater. Such a philosophy is as fitting as would be the universal application of the sternness of the Scotch Highlander who, seeing his comrade about to arrange a stone upon the ground for a pillow, kicked it away as a sign of effeminacy.

The Thrift of the Rich

CURIOUSLY enough the war has resulted in an even greater spreading out of luxuries from the few to the many. Except where manufacturers could not secure materials there has been but little if any falling off in the sale of this class of goods in England and France. But the sales have been made to the working classes, the munition workers, whose wages for the first time enable them to stock up with good clothes, furniture, musical instruments, jewelry, and the like. One of the most important and successful department stores in Paris was recently asked if luxuries continued to sell as well as formerly. This was the answer:

"Far better. We note an increase of at least fifty per cent in the sale of articles which can be classed as purely luxurious, even though the prices and taxes on these articles have raised their cost by one hundred and twenty-five per cent. The increase in the sale of luxuries is a marked war phenomenon; it is bigger than the increase in the staple selling."

So violent have been the attacks made upon extravagance and luxury, especially in England, that the "upper" classes, the well-to-do, have contracted their expenses in every direction. It has become absolutely unfashionable for these classes to indulge to any extent in luxuries. They remember the words of Lloyd George: "Extravagance costs blood—the blood of heroes."

"The reason for the growth in retail trade is that the workers are getting very high wages and they are now raising their standard of living," was the recent explanation of H. Gordon Selfridge, proprietor of one of the great London department stores. "But the more prosperous middle-class people have greatly curtailed their scale of living. They are giving up what the munition workers are gaining. Their income and profits have been reduced, their taxes have been increased and they are feeling the cost of the war. There has been a great leveling in England, and this surely is a distinct social gain.

"The piano trade is typical. In our stores we are selling a great many pianos to families who have dreamed for years of being able to buy them. But these are not new pianos. We cannot spare labor and materials to make them. They are secondhand pianos coming from the homes of the middle class, often sold to provide funds to buy war bonds."

To a less marked degree the situation is the same as in this country. In the great manufacturing districts round Bridgeport and New Haven, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Detroit, there is ample evidence that great classes of working people are raising their standards of living and are taking on comforts and conveniences never known before. At just what point their spending becomes unwise and undesirable is too complex and profound a question for anyone to answer.

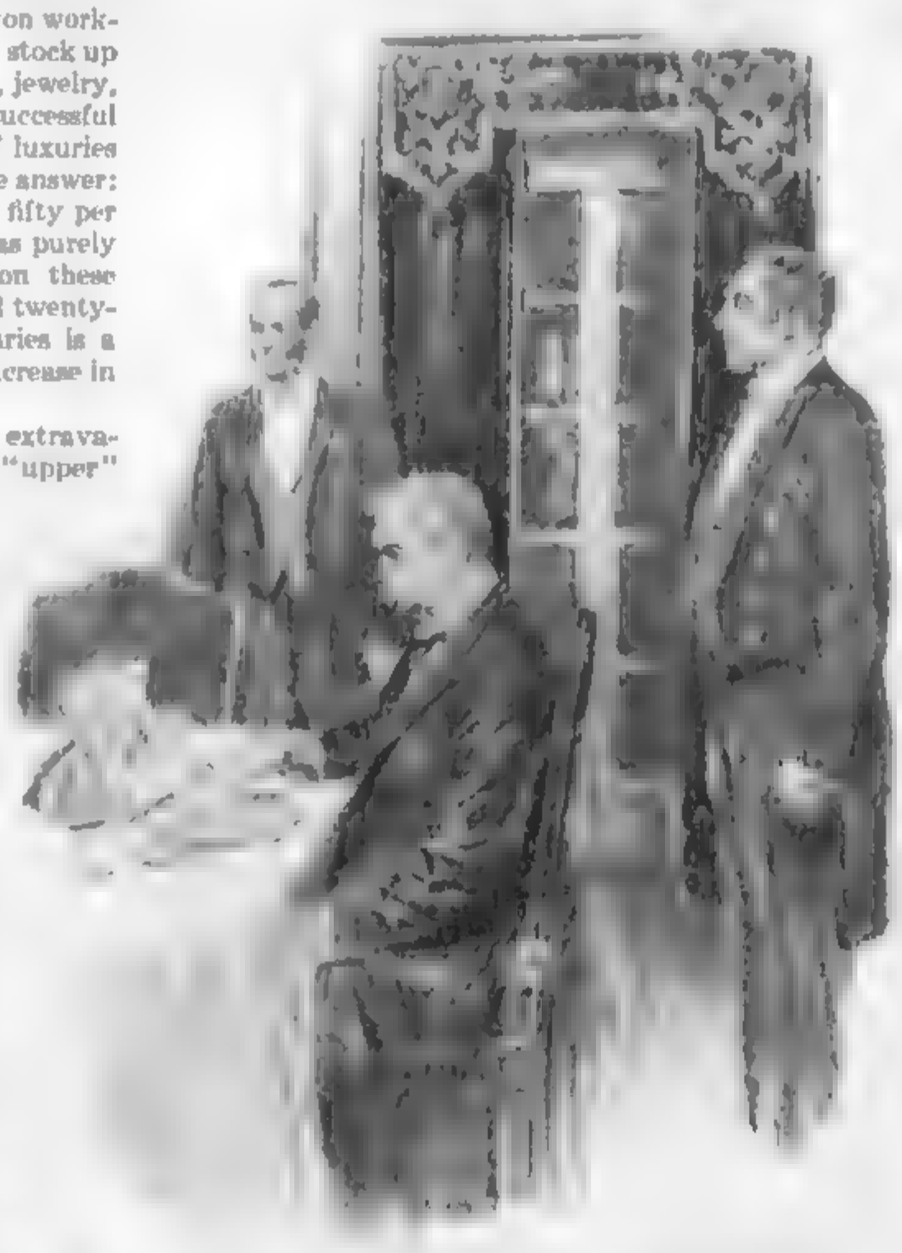
Unfortunately luxury cannot always be defended because it raises the poorer classes up to comfort. It may be merely a symptom of national disease and decay, as in the degenerate days of Rome. It is always abused and overdone by many people. With some it is mere carelessness, a foolish and lavish prodigality in money matters. Almost every nation from the days of ancient Rome has had laws providing for the appointment of guardians for spendthrifts. But laws aimed at spendthrifts have never in any country had any appreciable effect in cutting down the number of such gentry.

With others luxury takes the form of an overindulgence of artificially stimulated wants, of a debasing and enervating sensuality, and even of vice. But worst of all, because most common, luxury is often nothing but a form of vanity, pride, ostentation, and a blind, senseless imitation of others. Under all its forms luxury easily runs into extravagance and waste. It has been said that this country wastes ten billion dollars a year; and of course much of the waste is in luxuries as well as necessities.

Now it is one place and now another that carries luxury to the point of abuse—Rome, Pompeii, Monte Carlo, Newport, Palm Beach. It comes in tidal waves, two of which have broken upon this country in recent years. The first came after the trust-formation period of 1899–1901, when scores of newly made multimillionaires burst upon New York; and the second was the great spendthrift invasion of 1916. Usually some one ultra-costly entertainment rivets public attention upon the excesses of the time and causes a revulsion of feeling which leads to simpler ways.

But generally speaking luxury has been working through the centuries away from gluttony, sensuality, pomp and barbaric splendor to comfort, convenience and rational enjoyment of life. The old Italian palaces had many rooms with wonderfully carved furniture, but there was no light or heat and the chairs were too uncomfortable to sit in. An English queen to get such a simple food as salad had to bring a gardener all the way from Flanders, though every ship carried a cargo of cloth of gold for her household and its courtiers. Cleanliness was practically unknown, and princes died in their palaces because of lack of sanitation.

We moderns like luxurious table service such as cut glass, solid silver and some gold if we can get it. But if we have to choose we much prefer comforts, of which napkins are an example, or conveniences, of which plenty of forks, spoons and plates are typical. In earlier days people did not bother with napkins or handkerchiefs and never had enough utensils to go round. But such as they had were of costly materials and extravagantly elaborate.



Luxury Is Often Nothing But a Form of Vanity, Ostentation, and a Senseless Imitation of Others

In earlier times nobody cared how many people dropped dead of plague, but they were hugely interested in whether the king celebrated his daughter's wedding with sufficiently long-drawn-out feasting and magnificence. There has been a moral evolution of luxury away from coarse and profuse externals to the decencies of life.

Even the Roman baths were for diversion rather than cleanliness, and they used perfume instead of soap. A Roman dandy committed suicide when he found he had only four hundred thousand dollars left to spend on banquets. They watered their trees with wine, melted expensive pearls in liquor before drinking, changed their clothes eleven times during a banquet despite the inconvenience, and ate only birds which had been taught to talk or sing.

Roman luxury became merely criminal. To pay for it all Italy was pillaged, the provinces were plundered, and every foreign ally was compelled to contribute. It was like the madness on a ship about to sink, or in a besieged city.

Despite occasional monkey dinners and other similar excesses modern American luxury is far more wholesome. A newspaper recently complained that ten thousand people were spending from eight to twenty dollars a day for hotel accommodation at a famous winter resort. But in the same article it was estimated that nearly thirty thousand people were enjoying a holiday at the same place in less costly hotels and boarding houses, an indication surely of widespread distribution of wealth and its healthful use.

Luxury or extravagance in dress, especially on the part of women, is being fought more bitterly in England to-day than any other form of spending money. So vitriolic and hysterical have been the attacks upon women's dress that it was widely repeated at one time that a woman who wore a natural skunk coat was an unnatural skunk. After nearly four years of war it is still maintained that English women could save twenty million dollars a week on clothes and yet be as well dressed as war conditions justify.

The Psychology of Diamond Buying

IT IS curious that the sumptuary laws of ancient and medieval times, which tried so unsuccessfully to regulate private expenses, always included women's dress. In Greece only the women of the demimonde were free to be as lavish as they pleased in the matter of personal adornment. Clothing, banquets and funerals—these have been the chief objects of sumptuary legislation in many nations and many ages.

But until the outbreak of the present war there had been no serious effort for a hundred years at least to regulate private extravagance by legislation, unless the exercise of police power in matters of health and morals be considered such. Most people agreed with Adam Smith that it was an "impertinence and presumption of kings and ministers in pretending to watch over the economy of private people and to restrain their expense, being themselves always and without any exception the greatest spendthrifts alive."

Though the gluttonous and bestial elements have largely gone out of luxury, old-time barbaric pomp and display have powerful and lively descendants in social vanity, imitation and fashion. We all know that vast sums of money are spent in both England and America not for actual enjoyment and pleasure, or even luxury in the personal sense, but simply in imitation of others.

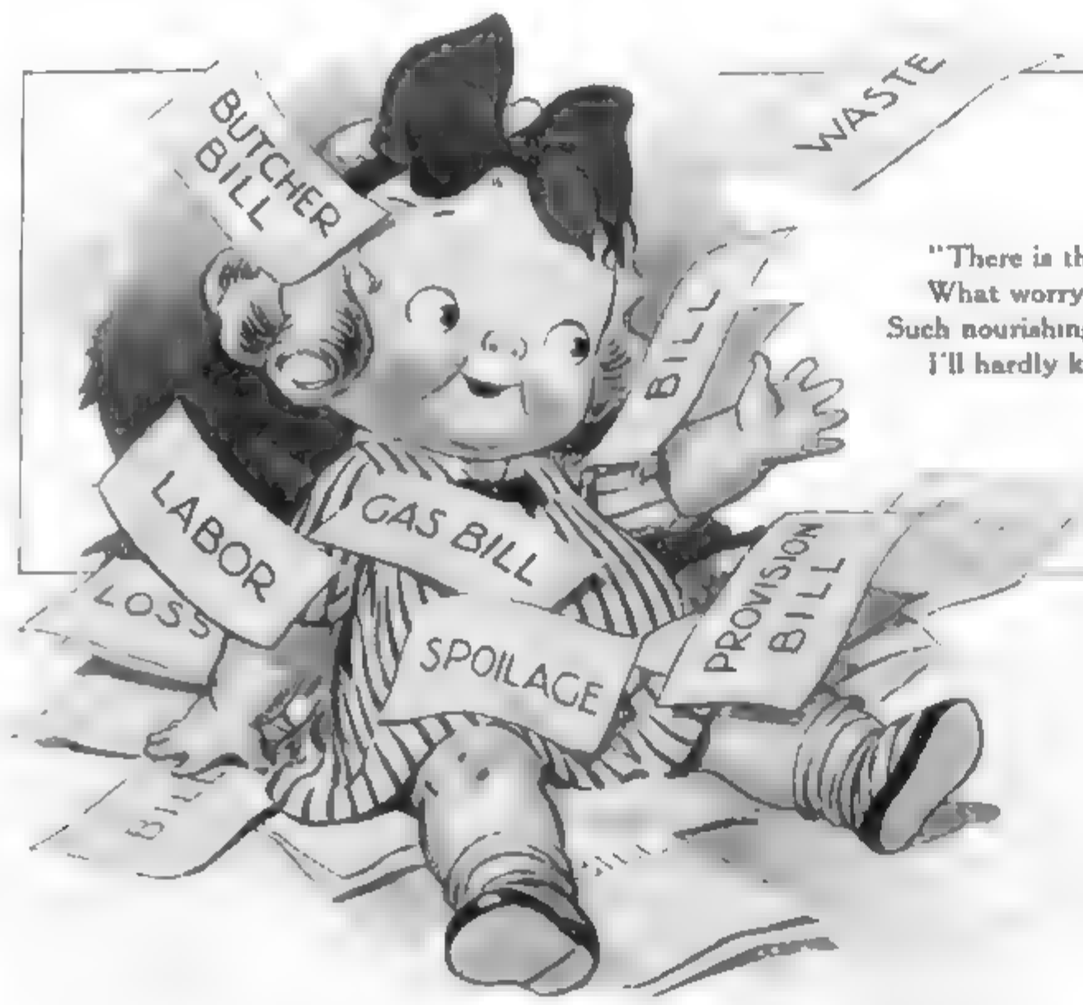
It was sheer, blind imitation that led the Hollanders to pay thousands of dollars apiece for tulip bulbs, though other flowers and plants just as beautiful could be bought for a few coppers. When brown shoes or high kid tops are in style we pay far more than when they are out of style, though the comfort, convenience, beauty, grace and inherent elegance are just as much or as little in evidence one year as another. Irving Fisher, one of the keenest students of modern American customs, explains why we pay more for real diamonds than for paste, though the latter may be fully as beautiful and brilliant as the former:

"If a chemical method should be developed for making a real diamond cheaply the desirability of diamonds would be destroyed; they would immediately go out of fashion; the invention would be self-destructive, and the price of diamonds and the use of diamonds destroyed—that is, diamonds are desired because they are scarce and a badge of economic power of the people who possess them.

"Paste diamonds may be quite or nearly as beautiful as real diamonds, but they can never be so valuable. Those who use them do so not because they regard them as beautiful but usually in order to make people believe they are real and that the possessor can afford to buy them. Sometimes they are worn as symbols of real diamonds kept in safety-deposit vaults. The owner then appears at the opera with the imitation jewels. In such cases the imitation jewels serve simply and purely as badges of ownership."

An art dealer in San Francisco found that people would pay four thousand dollars for the same picture in Paris that they could buy in San Francisco for two thousand dollars, just to be able to say they had bought it in Paris.

(Concluded on Page 78



"There is the feast that I crave!
What worry and bills it will save!
Such nourishing fare without labor or care—
I'll hardly know how to behave!"

Does it pay to make soup at home?

Figure it out for yourself. Figure it on the basis of *real* economy.

Good home-made soup means retail prices paid for materials. It means labor and time used in buying and preparing them, fuel consumed in cooking them. Yet after all this bother and expense you have nothing better—nothing more appetizing and wholesome than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

This gives you all the home-made quality without the trouble and fuss.

We make the rich nourishing stock from selected beef. We include high-grade vegetables in well-balanced variety—potatoes, carrots, rutabagas, baby lima beans, small peas, green okra, Country Gentleman corn, Dutch cabbage and a purée of fine tomatoes.

We add alphabet macaroni, barley and rice, with a touch of leek, onion and sweet red peppers. Also parsley, celery and appropriate seasoning. A highly nutritious and health-giving combination.

Fuel costs money. Every hour you cook home-made soup adds to your coal bill or gas bill. *Campbell's Vegetable Soup* comes to you already cooked. You can heat it ready to serve in *three minutes*. No labor. No uncertainty nor delay. And no home kitchen can produce a soup more palatable and satisfying.

Let your grocer bring you a dozen or more at a time, and save delivery cost, disappointment and delay.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE BARGAIN TRUE

Dale Felt a Thrill of Intoxication as She Listened to the Chatter and Watched the Women Play Gracefully for Their Heart's Desire

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VII

DALE ALDIS poured Leswing's coffee with an amusingly matronly air. In her red morning frock with clever black tassels dripping from the cuffs, and the dusky hair coiled low, she presented an even more interesting study than she had the evening before. Leswing was seldom up for breakfast, of which fact Dale was unaware; but he had left a call with martyred Humphrey for seven o'clock, dragging himself into morning togs with a complaining air.

"Brekker at World's End isn't half bad," he announced.

"Why?" asked Dale, knowing the answer perfectly well.

"Oh, because we have such charming garlands of rosebuds running round our coffee cups! Tell me, when shall I see this mighty gladiator of yours—or does he come peddling his green sass to World's End?"

Dale hated herself for blushing. It seemed a concession to Leswing's bewildering elegance.

"No, not any more; he brings what we want when he comes to see me. He will come to-night. I told him he must stay away last night."

"Do I understand, Glory Dimples, that I was the actual and insignificant cause of keeping this gallant in the offing? Flattered in my last years!"

Leswing leaned back to laugh, holding up his hands in studied amazement, the Cobra blinking a sinister good morning.

"It isn't fair to make fun," Dale protested, "just because you are a Bohemian ——"

"Save the word! I loathe Bohemia, with its bathless existence, its self-winding spaghetti, its combination sinks and writing desks. Never accuse me of anything so low. Rather say I do my correspondence by means of penny postcards."

"What are you, then?" she asked softly.

He leaned across the table, his eyes growing bright as he looked at her, and the scarred face, with its trace of roaming age and tale of wasted youth seeming like a thing of bronze—fascinating to look upon in a museum case!

"I'm the Bad Man of Africa!" He hesitated a moment. Trig pranced in to say good morning. "Dale, how can you tolerate that whiskery beast? You should see my pets—lions!"

"No!" The gray eyes were like an astonished youngster viewing a first circus poster.

"I'll tell it like a real story. Aristides and Alcibiades were two cubs whose mother I shot. It seemed rough to let the little beggars starve; so I found her cave, meaning to knock them in the head—shorter than days of howls and pains in their tummies. They lay asleep, fat pats of butter, with the sun shining to emphasize the effect. I picked one up; it was Alcibiades. He opened those wonderful gold eyes, to look at me with a confiding gaze. 'Where is the mater?' he seemed to say. Then Aristides started up a tune. So I picked up Aristides; and then Alcibiades began to grumble in his funny baby-lion voice that, once you've heard, you never forget. I slung them in my pack and brought them home. We brought them up by hand and they live in a happy Paradisio of their own, acres to romp and prowl about, rocks to lie and sun themselves on while they listen to the boom-boom of the sea. They are as tame as kittens. Everyone warns me of their treachery and the fateful day when they shall taste beefsteak unbroiled and begin to pursue humans. I don't worry. It wouldn't be so jolly bad to end that way, after all—better than to lie for weeks in bed, snuffling like an old woman."

"How can you really have them for pets!"

"Because I like them; and whatever I like I usually have—it is a little habit I've gotten into. I call them Allie and Arty, and that keeps them as tame as schoolboys. Aristides and Alcibiades are merely their dress-up walking-out-with-nana names. I look at them—so"—he fixed his eyes on Dale with a penetrating expression, "and I keep looking—so—and they crouch at my feet and lick my hand. We often stroll off by ourselves, and sun on the rocks and talk over the topics of the day. I, too, like to listen to the boom-boom of the sea. I think I was a lion in a recent incarnation. I understand the way they must dominate; their pride; their hatred of commonplace, earth-bound things. . . . What a reel of nonsense we've been talking! How did it start? Oh, yes; with Trig. Come here, Trig; here's a chop bone just for good fellowship. What a choice little entrée you'd make for Arty! Still, Arty is a liberal and Allie the radical; so probably it would be Allie ——"

"Don't feed him at the table!" protested Dale. "You'll spoil my discipline, and Glenny will scold."

"I enjoy hearing old women row—it's as much fun as a Spanish burlesque. They always end in tears and you give them a shilling for drinks while they kiss your hand."

"I don't. And I've taught Trig never to bring bones into the house; it is sure to spot the rugs. You know, ammonia and ——"

"Oh, Dale! You're not an index for cleaning remedies, are you? If they spot the rugs—get new ones."

"But that is expensive." Dale was trying to collect herself mentally.

John had a wonderful cleaning fluid which took spots from anything. She wanted him to patent it.

"What is the sense of living unless one is expensive?" Leswing insisted. "Unless I could indulge every whim I wished, I would rather go forth and say 'Come, Arty! Come, Allie!' and lie down on the rocks at their mercy. Don't be petty, Dale! Scrape the butter off the plates and put in a gooey lump for cooking; turn your bonnet ribbons, and so on! You remind me of the Scot visiting London and writing home: 'I had nae been there an hour when—bang! went a saxpence!' You've endless income; enjoy it'"

Dale hesitated. Then she looked out beyond Leswing's grizzled head and said: "I wanted to talk about my money—John-Giant doesn't want it. He will earn everything for me. You see, if things had been different—if they had been married—I shouldn't mind. But this way is a sop to justice; and I shall never mind being poor."

"How interesting!" Leswing's lips twisted into a cruel smile. "Wash day, steaming tubs of soiled stuff, yellow soap—tons of yellow soap—hungry man wants pork and fried potatoes and pie—then blights come for the choicest potato plants and fairly elope with their blooms, and after you hang out the washing you take a stick and a tattered old basin and go out to poke the bugs into the pan and escort them to their funeral pyre. Or the zero weather strikes through the cracks of the log cabin and the water freezes, and you live on sausage and tea and flapjacks and read last year's almanac for days until someone breaks through the roads. Then you find that your awaited mail is a bill for cattle feed and an advertisement for a cream separator! Dale, what a heroic youngster you are—show me this John-Giant who has so bewitched you."

"We have talked of all this—and more"—the gray eyes were desperately in earnest—"and I still do not wish the money. It has never made me happy. It made Mirza happy—that is, it made it easy for her to be unhappy, she could grieve to her heart's content. I sometimes think it would have been better if she had worked."

"She would have died," said Leswing swiftly.

"That was merely staved off a few years. We can give back the money, can't we? You know what I must do."

"You must convince me first that you want to—I suppose we can do something with it—one usually can. Lady Aldis has enough of her own; she would not care to be annoyed. We could give it to some charity if you like. Charities always bore me—fussy women in unbecoming hats making speeches about the high cost of breadstuffs and pushing steaming teacups into your hands. Let's see—you could leave an endowment for oranges for original dipsomaniacs or muffs of pink roses for rheumatic charwomen." He chuckled as if amusing himself.

"Are you never serious—do you do nothing for the poor—you with all your millions?"

"Nothing. I don't approve of poor people. I have never been interested in them, and I do nothing unless it interests me. That is my own beautiful scheme of things. I occasionally take a delight in saving some rapscallion from the gallows because his daring pleased me and I delight to return him, dangerous and revengeful, to a narrow-minded community that will seethe with unrest! Sometimes I have staked a young boy of my own class who has gambled and come a cropper, and once a princess went into bankruptcy because she loved a gypsy actor and lost her jewels somewhere about his person, it was believed. I helped her a trifle. But ordinarily, if you mean orphans and widows and wayward young ladies staying out entirely too late—no!"

"How cruel! Yet you practically can own anything in the whole world that you wish for!"

"I do own everything I wish for—I dip into sacred art collections and take my tithit. There is nothing for which I wish."

(Continued on Page 32)

OWNERS now realize that this car actually does outstrip even previous Hupmobiles in performance.

The flood of *power* which leaps to action for a dashing getaway or an instant spurt of speed, settles down on demand to dogged, over-the-top *pulling*.

Along with it are the *complete comfort* and relaxation induced by velvety riding ease and superb road steadiness.

Perhaps the greatest comfort lies in the knowledge that these extraordinary qualities are enjoyed at mileage and maintenance costs so low that the Hupmobile has gained a nation-wide name for *very unusual economy*.

The Comfort Car

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 26)

"Then there is nothing for which to live," she supplemented wisely.

"Hark to the sage! Glenny, the coffee was mud. There are some grease spots to clean—Trig had a side of mutton. Come, Dale, let's go for a morning spin!"

Bowing meekly, Glenny muttered her apologies. There was a hurt look in her wrinkled face as Leswing left the room. Dale turned back.

"The chops were lovely," she said kindly.

But not coming from her god, Glenny's hurt was unappeased.

The scarlet car was panting outside the gate; it seemed a tempting creature wooing one from work.

"I always practice after breakfast," Dale began. "Perhaps you've letters to write?"

"I never write letters—I cable."

"You wrote me," she said with unconscious egotism.

"I had the toothache. I was not myself," he retorted. "Let's drive—a fig for practicing! Always do what you want to do, Dale. Get your bonnet! I'll wait here."

A moment later, with a silk scarf over her arm and an adorable little flower pot of a hat, Dale pranced down the walk. Leswing opened the car door with the air of a footman.

"What a joy!" She bounced among the cushions.

"I picked it up in New York because I loathe railroads. You may have it," he added carelessly, "if you'll learn how to drive."

"Really? Oh, no—no! You mustn't ——"

"Call it my engagement present," he chuckled; "and don't bore me with thanks, because I loathe gratitude. Show me the way to rambling old farmhouses. I'm in search of a clock—a painted, wooden-framed clock—you know the sort. I've a New England room at Paradisio; it lacks a clock. There are splint-bottomed chairs, rag rugs, a spinning wheel, and blue-and-white dishes on a mahogany cupboard; but we lack a clock."

"When do you use the New England room?"

"When I read my letters from my aunts"—he made a wry face—"but I like the contrast between that and an Italian drawing-room which opens off it. When I have attacks of conscience I go there to repent and am uncomfortable for a whole fifteen minutes. You didn't know I had a conscience, did you, Dale? The truth is, it is the best-behaved little conscience you have ever met—it never troubles me! There—that house looks plummy! Stop!"

They drew up before the slanting dwelling. Chickens walked boldly across the sunken doorstone. Cracked shades were drawn unevenly at the front windows; neglected shrubbery and flowers made a gloomy entrance. A woman with a thin, tired figure was pumping water from a sulky spout. She drew a great pailful and struggled to carry it.

"Oh, she can't," said Dale impulsively.

"Carry that water wherever she wants and tell her to come out to the car," he told the chauffeur. "I don't like the looks of the house; we better not attempt going in."

Quite bewildered, the woman came toward them. She had been pretty once, but her blond hair was cruelly faded by the sun into burnt wisps, snarled in an untidy heap with cheap wire pins thrust crossways. Her cotton dress was soiled and buttonless, and the neck opened to show a drawn throat. A string of imitation coral was clasped round it—pitiful attempt at finery. Her foot, misshapen from work and poor footgear, were thrust into "his" slippers. She had no stockings on, and the flapping rim of her dress betrayed the fact. She kept working her bony hands in embarrassment. Her faded blue eyes were red about the rims, and when she spoke one saw that her teeth were either broken or missing.

"I beg pardon," Leswing lifted his hat in cavalier fashion; "I was looking for a clock—an old-fashioned wooden clock with a painted border. Have you such a thing about the place?"

There was one which had been "his" mother's, she said. She guessed he could have it; it hadn't gone in years. She would get it if they liked, or they could come in. The place wasn't very orderly; she hadn't been well and "he" was busy and the children were too little yet to help. Tow-haired mites crept round her skirts as she talked, peering up at the strangers.

Leswing told her to bring it out. Then he leaned back in the car to study the landscape.

"I suppose this is considered an average farm, isn't it?" he asked presently.

"It is Mr. Abner's, I think."

John-Giant had told Dale that it was, and that he was an expert along raising certain things.

The woman and the children returned with the clock. It needed reglueing, but it was what Leswing wanted. He laid it carefully in the bottom of the car and asked the price.

"I guess a couple of dollars—he don't care much about it," she said in the same weary tone.

Leswing handed her a ten-dollar bill. She gave an ejaculation of surprise and handed it back.

"Would you make it a two-dollar bill—and the rest in different money?" She twisted her hands with nervousness.

"Ah, then your husband will not know the exact selling price; is that the idea?" Leswing was the most sympathetic person in the world; the tenderness of his tone could have easily belonged to a visiting divine!

She nodded. "He's gotten awful close lately," she confided, cheered by the unexpected gift. "When we were married he wasn't like this at all. He had the place all fixed up and a woman come in to wash." She gave a mirthless laugh. "I guess farming makes a man sort of close—he has to work so hard and get so little. People don't know how hard it is—and he's had bad luck for two years. One year we lost a cow and the next a horse. That's a lot ——"

"Is he a truck farmer?" said the tender voice. Dale winced.

"Yes, sir, he mostly raises garden stuff; there isn't anything quite so hard. I wasn't used to a farm. I taught school down to Trilby. But I thought it would be a fine way to live. We never meant to get so run down—it was just hard luck. Then the children came and they took lots of time and I had to get along the best way I could. My, I'm glad my mother isn't alive—she'd have been ashamed to have me talk to strangers like this. . . . She wanted me to marry a city man—sometimes I wished I had—only I liked John. He's always meant well—he wishes things were different for me and the children. I'll never let my little girls marry poor farmers—not if they're old maids." She laid her worn hand protectingly on the yellow bobbing heads. "I guess I look about forty, but I'll only be thirty-two next fall. I fade easy, John says, and I've got a bad back. My head gets dizzy if I weed much in the sun."

"How long have you been married?" asked Leswing.

"Since I was nineteen. I only taught school a year. I had enough saved for my clothes. That was all. I often thought of the two silk dresses I had—I used the last patch of the one I was married in—blue with a pink sprig to make my oldest girl a shirred bonnet. I think shirred bonnets are sweet, don't you?" she asked Dale.

"Very," Dale heard herself answer.

"But I don't care so much about clothes if I could get my teeth fixed. I never thought I'd let 'em go like I have. I had pretty teeth, if I do say so. John, he wanted me to get 'em fixed, but we haven't had the money and it's so far to go to town and the dentist only comes once a week. It just seems as if it wasn't meant for me to get them fixed. If I could have my teeth fixed and a woman to do the washing I wouldn't ask anything else. . . . My land, what a lot of things you have to do without—don't you? If I'd known what I know now when I was teaching school—well ——" She looked down at the children.

"But the babies?" said Dale softly.

"The poor kids will have to scramble to get a start. If his rheumatism gets worse he won't be able to keep things going like he has. I guess maybe his sister would take the children and we could peddle tinware. They say there's a living in that —— Oh, thank you, sir!"

Leswing had wearied of the monologue and signaled to start.

"I wish you good morning." He raised his hat again.

"Good-by, Mrs. Abner," Dale called back.

The car shot ahead.

"I've thought out two frocks for you; I'll get them in Paris." With the wisdom of long experience Leswing knew better than to drive home the moral of the little visit; it would sink into fertile soil unmolested. Contrast was the necessary element to supply.

"One is a cracking military serge with collar and cuffs of braided red, and the other an evening creation of orange velvet with lace draped and not desecrated by sewing. You can wear a silver coronet with that dusky hair and carry a fan that is a mass of faint yellow plumes."

"Where will I wear it—to pump water in?" said Dale bitterly. She was thinking out loud.

Leswing smiled—how convenient that youth is plastic!

"Oh, to be sure! You're to marry John-Giant—another John—aren't you—and give back the money? Then I must order overalls and a sunbonnet and give you an order on the traveling dentist. Dale, look at the trees off there—like a Corot, aren't they? Did I ever tell you ——"

He tactfully drifted into an anecdote of French country life.

On the way back they passed Orchard Lodge. With a loyal finger Dale pointed out John working in his garden.

"Shall we stop to say hello?" asked Leswing graciously.

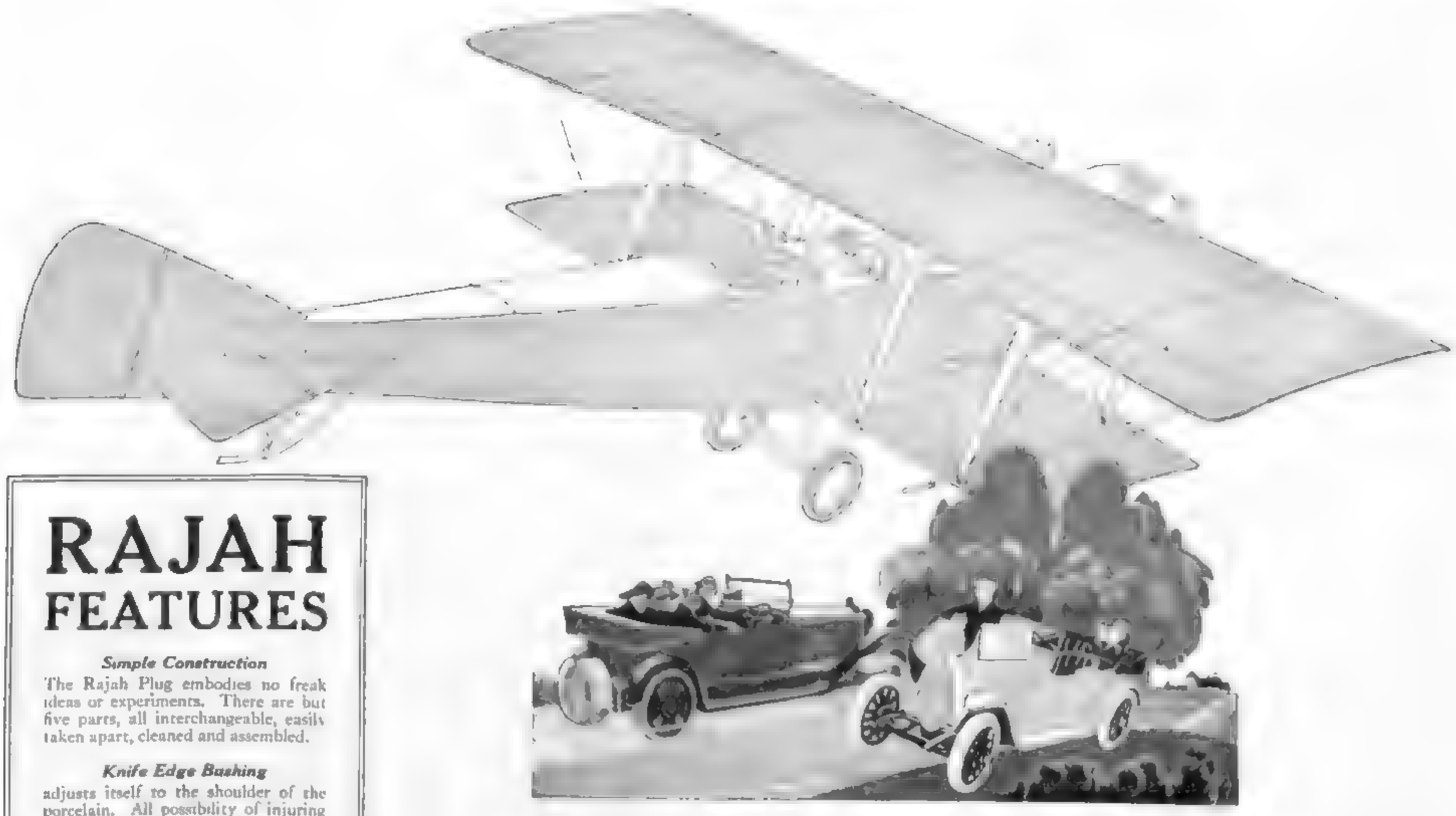
Dale shook her head. It would be unfair to John, she told herself—entirely unfair. Wait until John-Giant came to World's End and stood side by side with Leswing.

"I Should Never Marry Anyone Unless I Could Worship Her as a Good Heathen Does His Idols. My Wife Must be My Ideal"

John came eagerly to World's End. The evening spent at the log cabin alone, knowing Dale was otherwise occupied, was quite an ordeal, though she had written a comfort note telling him she loved him and that she would arrange about the money as soon as Mr. Leswing came. He had written a reply to bring with him the following night, and he told himself he was a jealous, foolish person, and instead of thanking his stars because Dale loved him in spite of everything and understanding everything—poor Dale and poor John!—there he was making himself needlessly miserable.

He wore his best suit, the newly ordered mail-order suit costing thirty-three dollars, and a necktie which Dale had given him. He walked up the veranda steps with his steady tread, to surprise Leswing in the midst of a vague reverie. For a brief moment John's deep-sea eyes rested disapprovingly in the direction of Leswing's scarred face. As men read men, so John divined in Leswing's elegant cynical self many things at which Dale merely wondered; and so Leswing, glancing unwillingly at the broad-shouldered, honest John-Giant, understood the reason for Dale's love!

(Continued on Page 30)



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adjusts itself to the shoulder of the porcelain. All possibility of injuring the porcelain is thus eliminated when the bushing is tightened down to secure a gas-tight joint.

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Adjustable to any cable and with ferrule to fit any cable. With the extra collar supplied both can be used with any make of plug.

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The Thumb nut is an adapter for Dodge, Ford, Hup, Hudson, Maxwell, Mitchell, Packard Twin Six and Pullman. The Stud for Buick, Chevrolet and Oldsmobile.

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Adapter for Franklin, Locomobile and Willys-Knight.

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Airplane ignition *must* be reliable

The pilot in the air demands constant, unfailing ignition and the maximum of power under unusual conditions. That is why he chooses Rajah Spark Plugs for his plane.

You can get the same trustworthy ignition in your automobile. For the same Rajah Plugs that are used by aviators, racing car drivers and hill climbers are available for your car. No *claim* of quality can weigh against *proof* of this kind.

Rajah Plugs achieved their reputation by delivering exceptional service under severe and unusual conditions. Because your demands are not unusual is no reason why you should do without this exceptional service.

NOTE.—Use a complete set of Rajah Plugs and secure 100% efficiency. Then you will enjoy the delightful sense of increased power, quick response and absolute dependability.

RAJAH SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from Page 28)

Dale tripped to the door. She, too, was dressed in her best. The dusky hair set off gray chiffon and a string of pearls to advantage.

"John, this is Philip Leswing—Philip Leswing, this is John Coventry. Please be very fond of each other." She nestled in a large chair and awaited the painful obeying of her command.

Leswing's white evening suit seemed to sneer at the gray-mixture Norfolk with its uneven humps about the shoulders, though John had underlined the order sheet where it said "broad or narrow shoulders"—and the cotton thread carelessly stitched about the cuffs seemed glaringly noticeable. His nails, broken from struggling to mend a hand cultivator, seemed unusually apparent, and the rim of mud on his boots called attention to Leswing's slim, patent-leather pumps made by Farrierre, of Paris—who took no orders of less than fifteen hundred dollars.

"Isn't it attractive on the hill?" began Leswing, amused at the situation.

"Very," growled John-Giant. "Do you like the animal cemetery?" And then he sneezed and was infinitely embarrassed, while Dale wondered why he did not talk as usual and prove to Leswing the wonders of his lovable self.

"Tell about the little calf," she urged.

John flushed; it was a mawkish incident to repeat before this dazzling man who seemed to possess World's End all in the twinkling of an eye.

"Oh, that wasn't much," he protested.

"Yes, it was—mimic the calf! You do it so well."

"Do, I beg of you," murmured Leswing, lifting his hand characteristically to touch the scar, the Cobra sneering at John's modest scarfpin.

So John did—and very poorly—so poorly that even Dale was ashamed.

She did not urge him to tell another incident, but instead turned to Leswing to demand a description of an African native feast. Long practiced in the art, Leswing obeyed, telling it with such dramatic force that even John was thrilled.

Then he rose gracefully. "I leave you two to the glories of the moon," he said lightly. "I must have a word with Friend Buddha; he seems utterly neglected. Dale, dear, if the dew comes get your shawl," he added.

Dale nodded. She was proud of the way he knew how to exit as gracefully as he entered. John-Giant would have scraped his chair legs, twisted his thumbs, and hemmed and hawed—she was really provoked at him for failing to display his brilliancy.

"Well," she said after Leswing tripped down the steps, "aren't you glad to see me?"

"You know I am." His was the injured voice of youth. "I bet you didn't think about me last night."

"Yes, I did! Did you read my letter or throw it in the fire?" Dale was equally injured.

"I can repeat every word of it. I brought an answer." He held out the envelope.

Dale tucked it in the bosom of her dress. "I missed you terribly, John. Did you work hard to-day?"

"Yes, and I'm about discouraged too—potato bugs running amuck! I was up at half past four this morning, and then the day was too short." He smothered a yawn.

"Half past four," Dale sighed. Leswing had told her of a hunt ball in London where they began the cotillon at half past four of a spring morning!

"I often get up then."

"Do you? That seems a frightful hour—I never could."

"I'd never want you to," he supplemented quickly.

"Don't you like Mr. Leswing?" Dale changed the subject.

"I guess so. I don't know him yet. Do you?"

"Yes, he's fascinating! He brought me the most wonderful ring in the world—the stone came from his own mines."

"A diamond ring?" The deep-sea eyes darkened.

"You won't have to get me one." Dale was unconscious of the insult.

"Well, before you have another man's ring ——" he began sharply.

"How silly—when I know you ought not afford it!"

"Never mind that. I'd sell the whole darned place before I'd let you wear it. Dale, you're mine. That means a lot, doesn't it?" His voice was taut with force.

Dale felt thrilled, bewildered, all in one.

Womanlike she instantly thought that if Leswing only had John-Giant's youth or John-Giant had Leswing's diamond mines ——

"Don't be horrid!" she told him. "It isn't an engagement ring—just a present. He's given away a great many before."

"What did he say when you told him we were engaged?"

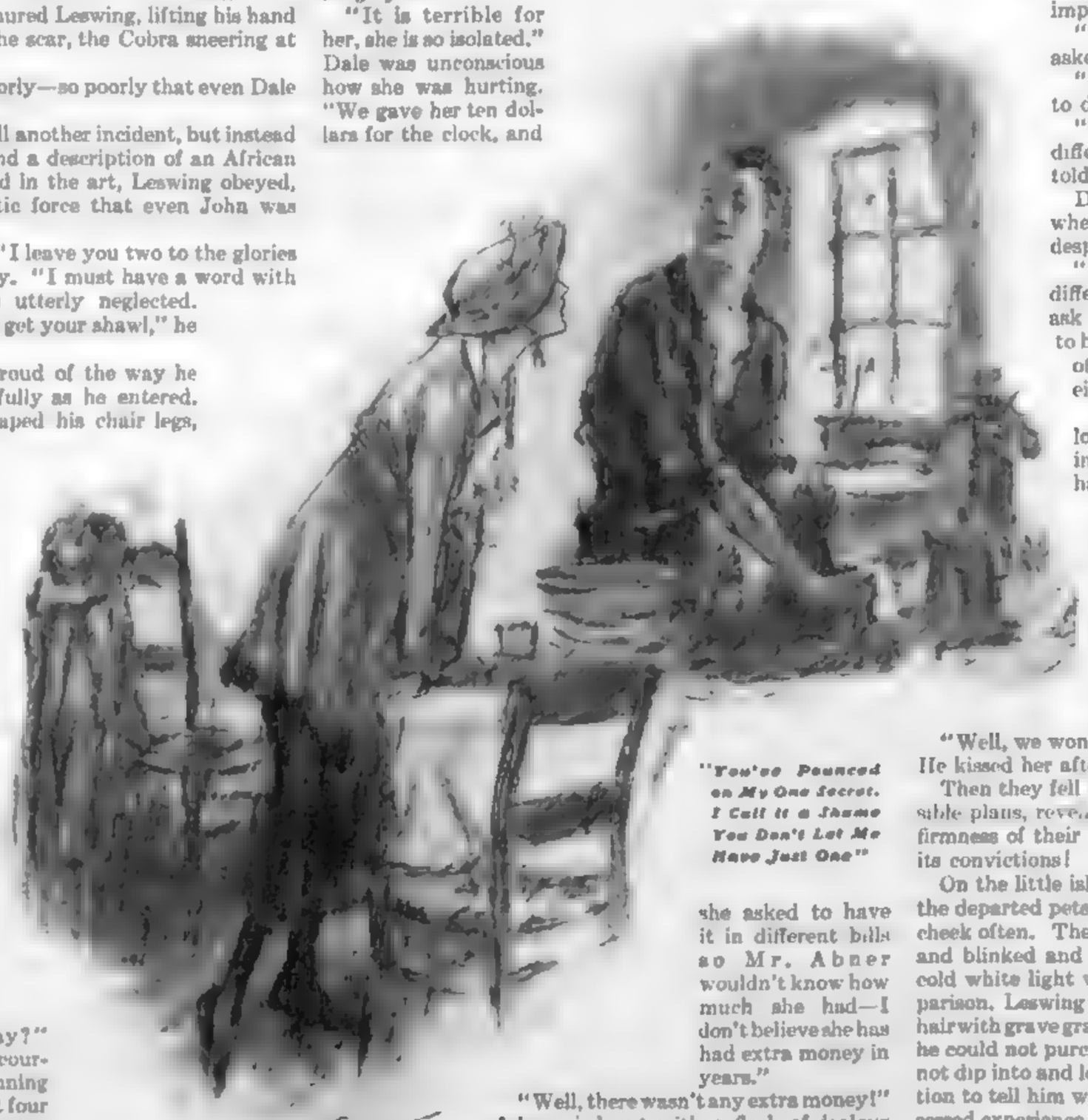
"He was very nice about it—nicer than you are to-night."

"I want to be nice to you always." John's strong arm encircled her.

She felt comforted. Then she leaned her head on his shoulder. "We drove by Abner's farm to-day; in fact, we stopped there to buy a clock. Mr. Leswing wanted one for his New England room. I'll tell you about his wonderful house some day. Mrs. Abner looked like a wreck. She told us she taught school a year in Trilby and that she never dreamed her married life would be so hard—her teeth are all out and her hair faded and she does her own washing, and chickens walk all over the porch. Oh, I should think she would die ——"

"Abner has had hard luck," John defended. "He thinks a lot of his wife; he told me so. He was proud of her being a school-teacher. She loved him, too, or they wouldn't have married. It's just the way things happened to turn out for them, dear." Then he kicked a chair away roughly with his boot.

"It is terrible for her, she is so isolated." Dale was unconscious how she was hurting. "We gave her ten dollars for the clock, and she asked to have it in different bills so Mr. Abner wouldn't know how much she had—I don't believe she has had extra money in years."



"You've Pounced on My One Secret. I Call It a Shame You Don't Let Me Have Just One"

"Well, there wasn't any extra money!" John cried out with a flash of jealous temper. "Abner has worked a lot harder than I have and he's had children to support. He is no ogre—merely a human being in hard luck. You don't understand, Dale, or else you don't want to understand."

"Which is most unfair—you know I do!" She put her cool cheek against his flushed one. "Just that I never saw a woman like Mrs. Abner. . . . John, I am beginning to realize I have never thought very much about many things."

He loosened his arm. "Haven't you, Dale? Perhaps you want to think carefully before you marry me."

"John-Giant," Dale's voice trembled, "please don't say that ——"

"Then forgive me—I promise not to doubt again. You are everything that is splendid, Dale; more than anyone could ever deserve—only you seemed so different to-night. Perhaps it was because I sneezed," he added lightly; "or that Leswing is different. That is it—it is Leswing, a rich man who has never known the blessed pain of toil. And I'm not at ease in these clothes, Dale. I want my 'uniform' until I'm a gentleman. Then if I dared I'd take to bow pipes and high stocks and ruffles—honestly—knee breeches with silver-buckled shoes. I believe I could play quite a Chesterfield if I had the wardrobe. But this sort of stuff—near-gentleman—only makes me long for an ax and a woodpile and an honest flannel shirt. Don't you see, dearest, that when you realize a dream and it threatens to become a nightmare it is a terrifying experience? When we are married things will be different. We will have no more moments of doubt." He kissed her on the lips.

She was silent, her fingers stroking his hair. Then she said: "I love to have you want me so fiercely, John-Giant. . . . I wonder if Mr. Leswing ever wanted anyone."

"Did he never marry?"

"No, but he—he had affairs." Dale blushed prettily. "You see, he was the youngest son of a rich family. When he was about twenty-five he suddenly ran off to Africa—no one just knows why—and there he happened to strike luck. He has a place called Paradisio—a palace with pet lions and wonderful rooms and a swimming pool and a hundred black servants ——"

"When's he going back?" demanded John-Giant.

"In a few days."

"There's going to be a play at the town hall Friday—want to go?"

"Love to!"

"Then we will. And I've sent for some raffia, Dale. I'm going to weave you baskets—you said you liked dark blue and scarlet, so that's what I got."

"You're a dear!" She kissed his forehead impulsively.

"Did you speak about the—money?" he asked presently.

"Yes. We haven't definitely thought what to do.

"Mr. Leswing can't understand, he's so different and has so much money. But I told him to give it back. . . ."

Dale drifted into a reverie, debating whether or not to mention the gift of the despised American limousine.

"Of course, Dale, you don't know how different it will be. Maybe I'm not square to ask you to give it back"—he was struggling to be fair; "only I won't marry you and live off your money; and it isn't honest money, either."

"I don't mean you shall." She rose and looked over on the island, to see joss burning up in curly little spirals. Leswing must have been lighting it.

"It isn't the things money buys that count as much as the things it saves you from," John told her soberly. "Of course you've gotten it into your little head that you'll be Mrs. Abner the second, haven't you? Dale, before I'd see you turn into a Mrs. Abner I'd send you back—to—World's End ——"

"But it would be too late," she reminded; "I'd have left World's End!"

"Well, we won't ever let it come—no—matter—what." He kissed her after each word.

Then they fell talking of delightful nothings and impossible plans, reveling in the freshness of their love and the firmness of their convictions. Youth is always so firm in its convictions!

On the little island Leswing rested among the graves of the departed pets, smoking slowly and rubbing his scarred cheek often. The Cobra was his companion: it twinkled and blinked and sparkled and glowed and settled into a cold white light which made even starshine dim by comparison. Leswing was dreaming of youth—and dusky brown hair with grave gray eyes underneath—youth, the only thing he could not purchase, the only private collection he could not dip into and loot as he willed. As John possessed intuition to tell him which way the wind blew, so Leswing possessed experience, a more sardonic but reliable guide. . . . It would not take long to win Dale, he decided. The little Cobra twinkled with glee. He would deliberately set to work to win youth—Dale was merely the personification of it—to complete his conquest of the world, of life itself!

As Lord Aldis had taken Mirza from every environment she had ever known, every connection she had made or been born to, so he would take Dale! Aldis had known how to set to work to fascinate unto victory—how brightly the Cobra shone with the steady cruelty of a persevering magician! Well, Leswing understood the same art—now. It would not require a tedious passage of time or effort—for coming age offered no great endurance as an asset—it would require deliberate scheming. No crude dramatic tactics of a misunderstanding—that would be a bad *faux pas*. There must be an explicit and lasting understanding between the three—an understanding that should be the foundation of his victory. Dale must want to surrender her youth to him, even as she now sat on the veranda, her

(Continued on Page 33)

Where Are You Going When You Back Up Your Car At Night?

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Street .....

Town .....

State .....

(Continued from Page 30)

slim fingers laid in strong hands, and whispered that youth must know and love but youth!

Leswing would stay the sands of the hourglass, or rather Dale would stay them for him—her young, pale self with the grave gray eyes—Dale at Paradisio, wearing the orange velvet and lace frock in his emerald-green room with its paneled rosewood and murky mirrors, silk sofas and walls with the pattern of wonderful willow trees and a silvery green sky. . . . By such things he would veil the gray eyes to his old age. . . . He wanted to see her in the breakfast room with its tempting white plush and faded rose and gold embroideries; he wanted her dressed in sapphire crêpe, sitting on the loggia to watch the blacks march in twos before her. He felt his heart no longer faintly stir, but throb with tremulous longing; he must have Dale, for Dale was youth, and youth was the only thing in the world which his purse had not brought to the doorstep of Paradisio, whining to be purchased!

The Cobra began blinking again—warning of dangers in the way. Leswing tossed his cigarette aside. He must have Dale, he must have youth—youth with dewy lips and eyes of innocence and heart of girlish whiteness. Youth—how strange that never before had the desire been so strong!

With the same intentness with which he set to work to win the name of diamond king so he would set to work to win Dale, deftly, quite free of censure or detection. No one would know—not even Dale. The Cobra blinked with smug satisfaction as Leswing rubbed the dimpled scar.

Meantime John-Giant had taken his lingering good-by.

"Shall I call Mr. Leswing?" Dale whispered. "Oh, John-Giant, I love you so much—you're wonderful, really wonderful! You see, I'm thinking aloud."

"No. Tell him good night for me," he said curtly; "and to-morrow, remember what you promised about the money. Good night, Dale—I'll dream of you."

"Until half past four A. M.," she laughed.

After he left she surprised Leswing by appearing on the bridge and cooing softly.

"John left a good-by," she said, wondering if Leswing would feel slighted.

"Ah, then a mere prosaic person may return to the veranda. I've been banished among the graves long enough." He walked over the bridge; in the dark she did not see the flush of the bronzed face.

"I didn't mean to banish you; we were merely talking of ——"

He laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. "This ruffle is rumpled from the wind, I presume?"

Dale laughed.

"You are very happy, are you not?"

"Oh, very!"

"Are you going to kiss me good night?" he asked.

She hesitated. "I just kissed John-Giant," she told him cruelly.

"Good," blinked the Cobra; "she realizes you are not a graybeard or herself an infant!"

"Then, mademoiselle ——" Leswing lifted her hand, and the grizzled head bent over that his lips might touch it.

When Dale reached her room the diamond ring lay in its case beside the empty flower vase. She slipped it on her finger, enjoying the sparkle.

"You tempter!" she said. "I believe I'll ask Mr. Leswing if I may set you in a scarfpin. Then John-Giant couldn't be horrid any more."

VIII

IN THE morning Dale happened upon Leswing unexpectedly. He was fencing with Humphrey, an unwilling victim, holding his sword in a graceful pose. In his shining black togs Leswing seemed a boy—the light was dim—and he danced to one side to make way for her, announcing "Long live the Queen!" and doing a fantastic little step.

"Let me teach you how," he begged.

"I couldn't learn. I'm entirely too tall," she protested.

"Nonsense! Find your gymnasium suit like a good creature and we'll have a go at it."

So they spent the greater part of the morning playing at learning in a delightful fashion. Throwing down his mask and foil Leswing commanded her to do the same.

"You must never overdo anything; the charm vanishes like the sun during a rainstorm," he told her. "Always remember that. Now I feel bound to amuse you because you have amused me. What shall we do?"

"But I've enjoyed it," protested Dale, her cheeks faintly pink from the exertion. And she wondered if John-Giant would be too tired from chopping trees on his woodlot to fence with her of an evening. The contrast suggested itself—John in overalls, chopping trees; Leswing in shining satin with an alluring red heart, fencing!

"I'll pianologue for you—would you like that?"

They had shoved aside the furniture in scandalous fashion. Humphrey was set to work to rescue the piano from the further end of the room.

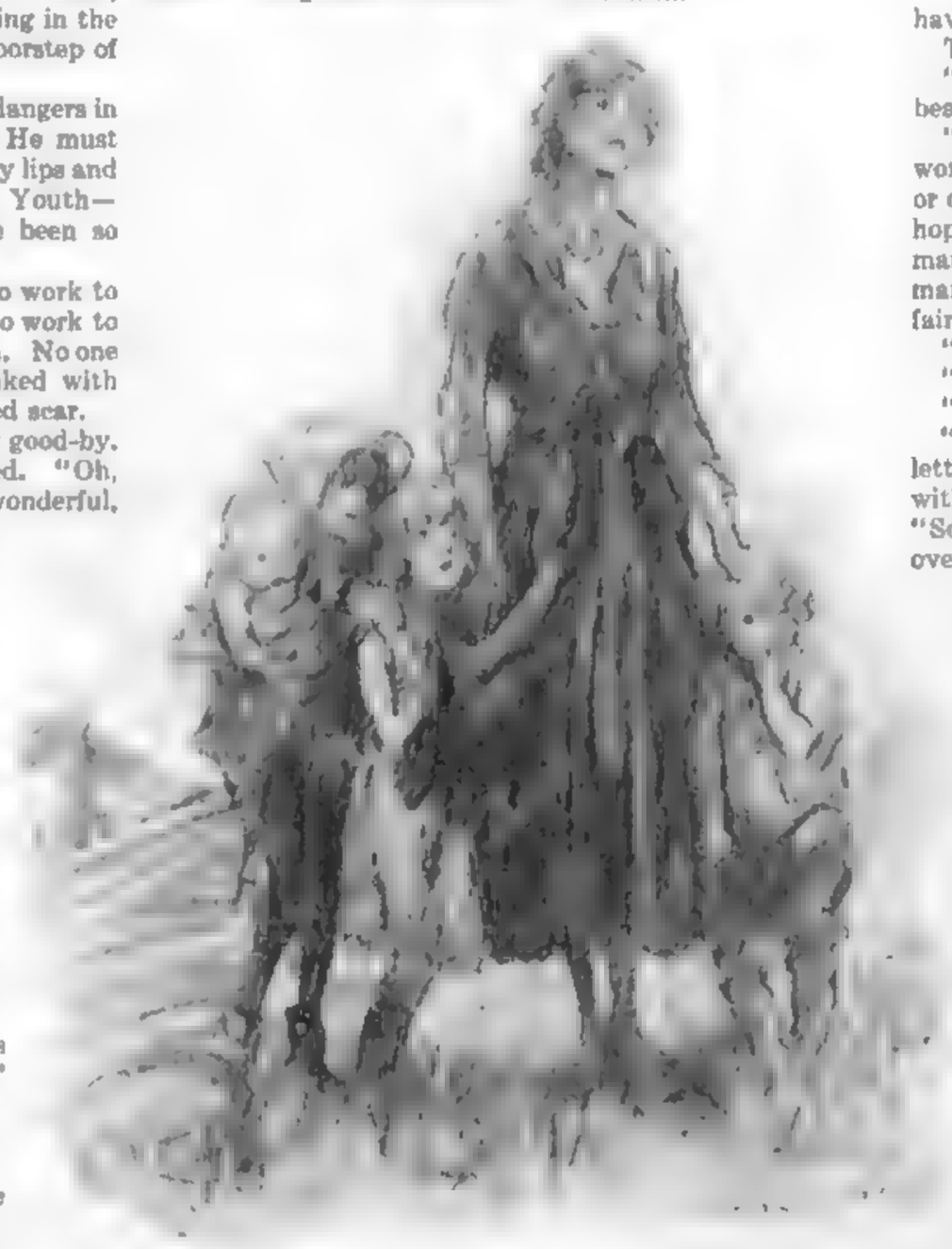
"Do! I didn't know you played." Dale sat beside him on the bench.

Halfway placing an arm round her he skillfully picked chords solely with his left hand, and in a dreamy voice told in French the story of the handsome clown who loved the midinette and came singing under her window, and of the battle cry which caused him to lay off his chalk and ruffles and take his sword and march away, while the midinette sobbed in her attic and sewed on a black frock!

Dale was like a child hearing its first nursery rime.

"Play another," she whispered.

"Au Clair de la Lune," proposed Leswing, his graceful hand with the sparkling Cobra moving deftly over the keys. Then there came an old lullaby and a wild Russian folk song and, to Dale's surprise, he hummed Swanee River with genuine American enthusiasm.



"I Guess Farming Makes a Man Sort of Close—He Has to Work So Hard and Get So Little"

He stopped to say: "That is one of my plays when I am lonesome at Paradisio. You'd think me nothing but a jester if I told you all of them."

"Tell me!" she begged; "please tell me!"

Keeping his right hand about her waist and now and then striking the right minor chord to meet his words Leswing added:

"I celebrate every holiday on record, Dale. Paradisio is a year of holidays: I've your American Thanksgiving and Fourth of July, Canada's Harvest Home, the Jewish New Year, the Gypsy's Carnival, the Russian Church Days, the —— Why go through the list? But on each day I have the native dishes and follow native customs as nearly as possible."

"Who is with you?"

"Sometimes friends—more often I am alone." It seemed as if the Cobra must have picked the eerie chord.

"Why do you never marry?" she said slowly.

"I should never marry anyone unless I could worship her as a good heathen does his idols. I can imagine nothing more beautiful than such a love and such a marriage nothing more jangling and sordid than the flat romance of ninety-nine per cent of the world—with disillusionment to follow as swiftly as the bridal corsage fades! My wife must be my ideal. A number of women have fancied they would like to marry me because I own Paradisio. I am not deceived. But because improbable things are always charming I like to think of my marriage to someone young and innocent of spotted things, someone to whom I might be a protection during my life and my wealth a protection after my death. . . . There is nothing in the world I would not do to win someone if I loved her. . . . I always win what I set out to possess. Oh, Dale, you're getting me to be a reminiscent old bachelor! Have I told you of my little courtyard looking at the sea? It is like a scene from a Hindu fairy tale."

"Are there really such places?"

"People have asked that when I have been traveling, and when they visited Paradisio they have said 'Now we know there are such places.'"

He picked a trio of chords ascending the scale—mocking, brilliant laughs.

Dale's eyes were dark with excitement—the Cobra's charm was working. She glanced at her rumpled gymnasium suit, the shabby furnishings. Then she rose as if to break the spell.

"I go to-morrow," said Leswing.

"Will you come back?" She wondered why she asked.

"Do you wish it?" The Cobra winked maliciously.

"We haven't decided about the money—you must come."

"And if not, will you forget me?"

"I shall never forget you," Dale said distinctly; "you have been so wonderful!"

The grizzled head tilted gayly on one side. "*Merci!*"

"Why could you become diamond king—you who are so beautifully an idler?"

"Luck, my child. Never give me the halo of the honest workingman in my youth. I possessed none of the energy or dreams of your John-Giant; in fact, I should have been hopeless had not my coolies sweated for me and my managers worried over accounts, my salesmen found my markets. I was born to idle, to live like the prince of a fairy tale." He twirled his sword.

"Will you write me?" Dale heard herself asking.

"Let us hope I may do something more graceful."

"What?"

"That would be telling. This John-Giant writes you letters, does he not—leaves them in the old tree stumps—with crosses at the end for kisses?" He watched her flush. "So I thought. . . . Are your engagement tablets overcrowded or could you spare the afternoon for a last drive? I presume John-Giant will kidnap you this evening."

"I will drive with you," Dale said slowly, "because we must stop at John's cabin. He would feel slighted if we did not come."

Leswing made a little *moue*.

"Surely you can spare ten minutes—think of the years at Paradisio?"

"Sometimes I believe those years could be extremely rapid ones because they could be so happy ——" he began. Then bringing his heels together he made a correct little bow and left the room. He ordered his luncheon upstairs, and Dale, lonesomely playing with a salad and a jam tart, wondered why the years at Paradisio could be so rapid, and if Africa harbored some willful woman who refused to love Leswing and make him happy—Leswing, who was contrary to everything she had been taught, and a delightful surprise. She dressed with care for the good-by drive—in an old-fashioned wine taffeta with a smart black toque feathered Indianwise.

Leswing nodded approval as he saw her. He plunged into stirring stories of African hunts as the car dipped along the green roads—things of physical endurance and bravery, with himself always as the clever hunter nonchalantly triumphant. He had a wise fashion of never admitting his lack of physical strength—if there was something heavy to be moved he managed so that Humphrey or Glenny did the tugging, though apparently he could have done it easier than not, save that he would have interrupted Dale in some trivial speech. Leswing's was the art of subtle flattery, John's the tribute of sincere admiration.

They were nearing the cabin before Dale penetrated the delightful aura of adventurous romance to say: "The money—we must decide about it."

The Cobra twinkled wisely under its owner's silk glove. "Do you know what poverty means, Dale?"

"It won't be poverty, but simply living ——" She paused, unable to convince him or, strangely enough, herself that this was the truth. She needed John-Giant's presence to bring the joyous disregard of possessions.

"I shan't let you go into something of which you know nothing. It is not fair, any more than to teach a person one system of theology, and make him swear by it, and damn the rest of the disagreeing world. If your father and mother were alive, Dale, they would do as I shall they would not send you pell-mell into something of which you know nothing. You fancy that your entire future lies in marrying John-Giant—and helping him peddle onions!"

"But I love him!"

"How do you know you do—how do you know what love is, Dale?"

"Why, you know," she faltered; "you—just—know."

"That is blindfold romance, surely erring every time it tags a victim. Romance makes so many mistakes, Dale. Experience is the wiser guide. When you love again ——"

"But one only loves once!"

Leswing's eyes brightened. "So? And does John-Giant agree—or was this from some motto calendar?"

"We both agree," Dale said solemnly.

(Continued on Page 34)

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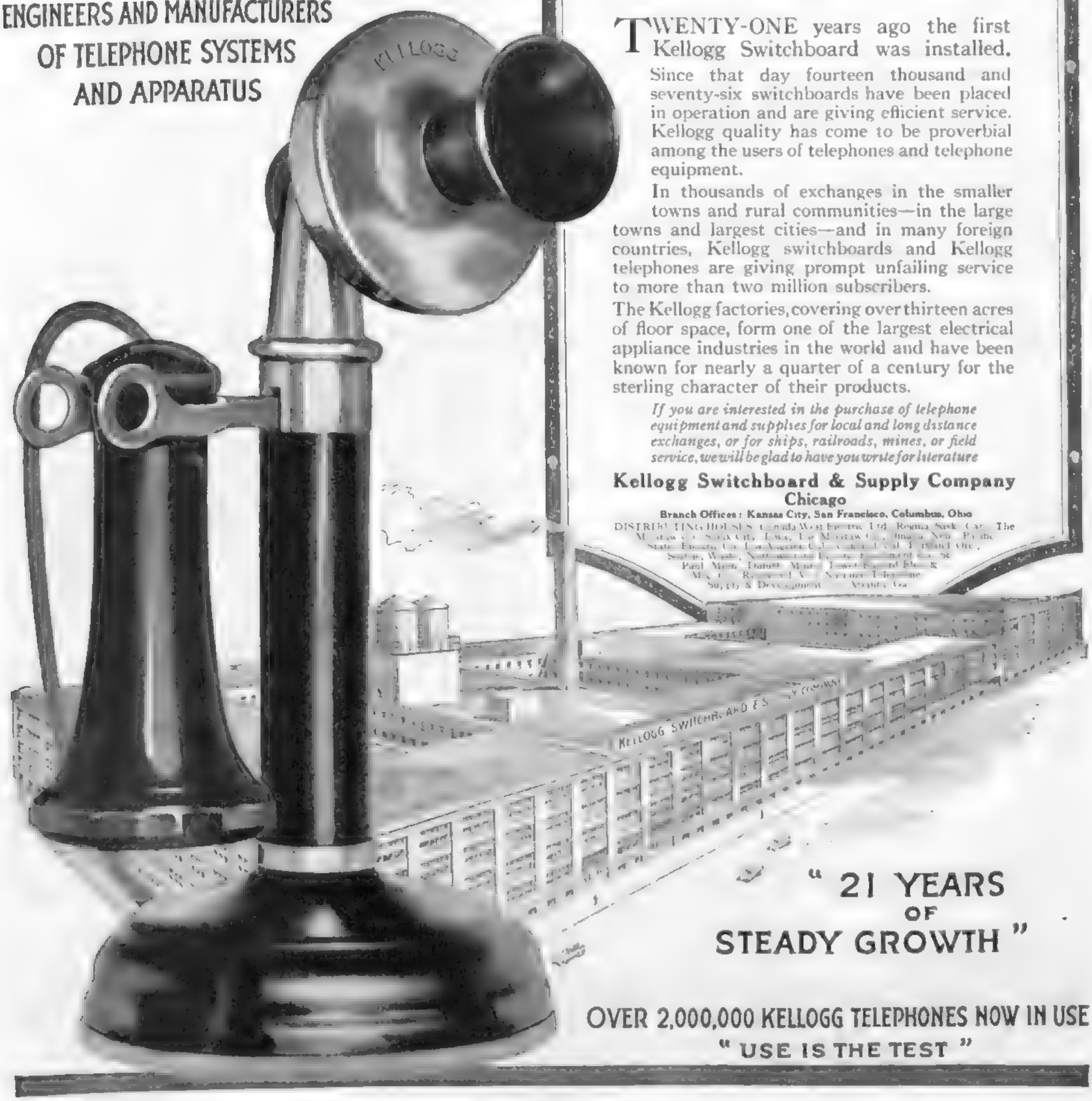

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"USE IS THE TEST"

(Continued from Page 32)

"Then you both will have a sad and inevitable awakening. It would be unfair of Destiny to appoint but one love to one life! How can one gain wisdom, broadness of viewpoint or experience if one must stifle romance at twenty-one with white muslin and blue ribbons and keep it in leash until it has a golden anniversary, sucking a last tooth in romantic content! Bah! My child, you need to see the world—this is World's End!"

"John is to be my world."

"Very good. I grant you that John is a splendid specimen of youth, with a slight tendency to celluloid collars and—that sort of thing. I don't deny but what the experience has been beneficial to you both—mild garden oats—but before you do as this clock damsel did—er—Mrs. Abner—why not travel ——"

"I shan't be a Mrs. Abner. You can't frighten me."

"But how, *mon enfant* most precious, if you have never known poverty, are you to gauge your own endurance of it? Is it fair? Suppose the nuns had said: 'You must remain here willy-nilly, embrace the faith and the habit and discipline.' You would have rebelled, would you not? You would have protested 'First I must see the world!' Which would be correct—for you were not meant for a religious vocation—or a poor man's wife. It is not fair to yourself or to John-Giant," he added deftly, "to enter his life unless you feel you can truly share it. Why not a tiny peep at the world, Dale?"

The car had stopped before Orchard Lodge.

Dale looked away from Leswing. "I am quite satisfied," she said in an amusingly patronizing voice which hid a seething unrest. Leswing knew of the unrest—so did the Cobra—and they were both satisfied. The game they were playing was a maze, tangling and baffling to the uninitiated, but certain to win!

John-Giant met them with a boyish welcome. Dale noted that his nails were rimmed with earth and the creases of his neck perspiring from the sun. He had been weeding, he informed them.

Leswing stepped about the garden pointing out this or that need of improvement with an interested scientific air, asking if this or that was the case and suggesting remedies for blight and pestilent beasties. John-Giant growled his answers—Leswing hummed. Dale looked at the flower garden for relief of mind. The cabin seemed anything but a "wonderful" place. When Leswing's elegant self sat in the homemade chair each dusty crevice and imperfection was paramount. It was the museum of a self-made man's attempt at a home. Realizing this, John became distinctly ill at ease.

Leswing refused the cake and milk—so did Dale. The milk seemed sickish and the cake a lumpy mixture, though heretofore it had constituted no end of delightful "parties."

"Dale tidied me up one day," John-Giant began telling Leswing; "you should have seen how well she made it look!" Then he trailed into silence as Leswing replied with a smart bit of French verse.

They left to avoid a thundershower, John-Giant watching them as the car drove off and Dale waving her hand long after she ceased to see his sturdy self.

Before John-Giant's nightly moon-spoon call, as Leswing teasingly called it at dinner, Leswing strolled out the gate, leaving Dale on the veranda in all her blue-and-white loveliness.

He hailed John-Giant in his approach, falling into step and saying soberly: "Is it quite fair to marry Dale?" The Cobra flashed in anger.

Having expected this John-Giant met it without hesitation. "Isn't all fair in love?" The deep-sea eyes looked at Leswing's scarred face meaningly.

"Shouldn't object, y'know, if it wasn't about Dale's little pittance you want her to shoot overboard. Come, she can't live in a log cabin!"

"I won't take Dale's money," he answered firmly.

"Yet you will take her youth and strength and lightness of spirit—and fade her beauty and her heart with drudgery?"

John-Giant walked on without answering.

"She is only a romantic child-woman; think well, John-Giant!"

"You have it all planned, haven't you?" John finally burst out, pausing in the grassy path, his giant self seeming more burly than ever. "Dale is to fade like the woman from whom you bought your clock—that was cleverly done, Leswing! You won't even give me half a chance to prove my own worth. But I will! I'm not good enough for Dale—no one is—but I'm not an utter boor. I am young," he added with meaning force, "and strong and determined. You need not worry about Dale's becoming another Mrs. Abner!"

"Perhaps you cannot help it. Will the cow milk herself; the weeds pirouette away at bidding; the seed plant itself; the baking, the mending be done at night by gnomes; the children ——" He paused.

John-Giant tramped ahead. "You cannot frighten me."

Leswing tapped him on the shoulder. "Wait—wait until your dreams are realities. Then no one will combat you."

The green gate was before them. They watched Dale dancing out to meet them.

"Where did you find each other?" She took John-Giant's arm. "And what were you talking about?"

"Camisoles and kings," Leswing answered. "I must tell Humphrey about packing. *Au revoir*, young things!" He turned away, humming gayly.

John settled in a moody attitude in the first armchair he came to.

"What were you talking about?" Dale asked curiously.

"You."

"Lovely! What did you say?" Dale perched on his chair arm.

"That it is not fair to marry you—until I've made myself the—String Bean Czar." He tried to speak lightly. "Sometimes I wish you had never come back to World's End."

"I thought he understood," she said more to herself. Her arm stole round his neck.

John abruptly displaced it.

"Don't, Dale, until we understand just where we're at. I don't want to go on loving you as I do—if I'm only to lose you and become a cynic."

"Silly—wasting a perfect evening over something that was settled ages past—as secure and as certain as Gibraltar!"

"Ah, but is it? I must say what I think. Do you suppose I'd care what Leswing said or what you did if I didn't love you so utterly that everything in the world hinges on it? I don't believe you know how much I care!"

"I want you to love me like that, but I don't want you to go on doubting. We'll never be happy if you do. Why, I've been planning wonderful economies all day. John, is it the silly money? Poor Mr. Leswing, he is overburdened with money—but he has no one's love. We can afford to give up the money, John—we are rich in better things."

"I don't say Leswing isn't right—perhaps I ought to wait ——"

"We will have O. and E. suppers every Saturday night," she continued indignantly. "That stands for odds and ends; and we will save our money and go to New York every winter to see good operas and plays. We can buy a wonderful dishwasher for twenty-five dollars, and a fireless cooker; and if you have electricity put in instead of buying me foolish things which I really don't want I can manage beautifully. I know I can, John-Giant."

"Dale, you're the loveliest coaxer that ever lived." The mood was banished. "I don't quite see how it will work out, dear heart, but I love you."

IX

DALE fancied Leswing's departure would be a relief, since she need no longer be on parade. But World's End seemed suddenly monotonous and the hours between John-Giant's visits entirely dreary and filled with strange wishes.

"I christen you the Dean of Giftology," she wrote him a few days later. "Your surprise box came this morning and I have played peacock all day!"

The surprise box was not shown to John. Already there had come to Dale the realization that if one acted a delighted child because of such a box one was apt to come a cropper, especially if one's audience was a black haired, deep-sea-eyed young man altogether too ardent.

She played with the creamy lace mantilla, the fan of faint yellow plumes and the bottle of scent, dipping into the glacé chestnuts which she found in a satin box, as she read one of the new novels. She forgot the O. and E. suppers she was to cook for John, and the dishwasher and the electrical efficiency.

When John came the glacé chestnuts had given her a headache and the synthetic perfume made her languid—she wanted to keep the creamy lace round her, she missed its clinging silkiness and she was interested in the adventures of a new-style heroine. All together, she was a lackluster Dale who listened about the bug enemies of his truck farm and the way the Laird of McNab chewed fence posts.

The next morning brought a flowergram—a vase of crystal in which the potter had caught a faintly tinged flood of sunlight, and which was crowded with orchids of red and spotted black. Leswing had written on a card: "From one villain to another!"

The idea pleased Dale; she began to feel an interest in exotic things. The florist's outer wrappings were of newspaper. It may or may not have been accidental, but the sheet of the New York paper contained an enthusiastic column interview with Philip Leswing, the diamond king and owner of Paradisio the magnificent!—in which it set forth his virtues and achievements and days as a young wag in London in nothing but superlative praise.

Dale cut the column out and read it carefully, looking at the orchids and playing with the tassels of the lace mantilla. After all, Leswing had achieved a great deal; he was what the world calls worth while. Because he was extravagant and apparently without morals was no sign he was to be condemned. Dale's logic wabbled about here—she could not finish her defense, she merely knew the newspaper cut of him was an insult and that she wished to sit on the terrace at Paradisio while the lions sunned themselves and the sea boomed beneath.

Leswing wrote her the following day, inclosing an enticing concert program. It was a frank letter such as men write each other—the sort to win a girl's heart, since all young girls like to be considered comrades. It contained nothing sentimental or admonishing regarding John, but said that he had picked up a good collar for Trig and would send it if he did not return.

Dale's heart fluttered as she read this—if he did not return! It was just as likely that he would sail without seeing her again as that he would visit World's End, to be bored and inconvenienced.

She wrote immediately that Trig needed a collar, his was curled up at the ends; and she hoped Leswing would come to World's End—she wanted to see him. She posted the letter, wishing as she did so that the scarlet car was waiting to take her for a spin.

Curling up on the chaise longue Dale re-read the letter. She began to find excuses for Leswing—for his years of gayety, for the scarred cheek. He became a fairy-book hero as well as the Dean of Giftology. Her own awkwardness grew upon her—the questions she had asked, her sweeping assertion that she wished no more money, she was to marry John-Giant. . . . Of course he thought it foolish to marry a John-Giant. Not that she loved him any the less—merely that she was beginning to see the other side. Trig snored as if his soul were annoyed by bad dreams, and Dale rose impatiently and went to the piano to play the love song which Leswing first applauded.

The gifts were never lavish or overdone—the days there were no gifts often brought a letter or fresh flowers. The days there were none of these Dale moped noticeably and walked to the post office a ridiculous number of times.

John was busy with new ventures. With Dale as inspiration he had developed a better market and was considering the purchase of a hundred acres with which to begin his cattle venture. He was distraught and tired of an evening and sometimes merely came to the door at World's End to say he could not stay—would she please kiss him good night and tell him she understood? Of course it was splendid that John-Giant was really beginning to do things—and of course it was all for Dale and sometime he would stop being under such a strain and so fagged. She scolded herself for feeling impatient or neglected. But the crossing of midchannel became a real, rather terrifying prospect, even though she was still safe in the harbor at World's End with Leswing playing a delightful fairy godfather!

Another month of delightful surprises and comrade notes trained Dale to expect novelty. She had acquired the desire for it as one does for drink, not surfeited and sickened with an oversupply at the outset and thus led into rigid declarations of abstinence. Leswing knew the wisdom of gradual change, even as John-Giant claimed the bombastic victory of youth.

The summer frocks were faded—rowing in an old-style flat-bottomed boat, tramping in the woods, wrought havoc with the lacy things. The nuns had merely dressed her for the summer; they left her future in a vague state of indecision—and her wardrobe equally limited.

The last of September brought a warning coolishness forbidding the veranda as a siesta spot. The little island was shriveled, and strange winds tore across the graves of the pets. From now until buds burst from bare tree limbs Dale must reconcile herself to the interior of the green villa—unless she marry John-Giant and share his cabin. Isolation of a different sort would then confront her.

Dale realized this on murky days which brought no letter from Leswing. She had come to wonder why he stayed in America, writing her from a New York club; then from Washington; wandering to California to look up an old friend and darting back to the coast dangerously near sailing vessels.

Winter was coming, and faded frocks, and the wind teasing the shaking walls, and John-Giant busier than ever—even if things were "breaking big," as he said. For recreation she coaxed Glenny to let her go into the kitchen to cook, only to be found in tears and a tangle of pots an hour later, quite helpless as to why it burned and acted queerly.

Dale had been thankful to escape to her room and slip on a mandarin coat, another gift of Leswing's, lying down and rejoicing that Glenny's capable self could bring order from chaos and a burnt pot roast. John-Giant said he liked pot roast. Dale intended asking him for dinner and mysteriously informing him that the new chef had cooked what was set before him. John-Giant was never asked for dinner because the new chef had dissolved in tears at a burnt finger and a weariness in her back which came from encounters with obstinate stove lids. She wondered how it would seem, during this midchannel, when John-Giant came home hungry and tired, and worried perhaps, and found naught but a burnt mess on a bespattered stove! There would be a great deal of baking and cooking. And he would not let her keep the money because it would rob him of self-respect and make him a puppet. There would be plenty of money if she would only wait. . . . But perhaps when that time came she would be hopelessly unable to enjoy it.

Then strong arms tenderly holding her, deep-sea eyes with adoration looking into hers, and that dark face reverently touching her cheek while John-Giant kissed her, murmuring "Dale, dearest ——"

The phantom of distrust fled. After all John-Giant was John-Giant—and a fig for trifles! Glenny had made the kitchen spotless and was browning a fresh roast!

Dale slipped downstairs to answer the bell and found that Leswing in an irresistible special-delivery letter ordered her to New York. He had a chaperon, a Mrs. Sarah Darling-Wicks, who would take charge of her and conduct her fall shopping. Mrs. Wicks had an apartment at which she was to stay, and Leswing would show her about if she chose. Glenny must pack her things and get her off as soon as possible, and she could tell John-Giant not to growl or else she would bring him no seven-league boots.

The day suddenly became a clear, golden thing, worthy of October's brightest efforts. Leswing had sent for her—to do fall shopping and buy John-Giant seven-league boots! Oh, what did pot roasts matter!

"My precious lamb," said Glenny in a state of rapture, "tell me what you'll 'ave and I'll set about your boxes himmejite!"

"The mantilla, Glenny, and the serge for traveling, and the gray chiffon—after you mend it—and all the other things, you understand. Do hurry, Glenny! I'm as excited as if I were going to be married!" Dale was dancing about like a child before a Christmas tree.

"I'm going to see John-Giant now—it's his dinner time. I'll send the wire on my way; I can make the train to-night. Hurry, Glenny, there's an angel!"

"'E's managin' clever," Glenny told herself; "savin' of my lamb from such a fate!" And in her excitement she packed her own hat, a black plateau of crêpe with a sole bluish geranium struggling for life in its center.

Dale danced on to the cabin. She found John-Giant among a mannish débris of unwashed dishes betraying evidence of pork,

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

potatoes and pie! He was also counting coins from the depths of a burlap sack.

"Why not warn a chap?" he began, almost displeased that she should find him so. "I admit we are the unconventionals of the countryside, but I call this storming the fort. I'd have had my hair brushed and the dishes shoved under cover."

"I shall have to wash the dishes every day and see you very often with your hair rumpled," she reminded him, "so what's the difference? And what in the world are you doing—counting treasure? It looks like a Sunday-school's effort toward rescuing the heathen."

He swept the money back into the bag. "A secret," he said, smiling. "You've pounced on my one secret. I call it a shame you don't let me have just one."

"Tell me!" she insisted, something rising in protest within her the moment she heard him suggest such a thing. She could not bear not to share every thought—though she was somewhat reticent about crystal vases and lace scarfs.

"It is my nest egg for granny's marker," he said soberly. "She never wanted one. 'Plant a big tree for me,' she said—and I did. But I want a marker too; she had a plain, good name—Mary Sarah Tuddicombe—and I want it on a granite base raised about so high." He indicated with his hands against the bookcase. "Of course it can wait until all the other things are started—but I drop in stray coins here as a reminder. Eighty-five dollars will be the cost. There, is it such a bad secret, Dale? What makes you look so happy—and won't you do me the honor to embrace me?"

"You're too good, John-Giant," she said as she met his eager lips. "Please let me help too—she's mine as well as yours." The vision of Leswing, fairy godfather, became dim. John-Giant seemed paramount, invincible; Leswing a pleasant, almost dutiful affair which would soon be ended. She no longer dreaded telling.

"I must say good-by for a very little, dearest. Mr. Leswing wants me to come to New York. He has engaged a chaperon and I'm to do my fall shopping. If I'm to be a poor man's wife I may never have such an opportunity ——"

"I planned we'd go together," the boy said drearily. "You said so too!"

The pile of coins for the marker, the unwashed dishes, the cabin—all combined into a hopeless tangle. Dale's elegant little self saying brittle vows made his lips fold into a thin, ugly line.

"I won't be more than a week—or two. Then I'll have settled the old money question and we'll close World's End and be married. Yes, John-Giant, we will be married. Why wait? Don't resent my seeing Mr. Leswing—he will go back to Africa; I'll probably never see him again. Don't you understand?"

"I'm not arguing," he said in the same dreary tone.

"I'll buy you a surprise."

"Don't bother!" John walked to the fireplace to kick a smoldering log.

"John! Why can't you say you're glad I'm going and you'll be gladder I'm coming back? Won't you marry me as soon as ever I do?" She danced across the room holding out her arm.

"We won't have any of the improvements—I've undertaken the debt for the land. Besides," he added grimly, "he'll talk you out of it. I know his methods. His sort always do that kind of thing. If he'd come into the open and let me wrestle him I'd win soon enough—but he fences indoors."

Dale's eyes were horrified gray pools. "You're jealous of Mr. Leswing!" she cried. "You impolite, unfair person—poor Mr. Leswing, who is ages older than I and who loathes women."

He laughed harshly. "Wait!" was all he would say.

"I shan't kiss you good-by!" Dale picked up her walking stick.

John-Giant caught her roughly in his arms. "You will! You came into my life after I dreamed of you for years—you forced yourself to become a reality. It was you, not I, who did the first wooing. Forgive me if that sounds wrong—but it is the truth. And you can't go away so easily. You are mine—mine—mine!" His lips touched hers roughly; she struggled a little and then lay contentedly in his strong grasp. "Say you're not mine if you can—ah, you can't! No one else shall ever kiss you like that, Dale—you are mine! Money and power and a life of questionable experience and all the rest of the stuff men lean on when youth deserts—can't win against love—real love—first love!"

"I shall always belong to you, John-Giant," she said a moment later; "no matter what. My body and my heart are yours."

"The union of a body and a heart signifies a soul, Dale. There is not much left for anyone else, is there?"

"Nothing—and when I come home we shall be married."

He dropped on his knees; it seemed a natural movement. To one more sophisticated it would have seemed studied.

"I'll pray every minute that you're away to have you come back to me. I've been a jealous cad to have said all I did. I want you to see all the things I can't show you just yet. I will show you all those things some day, Dale. Just be good enough to wait—and come back soon."

"When I do come back promise me we'll be married," she repeated, "without any more questionings and delays. Promise, John! Say it after me—we will be married."

"If I live and you don't change," he whispered.

x

DALE'S first impression of Mrs. Sarah Darling-Wicks was endless black silk and jet ornaments on the point of disruption. She had a thin, clever face with deeply set black eyes and gray hair molded into an ambitious pompadour. She spoke with an unfamiliar drawl and accompanied Leswing at the station when Dale arrived.

"My dear child," she began, languidly polite, "are you a wreck? Trains always leave me a wreck. I hope you will love me—that is all I ever ask of anyone." She pressed an embroidered handkerchief to her eyes as if the gesture always accompanied the remark. Later Dale found that it did.

Dale nodded. After hours on the train she felt she could love anyone who would lead her to a comfortable apartment.

Leswing was watching the scene with amusement. "Glory-Dimples looks hungry, and there's a smudge on her Grecian nose. I've asked Mrs. Wicks to widen her apartment to take you under her wing. You'll find a maid and some things to wear. I'll come up later and we'll dine out. I've some friends who are anxious to meet you."

That was all he said. He made no offer to take her hand even. Dale told herself that John's fears were identical with a hysterical woman's. Leswing in his irreproachable afternoon dress, his monocle dangling somewhere off his left shoulder, the distinguished grizzled head leading the way through the crowd, inspired Dale with awe. She suddenly felt herself to be utterly crude. In World's End she was a strange creature in a properly strange place, with frocks designed on nunnish ideas of the world. But New York, with its noises beating in on all sides, succeeded in confusing her even more than Leswing had anticipated.

She found him opening the cab door and Mrs. Wicks helping her in by dint of her left little-finger tip.

"Good-by!" Leswing nodded jovially. "I'll be up at seven." And before Dale could answer he had lost himself in the crowd.

Mrs. Wicks turned solicitously toward her new charge. "My dear, of all the young ladies I have taken under my wing—God never sent me any children, more's the pity—I think you are the most interesting, and have the brightest prospects." This was also a trade speech. Dale felt the mechanical ease with which it was delivered.

"Ah," she murmured, turning her young, tired face to watch the crowds.

"My dear girl, you don't realize your own beauty—you have sadly neglected it. That was what Mr. Leswing said. Dear Mr. Leswing, what a wonder he is! Such generosity, such good taste, such nobility of character and broadness of outlook—such good looks! I am quite bewitched myself." She flecked the handkerchief across her twinkling, shrewd eyes.

"Aren't you very fond of him?" she continued.

Dale nodded. She was fascinated by mere crowds, incapable of estimating individuals at the present moment.

"He selected everything for you—you don't know how proud he is of your beauty. You've a friend in Mr. Leswing as sincere as a parent."

"What am I to do here?" Dale forced herself to be polite.

"What Mr. Leswing says. Mr. Leswing's judgment is beyond reproach. He is welcomed by the very best people in the world—think what an opportunity to broaden one's mind! Have you seen what the newspapers say of him?"

Dale gave another boyish nod. She was wondering if John-Giant had gotten his supper and was going to do his lesson in the correspondence course, or would he write her first? She told him to send his letters in care of Leswing's club.

"Like all noblemen he shuns attention," Mrs. Wicks drawled. "I presume you have heard of the Rumanian princess who was determined to be his bride?"

Dale listened with vague interest. Crowds still interested her. Then the cab stopped before an apartment house and Dale found herself being led into an ultrafashionable living room and told to feel that this was her home as long as she chose to stay.

"Take off your things and let me really see you." Mrs. Wicks rang the bell and a smart French maid appeared, staring like a china doll.

"This is Toinette," explained Mrs. Wicks. "Mr. Leswing has arranged for her. She will do everything you wish."

Dale followed them into her rooms, smart affairs in blue and white, with a number of hatboxes and frocks laid on the bed and chairs. Red roses greeted her, as did a satin bonbon box and some books. By experience she knew who had sent them.

"I told you what Miss Aldis would wear this evening," Mrs. Wicks told Toinette. "She is to be ready by seven. My sweet child, what skin and eyes—and hair! Toinette can work marvels with it. Thank fortune you are not stout! The last charge I had was a Chilean heiress weighing over a hundred and eighty. Poor thing, she was so mortified every time she looked in the glass. But not half so much as I was. I'm going to run off now to get forty winks. If I don't my head will ache—and we've such a brilliant evening before us. Toinette will bring you milk or whatever you wish. My advice is to take milk; it never injures the complexion."

"Black coffee," remarked Dale grimly as the door closed. With an admiring glance Toinette departed.

Dale wandered amid the array of hatboxes. She peeked into one—a white feather toque with brilliant buckles lay inside; another contained a three-cornered riding hat with smart glazed ribbon; a little velvet bonnet with ermine bands was in a third. The gowns were different from those the nuns had bought for her; they were not a girl's, but a woman's whose position demanded that she dress to emphasize her individual charm and general luxurious existence. An untrimmed, biscuit-colored broadcloth with a seal stole caught her fancy. There were white tricotine breeches and a greenish-gray tweed coat and russet boots in evidence. Leswing must intend her to ride. And the orange velvet with silvery lace of which he had spoken lay among sheets of scented tissue.

Toinette returned with the service of black coffee and indigestible, delicious little cakes. Dale slipped out of her traveling gown and poured a cup. Taking her fountain pen and some of Mrs. Wicks' emblazoned notepaper she scribbled:

"*Dear John-Giant:* New York is very wonderful. I have just ridden up from the depot. Mrs. Wicks is a queer person. I think she enjoys her salary most of all. Mr. Leswing barely spoke to me; he is very busy here and is being rushed by everyone. We are going out to dinner—I don't know where.

"Mrs. Wicks' apartment is all gold and coral, and everything is so glazed that you think it has been newly varnished. I have a French maid, Toinette, who would adore looking over my shoulder to see what I am writing—but she cannot, for I have set her to work getting my things ready.

"I will write you every blessed day, and you do the same. I am terribly homesick for you, John-Giant. Just think how many miles I am away—traveling all night long and most of to-day. I wish we were married and were sitting before the fireplace planning things—don't you? Please wear a muffler if the weather turns sharp or you will have a bad throat, as you said you did last winter. I must stop—Toinette approaches. Be sure to go see Glenny and tell her I will write as soon as I have time. Eight kisses, John, and then eight more.

"DALE."

She sealed and addressed the envelope, placing it on the desk so Toinette, by dint of an extra twist, could read "Mr. John Coventry, Orchard Lodge."

(Continued on Page 38)

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Chicago

(Continued from Page 36)

Toinette pursed her lips in pleased fashion. Mrs. Wicks' usual charges were dullards whom Mrs. Wicks was to steer into some matrimonial harbor. This slim, pale girl who ordered black coffee defiantly and wrote immediately to a Mr. John Coventry was worthy of close attention.

At seven o'clock Toinette presented Dale for approval. Mrs. Wicks, in a still more rustling black silk and an entirely fresh regiment of beads, went into ecstasies.

"My dear—a charming work of art—ravishing, superb. Kiss me! Just love me, Dale, that is all I ever ask of anyone. Love me—and be kind to dear Mr. Leswing, who is so proud of you. I want you to see this bracelet that my last charge gave me. All my girls leave me with souvenirs. I love to look at them and recall the dear times we had together. Some of the souvenirs are extremely beautiful. I will show you them in the morning." Tactfully implanting the hint Mrs. Wicks sent Dale into the drawing-room to wait for Leswing.

The drawing-room afforded Dale much amusement. She was picturing John-Giant in his usual working clothes trying to entertain Mrs. Wicks tête-à-tête, and imagining the débris of overturned vases and chairs, marble cupids and rumpled rugs.

"Share the joke!" said Leswing from the doorway.

She turned, smiling radiantly.

"Why, Glory Dimples is a woman!" He took her hands in his, kissing them, foreign fashion. Dale felt amused—and a trifle impressed. John-Giant had often kissed her hands, but not formally!

Dale's dinner frock was inspired by a century-old Japanese tapestry, a thing of faded blue and silver, and round her well-dressed hair was an audacious band of peacock feathers.

"I feel a fairy princess, not at all Dale Aldis, of World's End. And what excellent training toward being a farmer's wife, isn't it?"

"Immense!" Leswing laughed with her. "Now tell me, are you glad to see me, a little bit glad? Say yes, anyway; makes a fellow feel awfully set up."

"I am—gladder than I thought I should be. You see," she added with naïve frankness, "I hated leaving John."

"To be sure! And did John-Giant growl? I can imagine him sulking in the cabin and longing to have you beside him sewing carpet rags. . . . Dale, we are going to meet some interesting people to-night. Didn't I tell you I was noted for coffee, cigarettes and celebrities? I am. There is a naughty lady novelist and a ballet dancer, a statesman, and an opera singer with whom everyone falls in love, and some clubmen, usual hangers-on. Even in America you can get up a fairly decent crowd if you try. I want you to tell me how you like them; they are quite different from everyone you have ever seen. To-morrow you and I will canter through the park. Be nice and don't make it six A. M. I'm never speakable to before brekker. Say eight and we can have a slashing time, playing anvil chorus with our friends of this evening." Leswing was lighting a cigarette and placing it in a pale-green holder. The Cobra winked a wicked smile. Leswing's grizzled, slightly perfumed head, his immaculate broadcloth suit, his scarred face—seemed to be strangely familiar, as if Dale had known him always.

It was not so much what Leswing said to her as what he left unsaid. The friction concerning John-Giant was apparently forgotten. Besides, the satin of the undergarments was good to her skin—little sensualist; she liked the gold-brocaded slippers, and the sparkle of her diamond ring quite vied with the Cobra. She had approved the perfumed bath; the amusing chime of bells on her boudoir door, summoning Toinette; the package of small gold-tipped cigarettes which Toinette gravely offered her and Dale as gravely accepted, making a mess of choking over one and flinging it away. She even liked the gay gold-and-coral apartment, the hum of vivid, carefree life about her, the titles of the books, the pictures, the sheets of music—everything suggesting in subtle fashion luxury and ease and love—highly spiced and unequal!

"And how do we proceed with Mrs. Darling-Wicks?"

"Nicely. All she wishes is my love—and a souvenir of our days together," Dale told him drolly.

"She's rather raw, but the best I could find in a hurry. That sort of woman is liable to get on your nerves. Don't let her bother you—she is merely a necessary evil."

Toinette appeared with a square of old-rose brocade and the little white toque. Dale obediently slipped them on, Mrs. Wicks appearing from some place, and presto! they were en route for dinner.

"We're going to be vulgar and dine at a hotel," said Leswing. "I knew you wanted to see what it was like; later we shall go to Durant's studio—he's giving a party."

Dale grew up that first night in New York. True, she was an apt pupil; but the process was quite as forced as making gooseberries ripen during Christmas week by dint of hothouse methods. Mrs. Wicks had long ago learned the art of effacing herself yet remaining properly up stage for Madame Grundy's lorgnette. It was as if Dale and Leswing were alone during their well-served dinner, and alone also at the theater while Dale watched her first modern drama. The nuns had inclined toward sacred tableaux!

The play held Dale spellbound. Leswing had chosen it carefully. It had to do with a society girl who knew nothing of the working world and who heroically cast her lot with the socialistic element, marrying a workingman to prove the strength of her argument. In the last act she comes back to her own—and the dress-suit hero who has sat neglected in his steam yacht during the first three acts.

Dale scarcely spoke during intermissions. She did not know that the audience stared rudely at her and Leswing or that Leswing's cynical eyes softened unto boyishness as he watched her. Leswing could not have repeated a line of the play, he had merely informed himself of its trend beforehand. Dale could have reacted the entire drama.

She found Durant's studio the type of place where only the ultra set are welcomed. As Africa's diamond king, Leswing was a choice visitor.

Mrs. Wicks politely napped in an anteroom until two A. M., while Dale, with flushed cheeks and tumbled peacock band, learned many strange things.

She studied the women as they made advances to Leswing—polite, veiled advances, it is true, but advances. She watched the men toady to him and agree with his lightest word. Dale became aware of three things during her first studio party: First, that Leswing was a highly desirable matrimonial prize and could marry almost anyone he wished; secondly, that there were depths within herself of which she had not dreamed—strange chaotic longings and traits which began to manifest themselves. Perhaps it was the band of peacock feathers or Leswing's shining Cobra ring or the highly seasoned food or the play or the thrill of excitement when the men clustered round her with admiring formality—well-dressed, well-groomed men who were polite to the nth degree, and clever and apparently carefree and idle. The third thing Dale realized, after she was alone, tossing sleeplessly about, was that perhaps she might not be happy with John-Giant—perhaps it was unfair to both of them! After which she fell asleep and dreamed that John-Giant kissed her good-by; she felt the pressure of his firm, true lips and heard him murmur "You are mine, mine, mine ——" wakening to stretch out her hands as if to find the lovely glow of the old dormitory days to lead her back into security.

During the evening she had experienced the curious sensation of contrasts—hard to express. For instance, when the opera singer begged her to name some song she wished to hear she thought of the cost of the hundred acres of land and the way the potato bugs had ravaged the fields nearest the road. When some well-gowned woman flirted with Leswing and Leswing gracefully drifted back to "his child," as he had introduced her, saying some pretty thing under his breath and fishing out the fattest macaroon from the passing plate, she would remember John-Giant as he sat at his wood carving or stood in the heart of his woodlands about to wield his ax—she saw faded old World's End, the little island, the animal cemetery on the night of her unattended party with John-Giant, sole guest, who braved Amherst's ostracism to come, just because she wanted him!

As she sat up in bed after the dream, stretching out her hands, she thought of the brocaded hatboxes and silky frocks cunningly wrapped in silver tissue—and of Mrs. Abner and the plans for gingham house dresses!

There had been many risqué gay things said at the studio party, and likewise many wise, saddish ones. Dale had been watching the grown-up world play. John-Giant did not play—he merely ceased to work. She became convinced that what Leswing said was true—a different world lay outside John-Giant's domain, a world so fascinating that it could not help but intoxicate all who merely watched its gambols.

She heard the women's pointedly envious comments concerning Paradisio, and she thought of Leswing, supreme yet alone, sailing back forever. Then the facts that she had proposed O. and E. suppers and meatless days and corrective diets for John-Giant, and that his socks did require endless darning—and she loathed such work; had never done it—reproached yet terrified her. She dropped back among the pillows, still sleepless, the growing pains continuing with merciless speed. In the morning Dale had determined what she should do—enjoy herself in this new world and participate in all it offered. Then she would be quite sure as to whether she could cook O. and E. suppers—and as to Leswing's sailing home alone!

XI

"YOU'RE delicious, Glory Dimples!" Leswing told her after their ride. They had eloped for luncheon at Casino Park. "So you did not like the lady with the faint mustache? No more do I. Twice she cornered romantic gentlemen with unpleasant sacks of letters and demanded matrimony or compensation. And what did you think of Stapleton? He of the pince-nez and the copper-colored face? An authority on Jap prints—but I notice he found greater interest talking tennis with you. Dale, I'm afraid you are grown up and I have no one to play with me."

Dale began to realize another vast difference between John-Giant and Leswing. John-Giant did not condone every fault and laugh at every opinion. Indeed, he took her gravely to task for extravagantly doing this or that or fancying the world to be regulated after her own notions. Leswing laughed at all she said or did. She might even fly into a little pout or show an irritating ignorance at a critical moment, but Leswing made her feel she could do no wrong; moreover, that all she said or did was quite the most attractive bit of girlishness possible.

It was a grave difference.

"What do we do this afternoon?" Dale asked.

"You must nap. You will grow weary even if you are a wild little American. Have Toinette dress you all pretty, and I'll bowl along with a cane and an eyeglass to escort you to afternoon tea at Sherry's—rather a mixed crowd; but Stapleton will be there to tell you more of his beloved prints—and tennis; and the lady novelist; and some others you have not yet met. This is to be a séance tea with a medium to make connections between the ghosts and the guyed. Nothing real, Dale; just the newest wrinkle. To-night is the opera; Mrs. Wicks must come along to satisfy Peeping Tom, and we won't do anything afterward but let you sleep your head off—or write John-Giant! Poor John-Giant, if he could see you now!" Leswing was like a mischievous schoolboy, not at all the bored man of the world.

"And when shall I go home?" she asked with the frank ingratitude of youth.

"To-morrow?" Leswing's grizzled head bent on one side.

"No-o—not until we have done a few more things. I want to see the Zoo."

"They'll all be at the Windemere's crush. That's to-morrow. Then we have an invitation from the Hamilton-Coxes to tour in the Berkshires for a last and rousing week-end. Would you like that—or have you seen a house party in full tilt?"

"Never! Let us go to the house party, Mr. Leswing."

"We shall, Miss Aldis! Why such a formal maiden? Say Philip, and make me feel human instead of a Victorian guardian in an 1860 novel with eyes asking you to do French verbs on a holiday!"

"But what are you to me? What do people say?"

"You are everything to me!" An eager look shone in the scarred face. "As for people, they go no further than the titles of Diamond King and Lord Aldis' daughter—that stays the dikes of Madam Grundy."

Dale grew positively oldish during the afternoon tea, with women ogling at Leswing and men telling her sweetish things

(Continued on Page 41)

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DISTEEL WHEELS

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Continued from Page 38

and Stapleton explaining his ten-thousand-dollar print.

Ten thousand for a print and twenty thousand for a vase of the Ming dynasty—and Leswing had an antique marble Venus which cost him fifty! He admitted this easily and said he called it his Grande Dame, allowing her to preside over the music room.

For six thousand John-Giant was to buy the land—for ten thousand he could build the big house—fifty thousand would purchase everything John-Giant wished for. Something about this contrast made Dale unable to think coherently. She caught a fragment of "twenty thousand for that sullen black-pearl ring, my dear," and then she heard Leswing telling of his yacht, the Blue Moon, a marvel for a hundred thousand; and for a lark he had an old Roman galley with blacks to work it whenever he celebrated some ancient feast day. A hundred thousand dollars for a yacht, a toy—and John's flat-bottomed boat, the Ark, which he had made himself and in which Dale had been rowed on glorious moonglow evenings!

The host's wife admired her frock—she had four stolid daughters whom she wished to dispose of matrimonially; in fact, she would have been almost willing to group the four and surround Leswing at the altar. A diamond king and owner of Paradisio, besides being a well-bred Englishman often asked to tea with royalty, was entitled to leeway regarding wives.

This thin girl with dusky brown hair and a becoming frock of soft ivory annoyed yet interested her. She knew she had a history, that she was very young and equally naïve, and that Leswing posed as a semiguardian. She could not understand why Dale was not making eyes at Leswing or forcing herself into a compromising position in order that their engagement be announced. Dale was polite, but instinct whispered to suppress this salmon-satin-clad woman in a hideous scoop bonnet.

"The wife went insane," Stapleton was saying. He was telling about two prints he had found in an old farmhouse. "They always do, you know, if they have any smattering of brains." He flecked his cigarette ash into Leswing's palm for a lark.

"Hard work, children—the usual stuff. So the man was delighted to make a few dollars from heathen pictures—he was paying four dollars a week at an asylum ——?"

"Was she incurable?" The Cobra sparkled gayly.

"I suppose—I wasn't interested in the woman—merely the prints. Someone told me his father had them; his father had been a sailor. The children ran round like neglected cattle—awful place—I could smell it a week.

"Vinegar and pig and something burnt on the stove, and the youngest child was all sour milk and brown sugar. Farms are the devil's estates, aren't they—that is, for the washed?"

"Are you in a draft, Dale?" Leswing bent forward.

Dale's face was flushed. She was saying: "John-Giant said he would study engineering. Well, he must keep my money until he has finished. It isn't fair—to me."

Leswing sought her out a little later and carried her off, amid protests.

"There won't be any more party when you two go," they insisted; "you're a story-book couple."

But Leswing had insisted, being halted on the steps by a reporter who wanted his impressions as to American women.

Leswing gave him a cigar and passed on. Dale wondered at the way he managed things. She was silent as they drove back.

"What worries Glory Dimples?" Leswing's soft hand touched her gloved one.

"Does it fit me to marry John?" she asked anxiously. "I'm afraid not—Philip." She hesitated as she spoke his name. "I'm afraid you are making me like this sort of thing."

"What a tragedy!" Leswing laughed. "The opera is Louise, and I think you'll approve. Remember—forty winks, a sensible dinner, and I'll be with you in time to hear Mrs. Wicks ask to be loved."

Mrs. Wicks was rustling about the apartment when Dale entered. There was a letter for her, brought up by Leswing's man, and her black eyes narrowed a trifle as if she disapproved.

"My dear, I want you to love me—and if you love me you must confide in me—all my girls do. Don't you want me to help you read your letter?"

Dale turned it over. John had sealed it with a wad of wax, placing his thumb print firmly in the center. Dale felt amused. Besides, the strong straight writing brought John-Giant to her amid all this squirrel cage.

"Thanks, I'd rather not," she said as easily as even Leswing could have done. "I'll eat in my room, for I'm fagged, and the opera is something for which I ought to rest."

John's letter was a mixture of boyish jealousy and a tender solicitude for Dale. It began:

"*Dear Dale:* There isn't anything to say now you are in New York. I guess you are the one who can tell the news. The cabin seems lonesome; so does World's End. I walked by this morning and Glenny was raking up the leaves. She didn't speak to me, so I didn't bother her. You know she never liked me.

"I hope you are having a good time—don't hurry home just because you think you should. Only you can gamble that I am mighty lonesome, and of course I can't help wishing I was along.

"Sometime we will see New York together, won't we, pal?

"I'm tired to-night, but am going to study a little. I don't believe, Dale, that you'll ever stand farm life. You are right about my being something else. When you come back we will decide about it and then be married.

"After we are married things won't seem so hard. Just now everything is going against the stream. This isn't a jolly letter to send you, so I'll close and wait until I can write a hummer. Take care of yourself, dearest. I'm going to make you a scrap book of pressed autumn leaves; the ones on the cabin are gorgeous.

"YOUR JOHN-GIANT.

"P. S. Regards to Mr. L. Trig was looking fine; he was playing round the gate."

The letter did not satisfy Dale. She expected it to stimulate her, the same as if John-Giant were actually at hand. It seemed a boorish, egotistical thing and she did not attempt answering it as she had expected. So she lay down for the forty winks, which lasted until Toinette brought in dinner.

The opera added several years to Dale's mental growth—she was fast approaching the octogenarian stage—not only the opera proper with its lovely music and talent combining to send her into a wonderland all her own, but the horseshoe of boxes with their nodding, bedecked occupants ogling at Leswing and her in a manner quite fascinating.

They had intended going home, but Leswing was pounced on, as Mrs. Wicks said, by some more friends, who insisted that they carry them off for a supper. So they sat until the cool of the early morning over a flower-decked table in some private palace, talking seriously of light things and lightly of serious things. It was this topsy-turvy state of mentality that bewildered Dale. But she gradually understood. This sort of people, the people who with Leswing made of life a long and never-ending play-time, were possessed of a mighty flippancy concerning the things that John-Giant reverenced. They threw a weird spotlight of beauty about immorality, making it a fictitious adventure rather than a dreary reality. They divided the world into two classes—the washed and the unwashed: and proceeded accordingly.

Dale felt a thrill of intoxication as she listened to the chatter and watched the white-necked women play gracefully for their hearts' desire. It was an interesting game and one which she felt she could take part in with considerable animation. She liked the luxuries of the senses and the carefree attitude toward anything which smacked of labor or responsibility. It was one thing to give ten thousand dollars for a baby nursery—and quite another to take the sole care of a child day in and night out! It was passé to wear a gown more than half a dozen times or to bother one's head about the inward working of one's house—whereas to scramble through half a dozen states in pursuit of a compromising letter written by a late emperor and have said letter framed and hung in the drawing-room, or to engage a detective to watch one's collection of Egyptian relics, was not only proper but necessary to being smart, and therein folks should not spare themselves. After all, the difference between these people and John-Giant was a difference of values. And Dale, leaning back in her chair to watch the party, began to question John's youthful positiveness.

Besides, John too was young and had not lived.

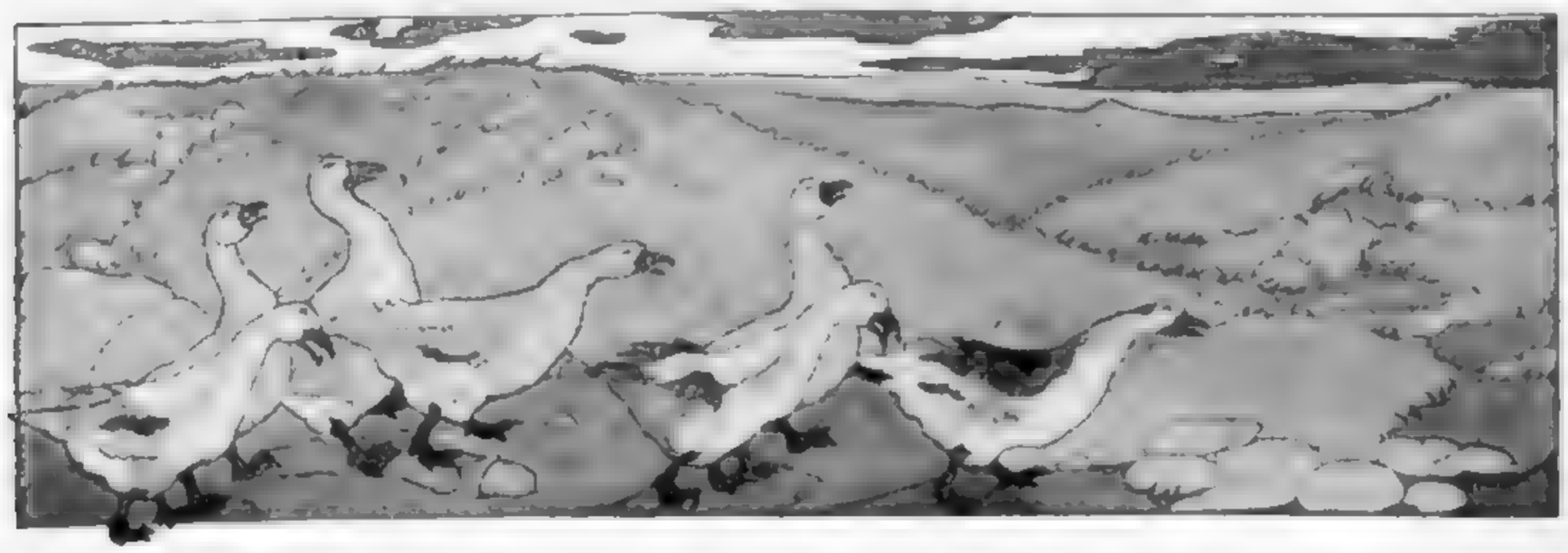
She shopped with Mrs. Wicks the next morning, sending Glenny a shawl and John some shirts—both sent in quite the same spirit of necessity. Then Mrs. Wicks took her to a clever tea room for luncheon, where they could toy with truffles and caviar and discuss frills and frocks. Dale could not bring herself to tell Mrs. Wicks of John-Giant and that she would have need of but few and simple frocks. Even if John should take her money and live in New York while he studied, she would still need very little.

Leswing bumped into them, as he said, bringing some clubmen who wanted to meet Dale. They carried her off to a country club for some sort of high jinks in honor of a foreign golf expert. Here Dale saw the homage paid to the skill of a golfer—and remembered the ridicule paid to the one who guided the plow.

Leswing pointed out the celebrities with clever epigrams. He stayed near Dale so as to take care of her beautifully. Leswing knew just how to take care of a woman and make her feel protected unto the last shoe button, yet he did not openly monopolize her as John-Giant would have done. Regretfully Dale heard him say good-by to Mrs. Wicks and plead an evening engagement.

She resigned herself to a lonesome evening in the gold-and-coral apartment, trying to write an interesting letter to John, but failing utterly!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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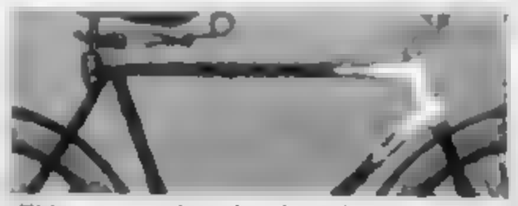

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THE IRON CROSS

(Continued from Page 9)

His gloomy disappointment was relieved only by his betrothed's mention of an early peace. He seized on that hopefully. Certainly the fighting here had long since ceased. Up to a week before, the Russian soldiers had been fraternizing between the lines. Since, though they had remained in their trenches, no shot had been fired. Possibly a general peace was really in discussion; 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917—the whole world must be as tired of this as he was. Gretel or no Gretel, it was something to come out of it alive! He cheerfully abandoned the Iron Cross in the prospect.

At this point the course of his meditation was interrupted. The wail of an approaching shell startled the entire trenchful of idling men; sent them dashing to cover as its note changed to the hissing rush of its arrival. It burst with a metallic crash. Before their ears had lost the sound the wail of a second shell rapidly descended from its distant high note to the ugly menace of its fall, the viciously violent detonation of its impact. A third—and a fourth!

What was happening? The German soldiers, habituated to the informal truce, asked each other the question angrily, wild-eyed. In a telephone dugout an artillery officer spoke irritably to his battery:

"X 25; C 2, 4. These people are forgetting themselves. Give them a dozen rounds battery fire."

A moment or two later a run of dull reports behind them told of the answer of the guns. Almost simultaneously with the sound the shells rushed overhead, one after the other at the briefest interval, vindictively hastening to silence this presumptuous Russian battery. That battery, however, declined to be overawed. Its shells continued to fall in the trench or its near vicinity, arriving with a deliberate regularity which hinted at a definite purpose.

Other batteries, veiled in the deepening dusk of the east, awoke as if in sympathy, their quickly reiterated reports strangely impresive after the silence which had been maintained so long. Their shells fell more and more frequently over a fairly wide sector of the trenches. The German battery having discharged its dozen rounds ceased fire. But the bombardment of the trenches continued, became more and more intense. It was as heavy a bombardment as the poorly supplied Russian artillery could ever pretend to.

In his dugout the battalion commander, annoyed and puzzled by this unexpected revival of an enemy he had grown accustomed almost to ignore, took counsel with the artillery officer.

"What are they playing at?" he asked. "Surely they can't be going to attack!"

"Probably they have found a few rounds of ammunition and are getting rid of it, *Herr Major*," replied the artillery officer. "They can't keep it up long, for they certainly cannot have much. As for attack"—he laughed contemptuously—"the Russian infantry will not attack again in this war."

"*Gewiss nicht*," agreed the major. "Only a week ago they were out between the trenches selling their rifles to our men. But still"—he stopped for a moment, listening to the persistent slamming of the Russian guns, the heavy crashes of the repeated shell bursts near at hand—"this sounds as though they meant something."

"I will soon stop it," said the artillery officer, picking up the telephone. "Hello! Give me artillery headquarters. . . . Hello! . . . Eh? . . . Yes; speaking. . . . Yes; that is just what I was going to speak to you about. They've gone mad, I think. . . . Oh, all right, I'll speak to the *Oberst*." His tone changed to one of subservient respect. "*Ja, Herr Oberst*, almost all their batteries firing. . . . No, I don't think so. They have lost their heads over something. I suggest a drastic lesson, *Herr Oberst*. Show them our guns are still here. . . . *Ja, ja—famos!* A few salvos on the trenches might be useful—make trouble between their infantry and their gunners. *Ja—jawohl!*" He laughed. "*Vortrefflich! Gute Nacht, Herr Oberst!*"

He put down the receiver and turned to the battalion commander.

"You are going to see the surprise of your life, *Herr Major*. Every gun we've got. Let them have it all at once. Teach them politeness. They will not worry you again for a long time."

"Good," said the battalion commander. "But I hope they are not going to attack. The sector is very thinly held."

The artillery officer laughed.

"Their generals may order an attack, *Herr Major*, but their men simply refuse to fight. We've seen it often enough. Of course," he added in a tone of mockery, "there's that battalion of women which has been parading Petrograd; perhaps they are going to try with that?"

Both officers laughed at this reduction to absurdity. For a long time the chief danger from the Russian Army had been excessive fraternization. The German authorities were very nervous of the anarchic propaganda enthusiastically preached by the Russian soldiers, however contemptuous they might be of them in other respects. Every German officer on the sector had been glad of the recent cessation of intercourse.

The fighting power of the Russian Army was notoriously a thing of the past. This fantastic bombardment was merely another symptom of the madness to which it had succumbed.

The two officers listened for the opening of their own artillery.

In a dugout of the trench parapet Salzmann interrogated his companions between the crashes of the Russian shells.

"What is it?" he cried. "Are they going to attack? I thought they had no more shells? The *Leutnant* said so the other day! *Ach!* There's another! Where did that one go? That's in the trench, that one! Do you think they are going to attack, Weissenbach?"

"*Natürlich!*" said Weissenbach, grinning at his companions despite the uneasiness which they all felt. "Haven't you heard about it? This is the preliminary bombardment for a great offensive. The Russians are going to bombard us for a week like this and then they are going to march through to Berlin and set up a republic like their own. The muzhiks were all talking about it last week; *nicht wahr*, you others?"

There was a chorus of laughing assent.

"*Ach!*" cried Salzmann in genuine alarm. "They can do what they like about their republic; it's all one to me. But bombard us like this for a week! *Aber*, Weissenbach," he said with serious solemnity, "we shall all be killed!"

The others forgot the bombardment in their laughter. Salzmann was priceless.

"More than that," cried Grünbaum; "the *Hauptmann* said he was going to see to it that this time Salzmann won the Iron Cross—or was killed in the attempt. He says it's a disgrace to the regiment that a man who has been in it since 1914 has not won the cross. So you are certainly going to get the Iron Cross, Salzmann; or else a wooden one!"

The squad shouted with delight, all eagerly corroborating this happy invention, adding confirmatory details.

"To the devil with the Iron Cross!" cried their butt, frantic with fear at the possibilities which opened up before him. He broke into a flood of foul curses, in which the *Hauptmann*, his comrades, their decorations, were all equally vituperated.

His tormentors wiped tears of laughter from their eyes. Suddenly they ceased in their mirth, looked up, startled.

"Listen!" cried someone.

In one long rolling crash hundreds of guns had opened fire, were maintaining it in rapid repetition. Overhead, flights of shells howled on their way to the Russians.

"Our guns!" cried another in relief. "The muzhiks will soon remember they have an appointment to make a speech at their Soviet!"

"*Gewiss!*" said a third. "Besides, they can't have much more ammunition."

"So long as they cease shelling!" cried Salzmann, who had retreated to the farthest corner of the dugout.

But though the thunder of the German guns continued unabated, the stream of their projectiles tearing across the sky undiminished, the Russian batteries still persisted in their fire. The crashes of their shells followed one another with unfailing regularity.

The din of these warring artilleries had lasted for some time when suddenly whistles shrilled in the trench above. The group in the dugout looked at each other in surprise. It was the alarm!

"An attack!" cried someone. "After all! *Heraus*, Salzmann! Go out for your Iron Cross!"

The speaker saw to it that the unhappy Salzmann cleared out with the rest, and amid renewed laughter the squad scrambled up the stairway into the trench.

It was now quite dark, a night of stars. The Russian shells were still bursting round in sudden splashes of red flame, despite a most furious cannonade from the German artillery working frenziedly to beat down the hostile fire. To the east the dark horizon was lit by the frequent leaping reflections from the Russian guns. But on the sky behind the men now lining the trench there was no interval in the illumination from the ceaseless discharges. Both artilleries were working at their full power and the disproportion between their strengths was comfortingly obvious to the German soldiers.

They sprang with alacrity to their positions of defense. The machine-gun crews joked as they opened their boxes of ammunition and fitted the belts. Grenades were served out lavishly. There was a clicking of rifle bolts. Flares began to soar up along the line of trenches. A searchlight wavered for a moment, flickered, was extinguished, shot out its beam of light again in a swinging arc, disappeared. The deafening crash and roll of the artillery fire seemed to increase permanently as it leaped to paroxysms of vehemence.

Salzmann found himself on the fire step, rifle ready to his hand, gazing out across the neutral ground. Over the Russian trenches the shrapnel twinkled incessantly. Founts of bright flame sprang up from the impact of high-explosive shells upon the enemy works, the crash of their detonation distinctly audible through the din. Half paralyzed by the fear of the shrapnel which cracked and moaned above his head also, he stared into the night, agonizing for his first perception of the dim human flood which would presently surge against him. He remembered sickeningly the terrible bayonets of a Russian charge. Several times already in his experience he had escaped them only by a miracle, had heard the death shrieks of his less fortunate comrades. He fingered his trigger nervously, ready to fire at the first sign of the enemy, straining his sight into the radiance of the falling flares.

"*Sie kommen!*" shouted someone a little farther along the trench. He heard the curt commands of the officers behind him, the final order. In one simultaneous crash a long coruscation of short stabbing flames leaped from the parapet, a crash that resolved itself into the tireless hammering of machine guns, the irregular reports of rifles; now swelling as they chanced to coalesce, now scattered individually in rapid independent fire.

Salzmann pulled trigger with the others, though at first he could discern no target. A whelm of shell smoke overlay the neutral ground, thickened the obscurity of the night, swallowed the flares as they fell. Into that smother plunged an unceasing rain of German shells that lit luridly for a brief instant ere they added to the rolling fumes. The Russian batteries hurled shell after shell behind him, apparently lengthening their range.

From that bank of smoke came at last a tumult of voices, shouts and cheers that overpowered the shriek of sudden agony. Curiously high pitched, these voices.

"They must be boys," thought Salzmann as he fired toward the sound. The shouts and cheers continued, swelled louder despite the chaos of brutally violent noise, thudding, crashing; hammering, every kind of explosion, which erupted on that dark countryside and rolled under the stars. These voices of human creatures, dwarfed but undaunted in this immense fury of pitiless destruction, persisted, not to be hushed, curiously impressive.

Suddenly they emerged from the smoke, shadowy but startlingly close; a crowd of running figures whose faces were plucked into a momentary vividness by near flashes, their bayonets silhouetted above their heads, dark against the sky. They raced toward him with such fierce determination that those who fell were lost out of memory in an instant, their places filled. Their piercing cries, their high-pitched cheers had an uncanny suggestion of the

(Continued on Page 45)

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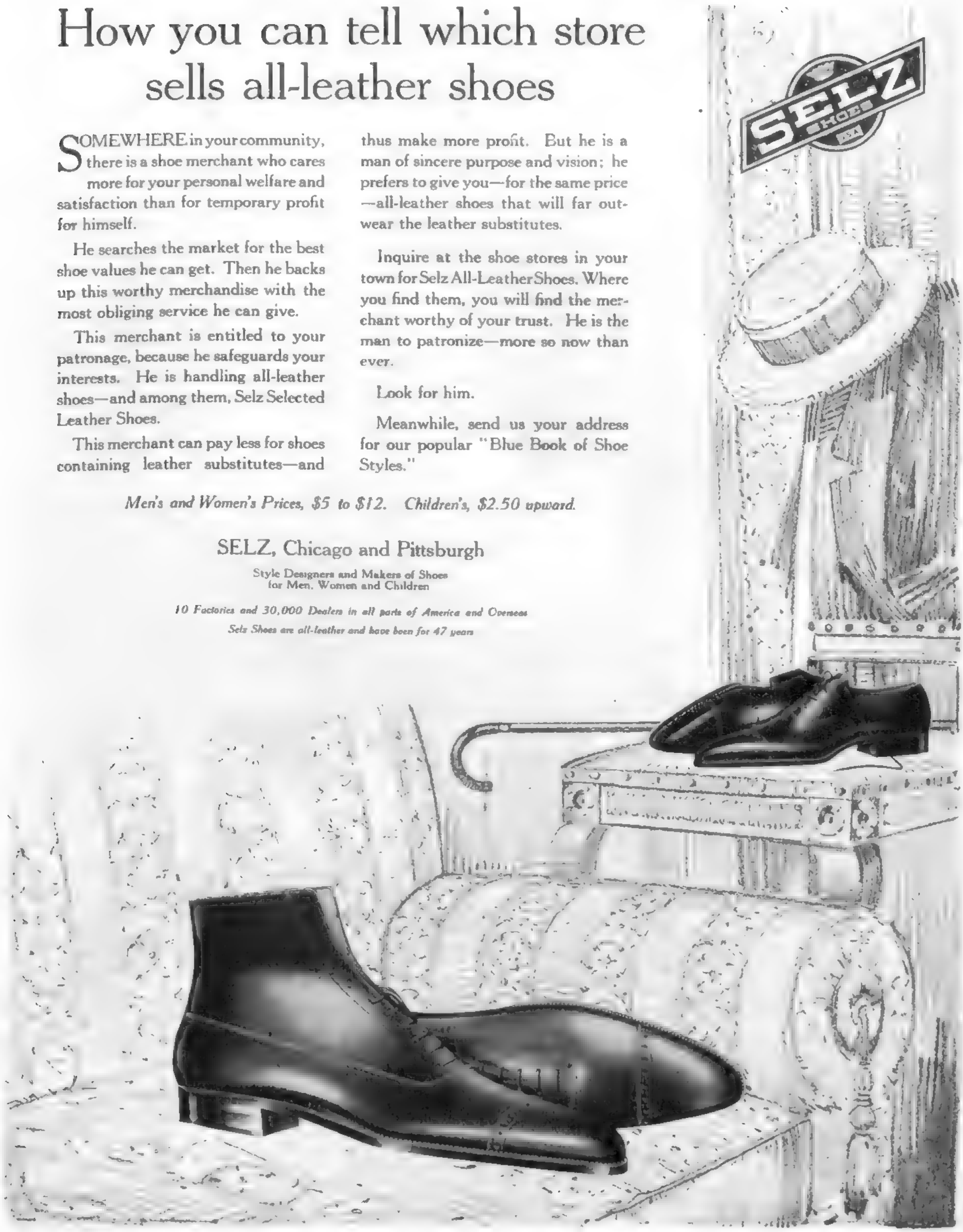


HESS-BRIGHT
BALL BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 42)

unfamiliar, a hint of the spectral, which sent a spasm of wild alarm through Salzmann's unsteady nerves.

"Boys!" he cried, to reassure himself.

The guttural exclamations of the German soldiers firing furiously into the mass were comforting in their normality. Despite the blast of rifle fire from the parapet, the incessant explosions of the shells in the neutral ground, the shadowy figures came rapidly nearer through moments that were long as hours. Never had Salzmann seen such a formidable charge; its swift, unchecked approach in the face of that devastating fire was a miracle that, accompanied by the wild phantasmal treble of its tumult of cheers, appalled him with a vague, superstitious fear. He fired his rifle into it desperately, yet without hope of staying it.

Another anxiety reënforced his dread. The wire! It had been cut to allow passage for the men fraternizing with the Russians, and had not been repaired; partly because of the paucity of available labor on this thinly held sector, partly because the effort was thought to be unnecessary. The last of his confidence forsook him with the realization. In another instant the mysterious attackers were surging up against the parapet, were upon him.

He fired his rifle once more into a face he saw with the flash to be beardless. Then the man on his right shrieked as a dark figure on the parapet plunged its bayonet downward. In the same fraction of a second he saw a sliver of steel dart at his own breast as he stood exposed, recoiling in terror. In one instinctive movement he dropped his rifle, leaped backward into the trench, fled. Behind him the high-pitched voices shrilled out, demoniac, dominating the suddenly vehement guttural curses in an inferno of detonations.

He dashed along the trench, noting unconsciously the wide-spaced figures of the defenders, still crouching as they gazed along the sights or wrestling body to body with dark figures that overtopped them. At the mouth of the communication trench he was automatically seeking he saw his officer. In a spasm of horror, too late for defense, he saw the officer's hand jerk up, the pistol point. The flash and crack were simultaneous. Missed! He dodged, flung himself headlong into the communication trench. As he sprawled he heard the death yell of the officer.

On his feet again he raced along the communication trench blindly, like a hunted animal. He met no one. Every available man was in the fire trench. There were no supports, he knew well; no adjacent reserves. The sector had been stripped to send reënforcements to Flanders. He might get clear away. The possibility invigorated him. A deafening crash just at his right renewed his alarm, quickened his mad flight. Those cursed Russian batteries were still firing, were putting down a screen of shells behind the fight. Crash followed crash. He ran on.

He emerged into an empty support trench and turned to follow it. A sheet of red flame sprang up from the lip of its trace. He half-heard a shattering roar.

When his eyes opened he saw that the trench was filled with men. He staggered to his feet; noted, as his first sensation, an impressive unbroken quiet that contrasted with something. He remembered; took in the situation. The Russians were in possession of the front trenches. This was the counter attack, ready to spring. Both artilleries had paused. In another moment, perhaps, the battle would commence again. He glanced along the rank of men. There was no escape. He was trapped. He resigned himself hopelessly, trying to think of a plausible excuse to account for himself.

Two officers walked up toward him in deep conversation. Despite the gloom he recognized one of them. It was the *Oberst* commanding the sector. The other was evidently the leader of the troops about to counter attack. They stopped by the mouth of the communication trench.

"I can't understand it at all," said the *Oberst*. "Who are these people? They are certainly not the infantry usually on this sector."

"New troops evidently, *Herr Oberst*," said the other, suavely concurring with his superior. There was, nevertheless, a note of anxiety in his voice.

"None of our people seem to have escaped," pursued the *Oberst*, tapping irritably with the toe of his boot upon the earth. He frowned round him. "All killed or prisoners." He caught sight of Salzmann. "Who are you?" he asked with sudden brutality.

Salzmann quivering with terror stood sharply to attention as he named his regiment.

"*So?*" said the *Oberst* with quickened interest. He turned to the other officer. "Here is a survivor, Brunnendorf!" He reverted to the trembling man. "What happened? Who are these Russians? Why are you here?" he questioned angrily.

Salzmann launched out into a long, incoherent story, in which it was only clear that he had seen the attack, that he thought they were boys, and that a shell had knocked him senseless. The *Oberst* eyed him with frowning suspicion.

"*Genug!*" he interrupted harshly. Salzmann ceased to stammer; stood shaking with apprehension. The *Oberst* pondered a moment, then looked at his watch. Once more he turned to the soldier.

"Your name and number?" he snapped.

Salzmann gave them, feeling that his fate was sealed.

"Note them, Brunnendorf!" said the *Oberst* to the other officer. "Now, my man, go into the front trench and find out who those people are! Bring me back an identity disk or something of the sort. You have five minutes. At the end of that time our artillery will commence its bombardment. If you succeed you shall have the Iron Cross. If you fail you will be shot for deserting your post! You understand?" Salzmann's mouth opened, moved, but emitted no sound. "Go!"

Salzmann saluted speechlessly.

As he disappeared the officer in command of the counter attack smiled grimly.

"They have killed every one of my reconnoitering parties, *Herr Oberst*," he said.

The *Oberst* shrugged his shoulders and proceeded to detail his arrangements for supporting the attack.

Salzmann crept along the empty communication trench, his mouth dry, shaking in every limb. At each bend in the serpentine course of the trench he hesitated, pressed close, hands outsplayed, against the wall. Beyond? Only the fear, the certainty, of that dreadful firing party drove him forward. He had one forlorn chance. He murmured it to himself desperately between his gusts of panic. If only he could find a dead Russian!

Cautiously he stole round a curve of the trench. Then before he could make a movement or utter a sound a couple of dark figures leaped at him, a terrible clutch fastened itself on his throat, bore him backward to the ground. Choking, seeing the stars sway in the sky as he stared upward, he felt a heavy weight on his chest. One of the figures had seated himself on him. He felt a smaller area of pressure over his heart, and then the point of a knife sharply penetrating his skin. His scream of terror was only a gurgle under that clutch on his throat. But the point came no deeper, remained an acute tiny prick threatening his life. Almost fainting he heard a whispered conversation. He guessed its purport, agonized for the decision. Before he realized that it was made he found a gag stuffed into his mouth, felt himself vigorously turned over onto his face, his hands drawn back and securely tied behind him. He made not the least resistance.

"Up!" whispered an earnest voice in German. "Silence!"

He struggled awkwardly to his feet and looked at his captors. They also were the beardless boys he had seen rushing to the storm of the parapet. Too bewildered to give more than a passing thought to their youth, he felt himself pushed forward by a firm grip on the back of his collar. He went doolely, one only of his captors accompanying him.

They passed quickly down the communication trench and turned into the familiar front line. A number of busy figures thronged it, strengthening the parados, adjusting machine guns, making ready to repel the certain attack. His brain still numbed with terror he scarcely noticed them. Suddenly his captor halted before the mouth of a dugout and thrust him down the steep steps. He stumbled with uncertain equilibrium into a little square cave lit by a candle on a table. His captor, still maintaining his grasp, followed.

Three young men—officers evidently—were seated at that table. They looked up at his entrance and nodded to the salute of his captor. They were very young—not one had so much as a wisp of mustache—but their expression was both intelligent and determined. All three had laid aside their caps, and the close crop of their hair, revealing the powerful conformation of the skull, lent a certain naked force to their aspect.

The soldier reported in Russian, unintelligible to Salzmann.

One of the officers—he noted that it was a captain—nodded understanding with a smile, replied rapidly in his incomprehensible Russian, finished in the tone of an order. He felt fingers behind his head; the gag was whipped off. The captain frowned at him.

"What regiment are you?" he asked sternly in his boyish voice. His German was excellently pronounced.

Salzmann stammered out the information, finishing with an obsequious "*Herr Hauptmann.*"

"*So?* And your errand?"

Salzmann hesitated for a moment while he endeavored to decide whether he should tell the truth or invent a story.

"Answer!" The captain produced a big automatic pistol and dandled it in his hand. His eyes were affrightingly stern. "Quick, or ——"

He raised the pistol till Salzmann found himself staring fascinated into the little round black hole of the muzzle.

"I—I came to reconnoiter, *Herr Hauptmann*," he said hurriedly. This uncompromising young officer evidently belonged to the genuine caste, obedience to which was an unquestioned instinct. "The *Oberst* sent me ——"

"Go on!" The officer tapped impatiently on the table with his left hand, that terrible pistol still poised in his right.

"—— to find out what regiment it was that attacked, *Herr Hauptmann*." The sweat was pearling on his forehead.

The captain exchanged a smile with his officers. The smile, curiously enigmatic, it seemed to Salzmann, was still upon his face as he turned again to the prisoner.

"I am afraid you will not have the honor of reporting to him," he said with a subtle mockery in his clear, level voice, "that it was the Battalion of Death—the women's battalion—which captured his trenches."

"Women!" Salzmann stared in amazement. These boys—women! "*Du lieber Gott!*"

The smile on the captain's face broadened at the naïveté of his exclamation.

"Yes—women!" There was a certain pride in the utterance.

Salzmann stared into the officer's face, forgetting the pistol, forgetting his position in his curiosity. Yes—it was a woman's face that looked into his, a woman's face of soft curves, of eyes that changed expression at every instant. He took a long breath of relief, smiled fatuously. He always felt himself very much at ease with women; had many conquests, of a sort, to set off against his humiliations in the world of men. He smirked, ventured an ironical compliment, an awkward bow.

"Women!—*Gratuliere, gnädige Frau!*"

"Silence!" The voice was not less stern because it was feminine. Salzmann's newfound assurance vanished in a spasm of alarm. That terrible pistol still covered him. "Answer my questions!"

"*Ja, Herr—Frau—Hauptmann!*" he stumbled, uncertain of the correct designation.

There was no longer any smile on the face of the amazon.

"Your troops are going to counter attack?" she queried.

"*Ja, Herr Hauptmann!*" He decided that the masculine title was more polite.

"When?"

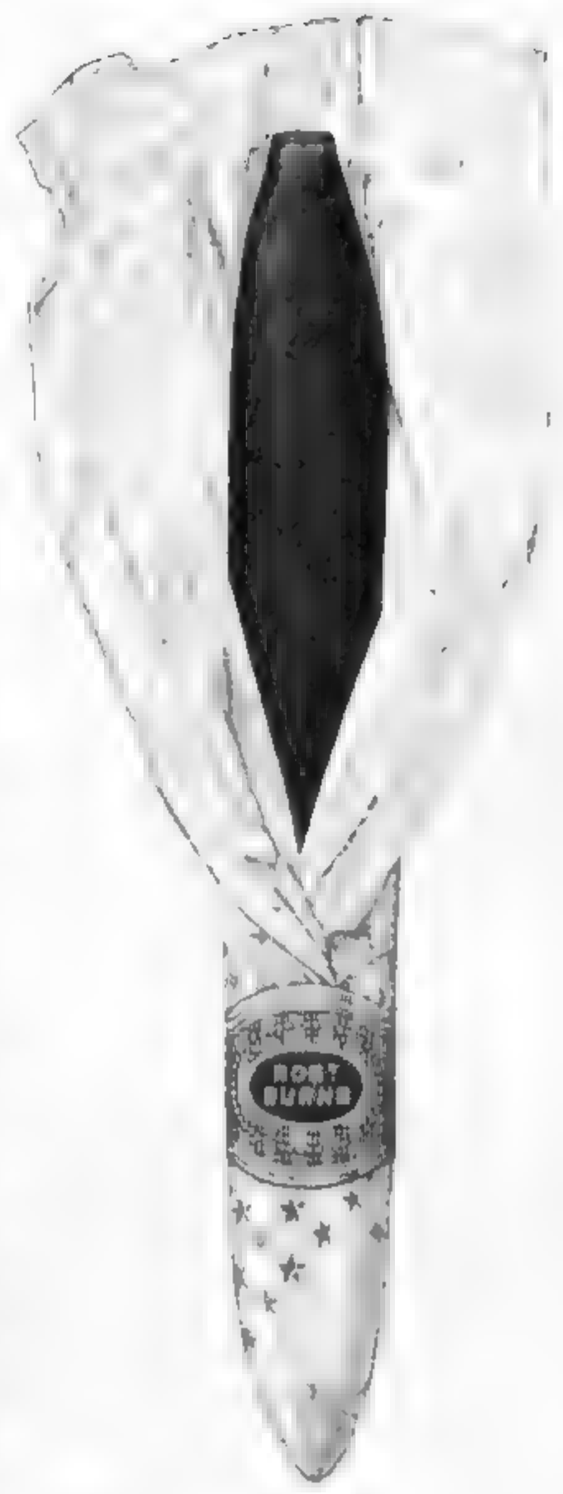
"I don't know!" The lie had slipped out unconsciously; the result of a lifelong habit of carelessness with the truth. His own words were a shock to him. This was dangerous. But, once uttered, he must stick to his assertion.

"You don't know?"

"No, I swear it, *Herr Hauptmann!*" He agonized at the least movement of the hand that held the pistol.

The captain turned to her companion and conferred for a moment in Russian. Then she addressed herself to his captor—"A woman, also, *lieber Gott!*" thought Salzmann. The soldier—she was little more than a girl—had been standing stiffly in silence during this colloquy. She now saluted in precise military fashion, turned and went out of the dugout. Salzmann heard her heavily booted tread ascending the stairway.

(Concluded on Page 47)



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(Concluded from Page 45)

The captain resumed her interrogation.

"What troops are there on this sector?" she demanded.

Salzmann gave the information as accurately as he could, warily avoiding the untruths which came so readily to his tongue. His eyes never quitted the pistol.

"Their morale? Are they tired of the war?"

"*Ach, ja, Herr Hauptmann*—terribly tired."

"Why do they still fight?"

"The officers, *Herr Hauptmann;* when the officer orders ——"

His eyes were now fixed upon the face of his questioner. This should be a palatable presentation of at least a partial truth. He anxiously observed its reception.

The captain smiled slightly. Her face lost something of its severity.

"And the revolution? Would they make a revolution if they could?"

"*Ach, ja, Herr Hauptmann;* if they could!" Salzmann infused an accent that appealed for sympathy into the earnestness of his tone.

The captain deposited her pistol on the table as she turned once more to conversation with her companions. Salzmann's attention followed her. They also were women, these officers; one—he visualized her with long hair—really beautiful and refined; the other, of coarser appearance, he instinctively recognized as a peasant woman, of his own class. What were they talking about? His arms ached. He moved his wrists, felt the tightness of his bonds. If he could only get at that pistol! The minutes were passing. The five minutes allotted must be already gone.

As if in answer to his thought, one long deep rolling roar, followed almost on the instant by a series of heavy, violent crashes just above, shook the dugout. Earth dropped from the roof. The candle went out. It was lit again before he could decide himself to make a dash for freedom. An expostulation in feminine voices that had commenced in the dark continued in the illumination.

One of the officers, the young and beautiful one, was endeavoring to reach the door of the dugout, but was held back by the peasant woman. The captain spoke a few words in a tone of calm authority and the young woman seated herself again. Salzmann gathered that a useless exposure to the bombardment outside had been prohibited. There was clearly nothing to do but to wait.

Once more a panic fear surged up in him. Crash upon crash, appallingly close, shook the earth with rending violence. They would have one in the dugout in a moment! He twisted himself in an agony of apprehension, the more alarmed as there would not be even the shortest warning. The wail and rush of the arriving shells were swallowed in the blast of the explosions, in the dull, heavy roar of the distant guns. At any moment a blinding flash, an immense noise, the dugout collapsing. His imagination was painfully vivid. The strength had gone out of his knees; his legs shook. He pulled frantically, arms behind his back, at the lashing which secured his wrists.

"*Bitte, Herr Hauptmann, bitte!*" he screamed, panting, wild-eyed in his terror. "Untie me! Untie me! A shell might come! Untie me! I am unarmed! For the love of God, untie me! I am a revolutionary! I think as you do! Untie me! *Bitte! Bitte! Herr Hauptmann!*"

The three women exchanged a glance of pitying contempt. The captain nodded to an appealing look from the young and beautiful one. The peasant woman obviously demurred, grumbling; Salzmann hated her. The young one got up from her seat—with exasperating calm it seemed to the wretched man quivering anew at each recurrent crash—and coolly unfastened his wrists. He clutched at her hand, kissed it in groveling gratitude. She shook him off with disdain. He reeled against the table, supported himself by it.

The captain contemplated him with a scorn that was not unmixed with amusement. Masculinity was making a poor exhibition of itself. She calmly lit a cigarette and puffed at it as she crossed her legs in an attitude of indifference. Salzmann hated her also—in those brief moments when an interval between the explosions allowed him a respite from his brain-paralyzing panic. From the corner of his eye he watched the pistol on the table. He would not dare a direct look at it lest his thought should be read.

The captain spoke; she had to shout to be heard in the din.

"Why did you come?" she asked contemptuously. "Did you volunteer?"

"*Ja, Herr Hauptmann.*" He would have assented to anything in his present torment. "I volunteered."

The lie was out. He saw an expression of surprise flit across the captain's face.

"Why?" she asked, obviously incredulous.

"They promised me the Iron Cross," he said piteously.

The young and beautiful one joined in the captain's laughter. He hated her too. The peasant woman looked inquiringly at her companions. Obviously she did not understand German. There was a short explanation in rapid Russian, and then she also laughed. Salzmann hated all of them in a fresh impulse of resentment. After all—he had been conscious of it while he said it—there was something heroic in his simple statement. Gretel would have thrilled to it. In his exasperation at this perversion of its effect he almost forgot the crashing thunders of the bombardment outside.

"And why did you want the Iron Cross?" asked the captain. Her tone suggested that she was merely whiling away this enforced wait rather than acutely interested.

A terrific detonation outside delayed his reply.

"My sweetheart wanted me to have it," he said, forcing himself to continue after one wild glance round the dugout. He hoped that this would touch a sympathetic chord.

The two officers who understood German smiled again.

"Your sweetheart wanted you to have it?" said the captain, mockery in the curve of her lips. "She insists that you shall be a hero, I suppose?"

Salzmann felt that justification was necessary.

"She says it is a symbol"—he stopped, trying to remember—"a symbol of the German people."

"True!" exclaimed the young and beautiful one earnestly, leaning forward to him. It was the first time he had heard her speak German; the tone of her voice was very rich and musical, even amid this chaos of clashing, stunning noise. Her eyes were as earnest as her tone. He found himself looking into them with an awed respect. "It is the symbol of the German people—the Iron Cross!"

"*Ja—jawohl!*" assented Salzmann, nodding his head in a sincerity he meant to be impressive. Another little portion of his brain still watched from the corner of his eye the pistol on the table.

"How true that is, Sonia!" continued the young and beautiful one, turning to her captain, but speaking still in German. "The symbol of the German people! The whole world is stretched on an iron cross of suffering—a suffering deliberately contemplated by this German people that believes in the moral majesty of war!"

She spoke rapidly, with an almost mystical exaltation. The Slav temperament, swift to interpret the underlying significance of life, was aflame in the dark, glowing eyes so incongruous with that close-cropped head.

"And wonderfully, all unconscious of its shame, the German people fixes upon itself the brand of its sin against that civilization which it has crucified! The Iron Cross! The Iron Cross of vast, unutterable agony on which humanity is dying! Yes, it is a symbol—a symbol of iron ruthlessness, of black treachery, of the mockery of God! The symbol of the German people, fixed upon them by their own hands for all time!" Her bosom heaved under the tight-fitting uniform as she finished in a rush of indignant emotion.

The German soldier stared at her, bewildered, only half-comprehending this denunciation, which in her earnest tones had such an unmistakable accent of accusing truth. Instinctively he felt that some sort of defense devolved upon him. Before he could frame one, another salvo of shattering crashes in the adjacent trench routed his thoughts, sent his glance anxiously round the dugout.

"But—*Herr—Frau—Offizier,*" he said lamely, as his alarm subsided, "you yourselves have come to war—women!"

"We have come," said the young woman proudly, "to show the Russian men that if they renounce the battle against the evil thing—against this Germany that poisons before it strikes, then we women must purge the world of it. We will not bear children into it else!"

Salzmann scarcely heard her. He was listening to the bombardment overhead. It had increased to an incredible fury; crash merged into crash without a moment's pause. A new fear started up in him. This must be the final hurricane storm of shells before the counter attack! If that counter attack came now—he had failed in his mission!

This new fear was a spur to his brain. He thought rapidly, an inspiration of cunning quickening him. The moments were few. His glance slid sidelong to that unguarded pistol. He must make conversation until his opportunity. The captain was still too close to the weapon. He achieved a haggard smile.

"But are you not afraid of being killed?" he asked.

"Killed?" echoed the young woman scornfully. "We are the Battalion of Death! We are vowed to die—women of every class. The captain there is a countess. This officer"—she pointed to the peasant woman, who sat scowlingly ignoring the prisoner—"is a farm hand. I am a student. And life holds nothing for any of us until the world is purged of all your Iron Cross symbolized. Death!" She laughed, her beautiful eyes in an ecstasy. "See this!" She produced a little phial. "That is the poison we all carry—for use if we are taken prisoners. If we fail in our mission death is our only hope!"

Salzmann shuddered at these words, so ominously applicable to his own situation. He listened anxiously to the bombardment. It was slackening. He was sure of it. A few more moments and —— His heart beat so violently that he agonized lest he should betray his desperation.

The captain smiled scornfully.

"You are wasting words on this brute, Anna Dmitrievna," she said in German. She leaned back from the table, blew a puff of cigarette smoke toward the roof, followed it disdainfully with her eyes.

On the instant Salzmann had leaped forward, snatched the pistol and fired straight into her body. Before the two others could do more than start from their seats the pistol had cracked twice more. He saw them lurch and fall heavily.

Quick! Quick! The bombardment had almost ceased. He prayed now for another crash as he flung himself on his victims, rifled their pockets, stuffed his own full of their papers. Would he yet be in time? He dashed up the stairway.

The trench was filled with choking fumes. It was empty of any living creature as far as he could see. Yet another shell pitched and flashed in a deafening report. He raced along, tripping over prone bodies that did not move when he trod upon them. Behind him he was conscious that people were emerging from dugouts, were running to man the defenses. He found the communication trench and plunged into it.

Almost obliterated as it was by the bombardment, his progress along it over its heaps of loose earth seemed maddenly slow. In front of him he heard a scream, a hoarse German cheer.

"*Kamerad! Kamerad!*" he shrieked. "*Kamerad!*"

A day or two later Johann Salzmann was seated in front of a sheet of note paper, a stubby pencil in his fingers. He smiled to himself as he spread his elbows for the letter.

"*Schätzchen,*" he began, "you will be pleased to know that I have been awarded the Iron Cross. As you say, it is a symbol of ——"

He stopped, scratching his head, trying to remember. Of what, in the devil's name, was it a symbol?

Swinging a racket or swinging a deal

You're on your toes in the active man's underwear, playing your game with a brain eased of strain, and a body cooled down.

Look over these prices. Then visit the dealer who features Superior; be tape measured instead of guess measured and choose your

Superior
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Special—P B 12, featherweight of featherweights. Men who prefer coolness and comfort to price and service, buy four to six suits for a season's wear . **$2.50**

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Special—KING 344, the greatest value ever offered to active men, $1 50 the single suit, or three suits for $4 00. Buy two seasons' supply, by the box today. Later, King will be priced higher

All prices subject to change

If no Superior dealer in your locality send for our catalog

The Superior Underwear Co., Piqua, Ohio
The Superior Athletic Und. Co., Piqua, Ohio

Note the Double Need Now For These Victory Foods

Victory *Penny-Buns*

These luscious buns *contain no lard or sugar*, and they save 33% in wheat flour. Raisins provide the sweetening. These buns are sold at a penny apiece at all bake shops. Go try them now. Serve them with coffee at breakfast. Taste them with your tea. Let the children have Victory Penny-Buns between meals. No other food could be better for them. These buns are more than delicious—they are high in food value, due to the fruit-food of the raisin.

Note the Savings They Effect

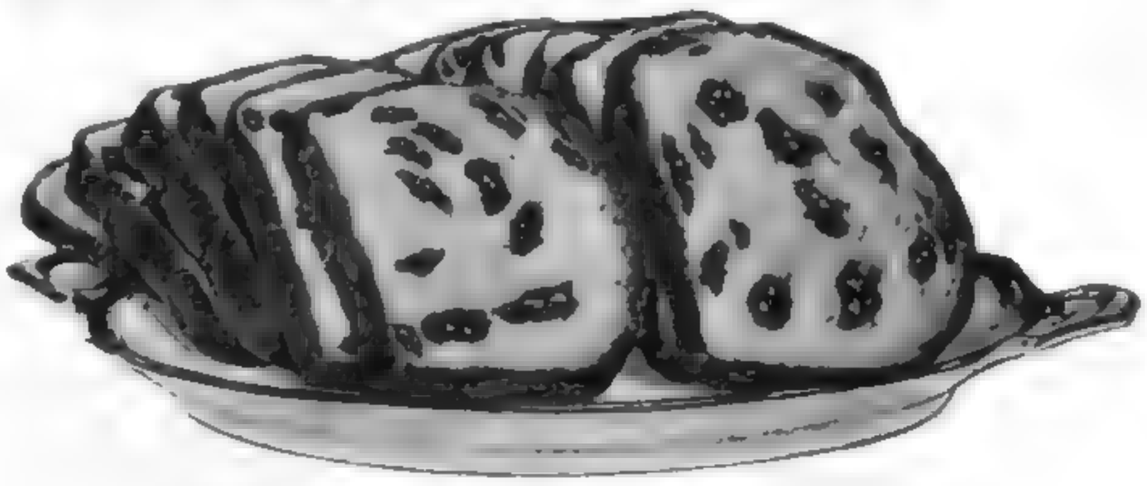
The need to save sugar, wheat and fats is now doubled in importance. For it is no longer to our allies alone that we must send these vital foods. The Government now is asking this aid for thousands of Americans abroad.

In this national emergency we have developed the famous Victory Penny-Bun made with raisins. Note its deliciousness. *See what it saves.* You'll want to serve it often.

Note how raisin bread and raisin pie also won their place on the honor roll of Victory foods. With such foods available it is not necessary to go without luscious flavors. One can *save* with these foods and *enjoy* them.

Buy one today of your grocer or baker. They are baked fresh in the modern ovens of the finest local bakeries. The presence of one of them on your table daily is ample evidence that you are helping to conserve.

Scores of other foods made with Sun-Maid Raisins will help likewise to save. Send for a copy of our *Free recipe book*, which tells how they are made.



Victory *Raisin Bread*

Food authorities endorse these raisin breads because raisins displace flour. These breads save butter, too, because children like them without it. The raisins act like butter in aiding mastication. The raisins also satisfy children's craving for sweets, which tends to conserve sugar. Ask your baker or grocer for Victory breads with raisins. Thousands of bakers are making them regularly to supply a nation-wide demand.

The rich flavor of Sun-Maid Raisins permeates the bread. You'll take extra delight in delicious foods that so help to conserve.

California Associated Raisin Co.

Membership, 8000 Growers Fresno, California

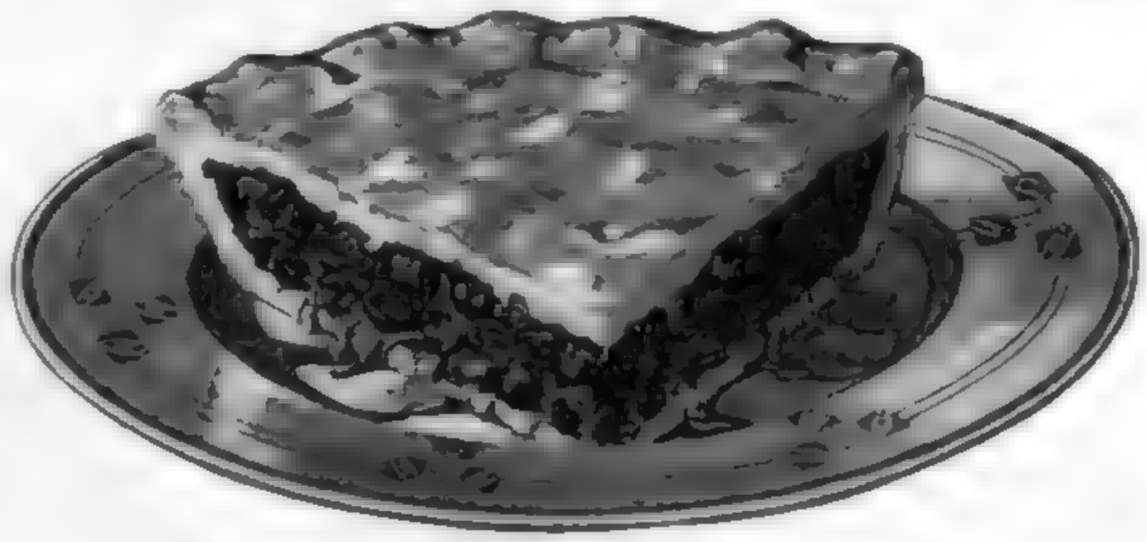
FREE Formulas to Bakers

If you haven't yet joined in with the nation-wide baking of Victory Raisin Foods send today for the Free formulas for Victory Penny-Buns, Victory Raisin Breads and California Raisin Pie.

Thousands of bakers the country over are supplying these foods now. Many of the brands of Sun-Maid Raisins are used in Victory Raisin Breads and California Raisin Pie. Just say so on a post card. Send your free formulas to Dept. [illegible] and they will be sent by return mail.

This trade mark appears on every package of genuine SUN-MAID RAISINS for home use. It guarantees [illegible] uniform quality—raisins made from tender, juicy, thin-skinned grapes. All grocers sell them. Three varieties: Seeded (seeds removed); Seedless (grown without seeds); Clusters (on the stem).

SUN-MAID RAISINS



California *Raisin Pie*

You men who eat light meals down town—try this luscious pie made with SUN-MAID RAISINS. It is equally good without sugar. And it supplies enough energy for a busy afternoon. It is high in food value. With a glass of milk and a sandwich it forms the ideal worker's lunch.

Try it today. All first class lunch rooms and restaurants will serve it if you ask.

"ALL AMERICAN . . . Out to Them Wires"

(Continued from Page 4)

German name, born in Cologne and brought to America as a child, who at the age of forty-three had given up a paying business and left a family to volunteer for this business, and who in all respects was just as good an American as you or I, reader, can ever hope to be. It was his company that held the trenches for the time, and he volunteered to let us see what they were doing.

The physical things he showed us are by now old stories to Americans. Reading descriptions of them would be stale business for people at home who read magazines—the little dirt burrows roofed with withes and leaves, where machine guns' crews squatted behind guns whose muzzles aimed out across the debatable territory; the observation posts, where the lads on duty grumbled at the narrow range of vision provided by the periscopes and much preferred to risk their lives peeping over the parapets; the tiny rifle pits, each harboring a couple of youngsters; the gun steps, or scarps, on which men squatted to do sniper work and to try for hostile snipers across the way; the niches in the trench sides, where hand grenades—French and British models—lay in handy reach in case of a surprise attack; the stacks of rifle and machine-gun cartridges in their appointed places all along the inner sides of the low dirt parapets; the burrows, like the overgrown nests of bank martins, into which tired men might crawl to steal a bit of rest; the panels of thickly meshed barbed wire on light but strong metal frames so disposed that they might with instantaneous dispatch be thrust into place to block the way of invading raiders following along behind retreating defenders; the wire snares for the foes' feet, which might be dropped in the narrow footway after the retiring force had passed; and all the rest of the paraphernalia of trench warfare which the last three years and a half have produced.

Anyhow it was not these things that interested us; rather was it the bearing of our men, accustoming themselves to new duties in new surroundings; facing greater responsibilities than any of them perhaps had ever faced before in his days, amid an environment fraught with acute personal peril. And studying them I was prouder than ever of the land that bore them and sundry millions of others like unto them.

Dramatic Farewells

We halted at a spot where the trench was broken in somewhat and where the fresh new clods upon the dirt shelf halfway up it were all stained a strange, poisonous green color. The afternoon before a shell had dropped there, killing one American and wounding four others. It was the fumes of the explosive which had corroded the earth to make it bear so curious a tint. This company then had had its first fatality under fire; its men had undergone the shock of seeing one of their comrades converted into a mangled fragment of a man, but they bore themselves as though they had been veterans.

In but one thing did they betray themselves as green hands, and this was in a common desire to expose themselves unnecessarily. As we went along their captain was constantly chiding them for poking their tin-hatted heads over the top, in the hope of spying out the German sharpshooters who continually shot in their direction from the coverts of a pine thicket, when they might have seen just as well through cunningly devised peepholes in the rifle pits.

"I know you aren't afraid," he said to two especially daring youngsters, "but the man who gets himself killed in this war without a reason for it is not a hero; he's just a plain damned fool, remember that."

Passing the spot where the soft damp loam was harried and the crumbs of it all dyed that diabolical greenish hue, I thought of a tale I had heard only the day before from a young Englishman who, having won his captaincy by two years of hard service, had then promptly secured a transfer to the flying corps, where, as he innocently put it, "there was a chance o' having a bit of real fun," and who now wore the single wing of an observer upon the left breast of his tunic. I had asked him what was the most dramatic thing he personally had witnessed in this war, thinking to hear some tale of air craftsmanship. He considered for a moment with his brow puckered in a conscientious effort to remember, and then he said:

"I think perhaps t'was something that happened last spring, just before I got out of the infantry into this bally outfit. My company had been in the trenches two days and nights and had been rather knocked about. Really the place we were in was quite a bit exposed, you know, and after we had had rather an unhappy time of it we got orders to pull out. Just as the order reached us along came a whiz-bang and burst. It killed one of my chaps dead, and half a minute later another shell dropped in the same place and covered him under tons and tons of earth, all except his right hand, which stuck out of the dirt. Quite a decent sort he was too—a good fighter and cheerful and all that sort of thing; very well liked, he was. There was no time to dig him out even if we had been able to carry his body away with us; we had to leave him right there. So as the first man passed by where he was buried he bent over and took the dead hand in his hand and shook it and said 'Good-by, old one!' like that. All the men followed the example. Each one of us, officers included, shook the dead hand and said good-by to the dead man; and this was the last we ever saw of him, or of that rotten old trench, either."

At the Listening Post

As nonchalantly as though he had been a paid postman going through a quiet street a volunteer mail distributor came along putting letters, papers and small mail parcels from the States into soiled eager hands. Each man, taking over what was given him, would promptly hunker down in some convenient cranny to read the news from home; news which was months old already. I saw one, a broad faced, pale haired youth, reading a Slavic paper; and another, a corporal, reading one that was printed in Italian. The other papers I noted were all printed in English.

It was from a begrimed and bespattered youngster who had got a paper printed in English that I heard the news about Ty Cobb; and when you appraised the character of the boy and his comrades a mud-lined hole in the ground in Eastern France, where a machine gun stammered round the corner and the snipers sniped away to the right of him and the left of him, seemed a perfectly natural place for the discussion of great tidings in baseball. If he had undertaken to discourse upon war or Germans I should have felt disappointed in him, because on his part it would not have been natural; and if he was anything at all he was natural

At the end of perhaps a mile of windings about in tortuous going we, following after our guides, turned into a shallower side trench which debouched off the main workings. Going almost upon all fours for about sixty or seventy yards we found ourselves in a blind ending. Here was a tiny ambuscade roofed over with sod and camouflaged on its one side with dead herbage, wherein two soldiers crouched. By a husky whisper floating back to us over the shoulder of the captain we learned that this was the most advanced of our listening posts. Having told us this he extended an invitation, which I accepted; and as he flattened back against the earth making himself small I wriggled past him and crawled into place to join its two silent occupants.

One of them nudging me in the side raised a finger and aimed it through a tiny peephole in the screening of dead bough and grasses. I looked where he pointed and this was what I saw:

At the level of my eyes the earth ran away at a gentle slope for a bit and then just as it reached a thicket of scrub pines, possibly two hundred feet away, rose sharply. Directly in front of me was our own tangle of rusted barbed wire. On beyond it, perhaps a hundred and sixty feet distant, where the rise began, was a second line of wire, and that was German wire, as I guessed without being told. In between the soil was all harrowed and upturned into great cups as though many swine had been

Food will win the war—Don't waste it
UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles filled and sealed in the HEINZ *establishment*

THE name Heinz always means something good to eat. When you see a bottle or can marked "Heinz" it instantly brings to your mind a delicious food or relish carefully prepared and delicately flavored.

Heinz Vinegar is no exception. Made of selected materials and aged like an old wine to develop its aroma and flavor, it is well worth the little difference in cost. When you buy vinegar look for the bottles which are filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment and which bear the well-known Heinz label.

Three kinds: Malt, White, Cider, in pints, quarts and half-gallons

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A Belber wardrobe trunk takes all the baggage worries from the trip. It saves your clothes—keeps them neat and unwrinkled. It saves you the trouble of unpacking and packing wherever you care to stop over.

Belber wardrobe trunks appeal instantly. To the seasoned traveler their many merits are readily apparent. There is sturdiness in their strong construction—beauty in their graceful lines. Within their roomy interior there is every travel convenience for which the heart could wish.

The model shown below is one of the many surpassing styles covered with Du Pont Fabrikoid—Craftsmen Quality in handsome Moorish grain. Behind it stands the double guarantee—

Belber Traveling Goods + Du Pont Fabrikoid

Outwear Travel — Craftsmen Quality

Made in a wide variety of styles from $30.00 to $300.00

Sold by representatives everywhere

Booklet upon request

The Belber Trunk & Bag Company
Mascher St. Philadelphia, Pa.

A turn of the lock and the automatic Belber Boltless Interlocker securely fastens the [illegible] three places

45 inches high. 22 inches wide. 23½ inches deep. Price, $85.00.

rooting there for mast. A few straggly bushes still adhered to the sides of the shell holes, and the patches of grass upon the tortured sward displayed a greenish tinge where the saps of spring were beginning to rise from the roots.

Not far away and almost directly in front of me one of those yellow-breasted starling birds was trying his song with considerable success

"How far away are they?" I inquired in the softest possible of whispers of the nearermost of the hole's tenants.

"Right there in those little trees," he answered. "I ain't never been able to see any of them—they're purty smart about keepin' themselves out of sight—but there's times, 'specially toward night, when we kin hear 'em plain enough talking amongst themselves and movin' round over there. It's quiet as a graveyard now, but for a while this mornin' one of their sharpshooters got busy right over there in front of where you're lookin' now."

Involuntarily I drew my head down into my shoulders. The youth alongside laughed a noiseless laugh.

"Oh, you needn't worry," he said in my ear; "there ain't a chancet for him to see us; we're too well hid. At that, I think he must've suspected that this here lump of dirt was a shelter for our folks because twicet this mornin' he took a shot this way. One of his bullets lodged somewhere in the sods over your head but the other one hit that bush there. See where it cut the little twig off."

I peered where he indicated and made out a ragged stump almost within arm's reach of me, where a willow sprout had been shorn away. The sap was oozing from the top like blood from a fresh wound. My instructor went on:

"But after the second shot he quit. One of our fellers back behind us a piece took a crack at him and either he got him or else the Heinie found things gettin' too warm for him and pulled his freight back into them deep woods further up the hill. So it's been nice and quiet ever since."

The captain wormed into the burrow, filling it until it would hold no more.

"Is this your first close-up peep at No Man's Land?" he inquired in as small a voice as his vocal cords could make.

Before I could answer the private put in:

"It might a-been No Man's Land oncet, cap'n, but frum now on it's goin' to be all American clear out to them furtherest wires yonder."

So that was how and when I found the title for this article. Everything considered I think it makes a very good title, too. I only wish I had the power to put as much of the manifest spirit of our soldiers into what I have here written as is compassed in the caption I have borrowed.

What happened thereafter was largely personal so far as it related to my companion and me, but highly interesting from our viewpoint. We had emerged from the front-line trench on our way back. In order to avoid a particularly nasty bit of footing in the nearermost end of the communication work we climbed out of the trench and took a short cut across a stretch of long-abandoned meadowland. We thought we were well out of sight of the Germans, who at that point were probably half a mile away.

A cup of land formed a natural shield from any eyes except eyes in an aëroplane—so we thought—and besides there were no aëroplanes about. Once over the edge of the trench and down into the depression we felt quite safe; anyway the firing that was going on seemed very far away. We slowed up our gait. From dragging our feet through the mire we were dripping wet with sweat, so I hauled off my coat. This necessitated a readjustment of belt and gas-mask straps. Accordingly all three of us—the young intelligence officer, my comrade and I—took advantage of the halt to smoke. The two others lit cigarettes but I preferred something stronger.

I was trying to light a practical cigar with a property match—which is a very common performance on the part of my countrymen in this part of the world when a noise like the end of everything—a nasty, whiplike crash—sounded at the right of us, and simultaneously a German shell struck within a hundred yards of us, right on the rim of the little hollow in which we had stopped, throwing a yellow geyser of earth away up into the air and peppering our feet and legs with bits of gravel.

So then we came on away from there. I chucked away my box of matches, which were French and therefore futile, and I must have mislaid my cigar, which was American and therefore priceless, for I have never seen it since. Anyway I had for the time lost the desire for tobacco. There are times when one cares to smoke and times when one does not care to smoke. As we scuttled for the shelter of the trench four more shells fell in rapid succession and burst within a short distance of where the first one had gone off, and each time we felt the earth shake under our feet and out of the tails of our eyes saw the soil rising in a column to spread out mushroom fashion and descend in pattering showers.

So, using the trench as an avenue, we continued to go away from there; and as we went guns continued to bay behind us. An hour later, back at battalion headquarters, we learned that the enemy dropped seventy shells—five-inch shells—in the area that we had traversed. But unless one of them destroyed the cigar I left behind me it was all clear waste of powder and shrapnel, as I am pleased to be able to report.

That night just after dusk forty-five of our boys, with twice as many Frenchmen, went over the top at the very point we had visited, and next morning, true enough, and for quite a while after that, No Man's Land was "All American clear out to them furtherest wires."

THE RED CROSS

By Bliss Carman

WHEN we were all unready
To meet the moment's needs
And back our faith in freedom
With the arguments of deeds,
Benumbed by indecision
And fettered by delay—
One army, trained and fitted,
Was equal to the day

Against the Dark Destroyer
Their loyal legions moved,
To stand by our defenders
With succor tried and proved.
To stay the hosts of horror
With neither sword nor shield,
To hold the line of mercy
The Red Cross took the field.

Equipped, and understanding,
And prompt because they dared,
They moved to instant action,
Beneficent, prepared.
They did not take their orders
From an ancient war machine;
They packed their grips and started,
Efficient and serene.

With common business methods
They put the business through,
And stayed not to consider
What Noah used to do.

They dealt with life, not visions;
Their errand could not wait
On the pleasure of officials
In impotent debate.

They did not seek omniscience
Before they fought disease,
Nor plan the perfect cruiser
Before they crossed the seas.
At the first note of anguish
Their human heart gave heed
And sped them to the rescue
According to their creed

They stood by starving Belgium,
They solaced stricken France.
Their ensign was a target
With every dread advance.
When, snared by plotted panic,
Italian strength gave way,
They rushed to meet the danger
And helped to save the day.

No doubt betrays their courage,
No selfishness restrains;
They go to serve and hearten
As pity still ordains—
To take the chance of battle,
To draw the fire of hate,
And win the modest glory
Which is their high estate.

If we could only tell you *all* about KORA-KONIA—

Let us suppose that you are stout or heavily muscled and, in hot weather, chafe so that you almost go crazy; that you begged your doctor for relief and he gave you a powder to dust on the painful raw spots. If that powder eased the irritation and pain, prevented further chafing, quickly dried up sores and didn't rub off or wash away with perspiration but clung to the skin almost like salve, allowing you to move about all day without discomfort—you would thank the doctor for a heaven-sent relief. You would never dream of being without that powder.

But if we should tell you all about Kora-Konia and publish hundreds—yes, thousands of letters from Doctors and Nurses telling of suffering relieved by Kora-Konia, a lot of people would simply say, "Some more of those old-fashioned fake testimonials for a patent medicine."

Now it is our firm belief and it is the firm belief of the several eminent physicians who have aided in the development of Kora-Konia and used it in their practice, that this preparation is one of the most useful and efficient agents that have been developed for the treatment of certain severe skin affections caused by nervous irritations, bed weariness, chafing or sunburn and, with babies, for diaper rash and teething rash.

We believe it would be an actual misfortune if we, in overeagerness to tell the public about Kora-Konia, should arouse skepticism or cause Kora-Konia to be classed as just one more patent remedy put out simply to make money.

And so, although we have the proof in overwhelming measure, although we have the hearty endorsements of many physicians, although if we could talk to you for twenty minutes we could convince you absolutely, we are not going to particularize about Kora-Konia in this announcement.

We simply ask you to try Kora-Konia. If you chafe and Kora-Konia relieves chafing and restores the skin to normal whiteness; if diaper rash disappears, if skin irritation is overcome, if broken blisters on feet are dried up, if the pain of intense sunburn is quickly eased, why then you can form your own valuation of Kora-Konia

So we ask you to send ten cents to us for a physician's sample of Kora-Konia Try it for any of the skin troubles for which it is indicated. Demand positive results as the price of your conviction. If you then decide that Kora-Konia is a vitally necessary preparation to have always in the home you can buy a full-sized box for 50 cents at your druggist's.

Just because it bears the name "Mennen," Kora-Konia should not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture resisting, cooling, soothing, and healing.

Please use the attached coupon in ordering your Kora-Konia sample.

If you care to enclose 20 cents instead of 10 cents, we will also send a sample of Kora-Konia to some soldier friend of yours who you may be sure is suffering from chafing and blisters

It was this letter from a great doctor which gave us the idea for KORA-KONIA

There is a great need of a healing, soothing, antiseptic powder to be dusted on chafed skin, sores, burns, sunburns, all external skin irritations and abrasions
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KORA-KONIA
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TRADE MARK

To make the world *comfortable*—that is the Mennen creed. A billion babies have cooed joyously under a shower of Mennen's Talcum A million shavers use Mennen's Shaving Cream each morning. Mennen's Tar Shampooing Cream and Cold Cream are household needs.

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42 Orange St. Newark N. J.
I enclose 10 cents for a physician's sample of Kora-Konia.

Name _____

Address _____

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How Easy to Keep My Pledge To Save Food

THE Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet prevents waste in several ways. For one thing, it keeps your flour, sugar, cereals, and other foods, each in its proper place—*protected.*

For another, it guards against waste in measuring and mixing. And it saves any woman who has it miles and miles of steps and hours of time and toil.

Before-War Prices—Easy Terms

Some popular models are offered now at before-war prices. Get your Hoosier before they are gone.

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Perfected by Many Experts

Hoosier makers have tested all kitchen cabinet devices for the past 20 years.

Important discoveries have been built right into this cabinet.

It has 17 exclusive features that cannot be found in all others combined.

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In 40 ways, this cabinet saves you work.

Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists pronounce it as efficient as can be made. And in the whole realm of household economics, there are no women more talented than they.

Get New "Kitchen Short-Cuts"—FREE

This is the title of a valuable book for busy housewives which we have just issued with the help of Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists.

It pictures all Hoosier models and contains the six model kitchen plans that our staff of experts have arranged.

Be sure to send your address for one copy while these books last. No obligation. Send without delay.

The Hoosier Mfg. Company, 185 Sydney St., New Castle, Ind.

Largest Makers of Kitchen Cabinets in the World

The portrait in the oval is Mrs H M Dunlap, Domestic Science Lecturer and Specialist, Illinois, a member of Hoosier's Council of Kitchen Scientists. She and her talented associates are all at your service when you get this cabinet

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HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET

Caveat Emptor

By L. B. YATES

CAVEAT EMPTOR! that's the word. This good old Latin maxim, antedating even that mythical era when Hickory Jim was a two-year-old, is to-day as full of intensified and constructive wisdom as it will hold when applied to the purchase or sale of horses. *Caveat Emptor*—beware of the seller! Also look out for the buyer; and be prepared, moreover, to withstand the assaults of all alien enemies and apparently innocent bystanders. *Caveat* everybody; and even then perhaps you'll get stung good and plenty just about the time you figure that you know all there is to know, and have seen all that you can possibly see in and about the science of horse dealing.

He was a chancy-looking horse and his owner had been jogging him up and down the main street of a little Western town. I as a prospective purchaser had been viewing him with the eye of more or less experience.

"Seems to me he pulls a little, doesn't he?" I ventured in critical tones as his rider brought him to a standstill.

The man on horseback regarded me pityingly from underneath the brim of his wide Western hat. There was sorrow, renunciation and Christian tolerance in his tones as he replied with more than passing conviction.

"Lemme tell you somethin', brothah!" he droned. "Wha's that you say? This little hoss pulls, eh? Why, brothah, he couldn't pull yore hat off your head."

He dropped the reins on the horse's neck and waved his long arms, palms outward.

"If I was to sell you this hoss," he breathed: "say—if I was to make up my mind to let you have him—which I ain't sayin' I would—you'd figure for the rest of your days that I was the best friend you had in the wide world."

Now that's where the *caveat emptor* part of it comes in. Because when you are looking for metaphor or language all dressed up in its Sunday clothes, commend me to the man who has a horse to sell and who knows the game as it really should be played.

This little incident may be irrelevant, because I was about to remark that deep down somewhere, some place, underneath the outer covering of every man and woman who love poetry of motion, is the self-satisfied, self-centered, egotistical and unwavering conviction that they and they alone are the real emperors or empresses when we consider the noble art of buying or selling a horse. This too with all the advantages belonging to a peculiar, not to say a precarious, line of human endeavor.

An Art and a Triumph

Now because I have made this bald statement I can see each and every one of you rising in your places and turning mental handsprings, while the surrounding atmosphere is punctuated with pink mosaics of indignation. Deluded ones, I am not dealing with individuals.

Oh, I could put down names of places and residences and the original beginnings of a whole lot of people, and I could tell things, so I could; but I ain't a-going to do it in this place. You will pardon me of course if upon occasion I drift off into the vernacular.

I was about to assert when you interrupted me that among the peculiar lines of artistic exploitation the purchase and subsequent sale of the equine marvel lends itself to peculiar versatility of both thought and action, and affords a very wide field for conjecture, with lots of territory to play round it.

Am I right, and do you get me?

Briefly stated, buying a horse is an art—but selling sagaciously spells triumphant achievement.

Now if you keep your seats for a moment or two I will relate to you a little narrative which may or may not give an idea of what is going to follow, because a curious public never quite knows what to expect.

Once upon a time a little old bow-legged editor, who according to our standard needed a pair of moral shin boots and a chest protector, landed in Boise, Idaho, where a few of us gentlemen were preaching the word, and he suggested to a tall raw-boned horseman that he should write concerning his experiences with the horse traders who infested that region.

"There is a very good stenographer in the hotel," he importuned. "Just sit down and dictate to her in your own language I'll see that it is edited very carefully."

"Why sure!" responded the affable horseman. "I'll rattle it off in about ten minutes."

"But," protested the little editor, "you cannot possibly finish a comprehensive article in that time. Why, my dear sir——"

"Hell, Bill!" returned the Westerner. "You didn't suppose I was going to tell it all, did you?"

And this little parable goes to show, dear friends, that some of us are skating round on thin ice. But of course if you do not like the beginning of this narrative or if you think perhaps that the finale might kick you in the gizzard you can go to the doorkeeper and get your money back, because the author ab-so-lute-ly refuses to apologize.

Parting Guests on Strange Horses

Well, as I was saying, you will all be anxious to know how I got my start. Some of you will be unkind enough to inquire how I commenced my career of crime, so while Mister Ringbone dallies with the soft pedal in G minor we will lisp the story:

The very first thing I can remember is toddling out to a stable yard in Tipperary, Ireland, and being subsequently rescued from between the hoofs of a racer. I recollect the very first time I was lifted on a horse's back. Talk about a king on a lofty throne! Gosh, my brothers and sisters, this was sublimity! Supreme sublimity, with an S as big as a twenty-eight-sheet circus poster.

As I remember he was a black colt, with one of those sheeny, shiny, satiny skins you folks know. Because when the sun hit it it wasn't exactly black—it went into pinks and purples; and he had a great big kindly eye that you could hang your hat on, and I remember he nibbled my little hands with his soft mouth. And then one of the grooms handed me a lump of sugar to give him a very wonderful proceeding that formed the climax of a tremendously perfect morning.

Well, when I grew older they used to let me come down to dinner sometimes, after the main portion of the meal had been cleared away, and a big brass kettle was brought on, so that a bowl of steaming punch could be brewed. This was one of the sacred rites belonging to the old days in Ireland. They drank hot punch after dinner. Is it any wonder that these social functions developed something more than airy persiflage?

Everybody talked horse. When they weren't talking about hunters they were discussing the race horse in his manifold variety, and when that subject was worn threadbare the conversation turned to coursing, and when they got tired of coursing they drifted off into dissertations concerning the hound and the hunting dog, and after that palled you would think they had run the full gamut, wouldn't you? But no, indeed, my brethren and sisters; no indeedy! The evening had only commenced, so to speak, because there was the game chicken left, and those present lifted up their voices and sang all the songs of the feathered gladiator.

If memory serves me it seems that very few men who rode up to our house to dine—and by the way they mostly came on horseback—rarely if ever were carried away on the same horse upon which they had made their advent. Perhaps it was the hot punch or an Irish propensity to take a chance in the way of barter and trade, but everyone seemed to indulge in this popular pastime, and it was a sight for the gods to see the guests on some bright moonlight night bidding good-by to their host and then trying out their new purchases.

The avenue gate generally suffered, though my mother's flower beds came in for their share; and sometimes a more ambitious pilgrim would wreck the kitchen garden. Next morning broken fences and gaps in walls bore witness to the activities of the night before.

(Continued on Page 55)

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(Continued from Page 53)

I remember we had a tree on the lawn which had been growing from a slip brought from that which headed Napoleon's grave at St. Helena.

One night as a horseman was trying out a "cherry picker" he had just acquired the animal bolted under the lower branches of the tree, and as he lowered his head to avoid a collision an overhanging twig caught under his high coat collar, sweeping him clean out of the saddle and leaving him suspended in midair. Kick and struggle as he would he could not extricate himself, and the other members of the party absolutely refused to come to his rescue until they had enjoyed his discomfiture to the limit.

There was really no sympathy for a man in the horse-swapping game. The Irishman calls it swapping, the Englishman says "Let's make a chop," and here in America it is a trade. But in every country and clime the principle and execution thereof are always the same. And I don't know why it should be so, but I never met a man or woman, no matter how honest in the ordinary affairs of life, who did not take pride and pleasure in getting the best of a horse deal.

I remember one time out in Denver how a frowsy-looking individual had purchased an ancient steed for thirty-five dollars at one of the stockyard sales. The horse limped as his new owner was leading him away, and the buyer turned to the sales manager in protestation.

A Ladies' Horse

"I think this horse has corns, Mr. Goulding," he quavered.

"Take him along, brother; take him along!" admonished Goulding. "Supposin' he has, they're so far from his heart they won't hurt him."

Ah, my sisters, them were the days!

I do sincerely trust, however, that none of the readers of this article will surmise that in any egotistical manner I am setting myself up as an authority or giving expert testimony. Far be it! I know that each and every one of you clings to your own brand of dope and methods, which latter I am willing to admit are strong enough to float an egg. What follows here are simply little leaves from little journeys up and down and all round. Memoirs, if you will have it, of a career devoted to spoiling the Egyptians wherever we have found them. So you needn't mind writing to the editor and bothering him with letters which will read like this:

"To the Editor

Dear Sir: I read an article in your recent publication entitled Caveat Emptor. Now, my dear sir, why don't you get someone to write stories about horse trading who knows something about the game, and why is it that you editors always pick some crazy bird who couldn't tell the difference between a red piano and a horse and buggy? I have been a consistent reader of your magazine since its very first issue, but I will have to discontinue my subscription if you persist in passing out such a brand of literature.

"Faithfully yours,
"W. J. Spavins."

It is a wise actor who knows enough to erect a wire screen between himself and his audience; and that reminds me of another story:

Two colored brethren down South had concluded a mule trade. They met the next day. One of them was sitting by the roadside with his head in his hands, regarding the remains of the mule he had traded for, when the other rode up.

"Wha's the matter, deacon?" queried the newcomer, with admirably feigned surprise. "What appears to be de mattah? Looks to me as though you wan't feelin' very good. Is you sick?"

"I ain't sick, Br'er Johnson," groaned the other mournfully; "I just specs Ise thinkin' too much."

But getting right down to the milk of the coconut—because after all that is what we are here for—anyone who would indulge in this particular recreation must be at once secretive, circumspect, unfathomable, mysterious, gifted with a fertile imagination which is aided and abetted by a rich tongue. And those in the concrete are the prime essentials to successful accomplishment. The suspicions of the party of the second part must never be roused. Indeed upon occasion he can be mystified by statements so astounding that even after they are discounted there remains enough of the leaven to expedite the deal.

And that brings us to Bill Dorsey, down in Howard County, Maryland, and if you will take my word for it Dorsey has some reputation as a horse trader. They all have down in Howard County, for that matter, but when you sum them up and weed the sheep out from the goats Colonel Dorsey is in a class by himself.

The first time I ever met him he was coming down the road riding a chestnut horse that acted like a cross between a rattlesnake and a Kansas cyclone. He pulled up sharply as he ranged alongside, while the steed he bestrode punctured the surrounding atmosphere with his heels.

"Pretty lifey animal?" I interrogated. "Got lots of pep this mornin', ain't he?"

Colonel Bill eyed me over carefully, and it may have been that there was just a suspicion of sarcasm in his tones as he replied with something more than ordinary asperity:

"This, suh," he retorted curtly, pointing toward the animal, "this, suh, I would have you to understand, is what we call a ladies' horse in Howard County!"

I remember one time in the good old days when we were youthful buccaneers journeying through the Indian nation with the quarter horses. We didn't call them quarter horses down there; they were called short horses, because very few of them could carry their speed over three hundred yards. And when we made a match we used to run for so much a yard. Sometimes it was a dollar, and on big matches it might be ten. I saw a match once of three hundred yards for fifty dollars a yard, and there was a lot of money bet on the side.

But that wasn't what I was going to tell you about. I had in mind the time we were down in the country near where Shawnee now stands and there was a gathering of the clans because a new section of the nation was about to be opened to homesteaders.

Wherever there was a horse race there you would find an Indian, and they had some pretty fair speed marvels too, those Cherokees. One old chief who came along about that time had the reputation of owning a very fast horse. We had a pretty fair description of him, he being what was called a calico horse or spotted. So when we woke up one morning and found this old Indian's tepees erected on the outskirts of the camp we went over and looked at his stock. Sure enough, there was the spotted ghost. So the next night we stole him out of the band, took him out on the prairie a ways and gave him a trial with the little horse called Jim Fiske that I happened to own.

We tried him out at a quarter of a mile, and for the first hundred yards he ran neck and neck with Jim, but after that breeding told and at the finishing line our horse was three lengths to the good.

Cherokee Guile

Of course as Jim Fiske was one of the fastest horses at this distance in the world at that time the fact that he had beaten the spotted horse did not strike us as being extraordinary, because a horse might have been ranked as a topnotcher and still have his measure taken by the little bay. Nothing therefore remained for us but to make a match for as much as we could possibly bet on the outcome; and I should like to remark that when you went betting with one of those Indians in those days the only limit was the green grass under foot and the blue sky overhead. Once you got him started he would bet all he had.

So after considerable sparring the old Cherokee had put up his money, his saddles, furs, and as good a band of ponies as had ever picked prairie grass. When we had covered all his bets, or he had covered ours as the case might be, he offered to bet horse for horse—that is to say he bet the spotted horse against Jim Fiske, the winner to take both.

Well, the ground was measured off and everybody was on tiptoe, the betting on the outside being fast and furious, during which time the old Indian was leading the spotted horse up and down. Finally along toward the shank of the afternoon the judge told us to mount and go down to the starting post; and it was then that the red man and brother sprang the surprise of a lifetime, because he took the bridle off the spotted horse he had been leading, slapped him in the flanks, and started him on a gallop back

(Concluded on Page 57)

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(Concluded from Page 55)

to the herd. Then he stalked to his tepee and led out a spotted horse that looked as like the one we had tried out at night as if he had been fashioned in the same mold.

We did not know what to think of this, and feeling that we had been trapped raised a storm of protest, but the old chief gravely pointed out that we had matched his spotted horse and that this was his spotted horse just the same as the other spotted horse, and that he had every right in the world to run him.

After a long argument the officials decided in the Indian's favor and we went down to the mark. We knew then it was going to be a race for blood, and were not disappointed.

After the horses broke away they ran locked like a team for the first two hundred yards of the distance, then Jim Fiske gained an advantage of a few inches, but the spotted horse quickly retrieved himself. The last fifty yards was the best race I ever saw; both riders were whipping like demons, but when they passed the final line the spotted horse's white nose was in front. It was only by inches, but those few inches meant that my partner and I were afoot in a land of strangers, and ninety miles from a railroad as the crow flies.

Again let me remark that them were the days.

A Generous Indian

We were only boys then, my partner and I, and the loss except so far as the little horse was concerned sat lightly upon us. I think the old Indian chief sensed that, because he came over to where we were camped in the evening leading Jim Fiske, and he put the bridle into my partner's hand and looking at us both delivered himself as follows:

"Young men got to learn sometime, sometime not, but got to learn; so long, good luck."

And without another word he stalked off again, having shown himself to be a real sportsman after all.

So, you see, wherever you go the horse-riding folks aren't the worst people in the world, especially when you take them away from their favorite occupation.

Then there was the case of a horse we will call Rara Avis, who took up a large share of the spotlight in horse-show circles some years ago.

Any expert could pick lots of holes and weak spots in this bird, and without looking him over too carefully either. But when he hit the big town he was press-agented like a three-ring circus with "forty, count 'em, forty" clowns and eighty-seven elephants. Perhaps he had been overheralded, because when he was brought on to be sold at public auction the savants who crowded to see him were not overenthusiastic. Candidly speaking, he was what the English dealers call a "flat catcher"—just a showy peacock who would not bear a cold-turkey inspection or pass any veterinary who knew the rudiments of his profession.

So though he was advertised to be sold at public auction his owners got chilly extremities before the date set, and casting anchor to windward sold him secretly at private sale for two thousand five hundred dollars, the agreement with the purchaser being that he should be put up and sold under the hammer as per original program, and of course after some sensational bidding would be bought in by his new owner.

When he was brought into the sales ring the first bid was five thousand dollars—not bona fide, of course—then the price gradually went up to nine thousand, the horse being finally knocked down at nine thousand five hundred to his already owner.

And then the unforeseen thing happened when a sturdy old gentleman pushed his way through the crowd and congratulated the purchaser.

"Nine thousand was as high as I could go," he explained; "but I want to congratulate you on getting him just the same. I really did not want him, but my daughter did; and I came all the way from the South to buy him. However, nine thousand was my limit, so my little girl will have to pick another one."

Horrors! Here was a perfectly legitimate bona fide little bid of nine thousand dollars, but nobody knew it until it was too late; because the purchaser thought the old gentleman was "bye-bidding" or "capping" for the original owners, and they in turn thought he was some friend of the man they had sold the horse to. But nobody knew until it was all over and the conspirators were comparing notes concerning some sixty-five hundred dollars which had been tossed off and lost in the shuffle between the rise and fall of an auctioneer's gavel.

Outside of a very select circle the story of this catastrophe never leaked out.

Now good horses are not confined to any particular locality; and that's one beauty of the game. Of course one is apt to find more fairly good ones in certain districts, owing to specializing in breeding; but every horseman knows that he is liable to discover the star of to-morrow in the shafts of a wagon or pulling a harrow to-day, because with the wide infusion of good blood and breeding bureaus no man can tell where he will chance on to one of the elect.

Never appear to be interested in any horse that you expect subsequently to become the owner of; that's death to a deal. And when I say this I am now taking you into the very inner temple. If there are four or five horses in the same stable look them all over and price them before you pay the slightest attention to the one you are really after. You can cheapen him without saying a word, because no matter how wise the other fellow is he realizes that he does not know it all, and is just as liable to be mystified by your manner as anyone else.

If the horse happens to have any weak spot focus your eye on that. You know how the dotted line is drawn from Mutt to Jeff; just keep on looking until the man who owns him says apologetically:

"Yes, sir; that little splint don't belong to him a-tall, a-tall; it's on the bone and ain't close to no joint."

And then you in your turn nod your head solemnly and say something like this: "Yes, brother, I see, but I thought it was just a leetle mite round and layin' on the tendon; it kinda has that kind of a look."

And about that time he will say probably, "Could you use this horse if I was to price him to you right?"

And then you say: "Well, I might find a place for him if the price was right; but of course I'd have to get that blemish off of him before I showed him to anybody."

Some Horse!

And usually the rest is easy, because I don't care who the man is if his horse has the slightest mark or blemish you can start him thinking. And once you get him thinking he commences to doubt, and when he commences to doubt he is metaphorically speaking on the run.

Sound logic, my friends, sound logic, eh?

Only a few days ago I met a very charming Southern woman at a dinner party; and when I say charming I mean it to convey all the adjective will express. Just a gentlewoman, every inch of her, with the carriage of a duchess and all the womanly witchery that one could imagine; and of course after dinner the talk turned to horses and hunters, because the assemblage happened to be of the thirty-third degree in that respect. And I remember how she told me about a horse that she had purchased a few months before for five hundred dollars and what a nice clever animal it was.

So I asked her if she still owned him and she said she did not, because, as she explained it in her soft Southern lisping way, a friend of hers had fancied the horse, and after prayerful consideration she had decided to part with him, because a man who hunted a little wanted this nag so badly. Incidentally she mentioned the price, which was nearly four thousand dollars!

And then she went on to say that she had two or three more in the stable that were a little too big for her to ride, but would suit a man somewhat inclined to rotundity like myself; and she told me about a brown horse who was up to any kind of weight and could jump like all possessed, and that he was sound as the day he was foaled and had speed to throw to the canaries, and a lot of other things; and I really believed her and was quite interested until I said, looking down at my waistline, "Could this horse carry me to hounds?"

And do you know, that dear sweet little woman looked me right in the eye and gurgled:

"Mr. Yates, this brown horse I told you of could carry the First Baptist Church and jump over the Washington Monument!"

"Good Lord," says I to myself, "there it goes again: *caveat emptor!*"

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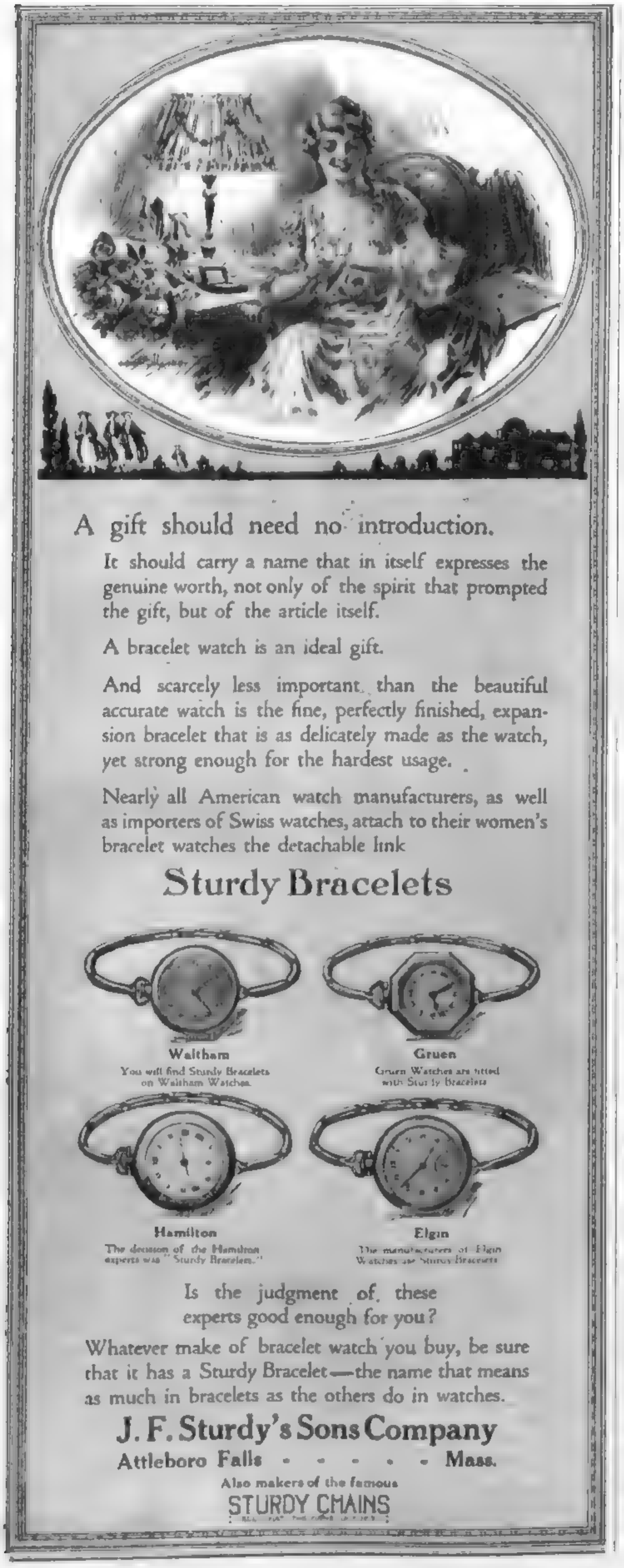

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Is the judgment of these experts good enough for you?

Whatever make of bracelet watch you buy, be sure that it has a Sturdy Bracelet—the name that means as much in bracelets as the others do in watches.

J. F. Sturdy's Sons Company

Attleboro Falls - - - - - Mass.

Also makers of the famous

STURDY CHAINS

A GREAT WAR BASE EAST OF SUEZ

(Continued from Page 21)

flank of a plodding horse; for me disillusion and vague depression and an eventual whirl up under the grand porte-cochère of a wildly ornate hotel which, I was to find, was crowded to capacity. However, they took me in; and there were lights and laughter and gayety, and a feverish kind of rush that could not fail to lift one's spirits.

There was not a man in sight in civilian clothes. There were army and naval officers in companies and crowds, and men of the various services of war; while the women, I was to discover, were mostly "Mesopot widows" and permanent guests. The Mesopot widows are the wives of men serving in Mesopotamia. From England and from different parts of India they followed their husbands as far as Bombay, and that is as far as they have been able to get.

And they had better be in Bombay than otherwhere perhaps. Wives of men serving in far-away zones who have remained in England must bear a separation of years, but these women get to see their husbands once in a while, Bombay being the only place where officers serving in Mesopotamia can spend the occasional leave that is due them. They usually get three weeks. It takes two weeks or more to make the trip down and back, and they have five or six days in Bombay; which is better than nothing.

The British did not take Bombay away from its original owners, whoever they may have been. The Portuguese did that a whole century before the little island colony came to the crown of Britain, and it came to the crown of Britain as part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza when she married Charles the Second. That is the picturesque small item of history which gives Bombay a unique place in the British Empire. Just a little group of islands lying close in against the mainland of India, they were transferred to England in 1661.

Just a little group of islands lying close in against the mainland of India, they were separated by shallow channels which have since been filled in or spanned by gigantic causeways, so that now the Island of Bombay, twenty-two and a half square miles in area, looks as though God and not enterprising Englishmen had made it.

Portugal's Mistake

Why the Portuguese should have so greatly underestimated the value of the place would be difficult to figure out. Those things interest me, and I want to drag the ancient mistaken ones back and say to them: "Well, here now, don't you see?"—thus and so. But the Portuguese seem always to have been bad judges of ports. In the nineteenth century they clung jealously to the shallow and useless harbor of Macao, on the Pacific coast of Asia, while they permitted England to acquire the inestimably valuable near-by Island of Hong-Kong, along with the wide and deep waterways surrounding it. And in the seventeenth century they preferred the unimportant port of Goa, south of Bombay on the mainland coast—which they still possess—to the advantages of the finest harbor in the East, which the British instantly recognized.

At least the British traders did. In those days the British traders sailing the seas in their picture ships of untold and untellable romance were out for themselves. They were neither altruistic nor imperialistic They thought little of benefiting the natives of the rich Eastern lands into which they thrust themselves, and they thought as little of aggrandizement for the throne of their sovereign. It was an age of adventure and gain, and adventure and gain were the twin fascinations the old traders pursued. King Charles the Second on his throne, waging his unintelligent battle for divine right against the then well-developed spirit of democracy among his Anglo-Saxon people—what could he know about the values of the great outer world then breathing its first breath of unbelievable life? Seven years after the islands of Bombay came to him in the dowry of Catharine of Braganza he transferred them to the East India Company for an annual rental of ten pounds. And not so very long before that the Indians sold the Island of Manhattan for something plus a string of beads.

The Towers of Silence

Bombay now has nearly one million inhabitants. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it already had two hundred thousand, and early in the twentieth century the census takers counted 959,537 souls. Nearly seven hundred thousand of these are Hindus and one hundred and fifty thousand are Mohammedans, while less than sixteen thousand are Christians, counting both pure European and mixed blood.

There are about sixty thousand Parsis, and the Parsis are the most interesting and important element in the community. It is to British initiative and example and to Parsi appreciation, intelligence and generosity that Bombay owes the fact of her present existence as one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

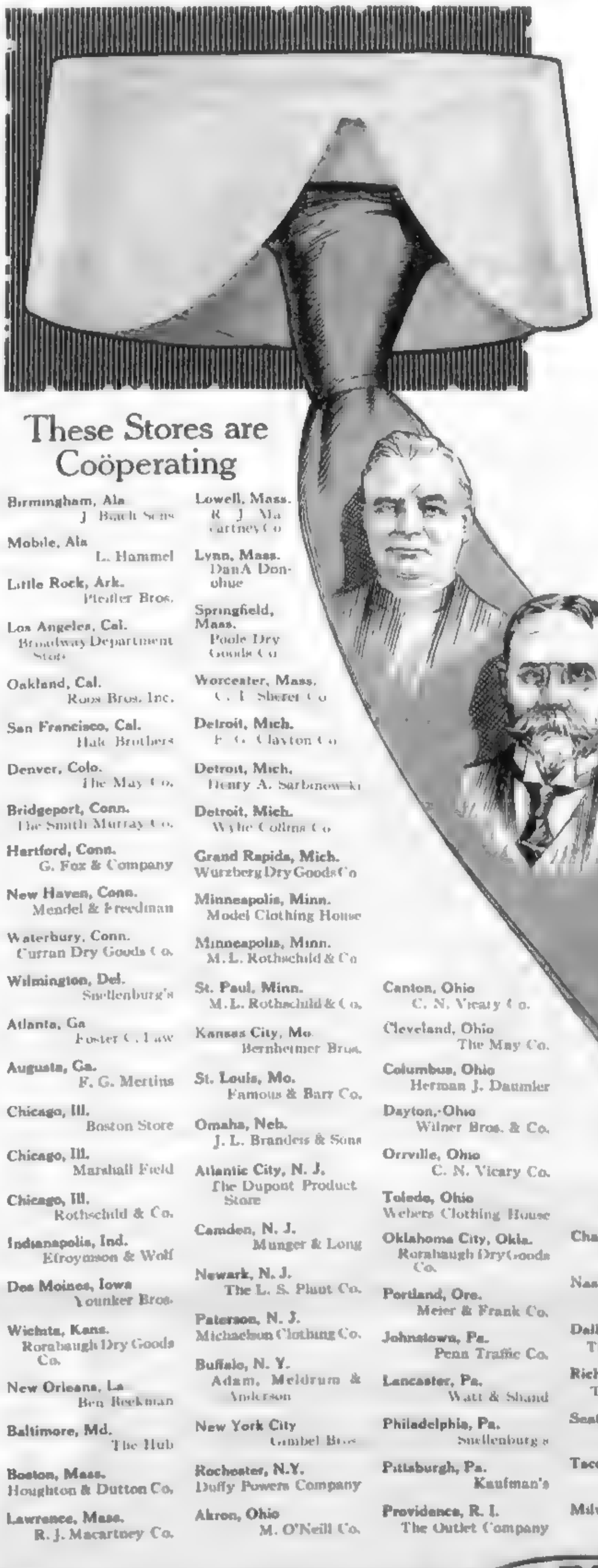
Yet the Parsis still maintain the unthinkable Towers of Silence in the heart and center of Bombay's most fashionable residential district; the Towers of Silence, where the Parsi dead are disposed of by the forever-hovering horrible flocks of kites, which on occasion grow gorged and careless, and drop human flesh and little bones in the flowering fragrant gardens of the great on Malabar Hill. But what would you? The Towers of Silence are unthinkable only to the Christian mind. To the mind of the Parsi all other methods of disposing of the dead are unthinkable.

The Parsis are sometimes carelessly referred to as Persian Jews or are grouped

(Continued on Page 61)

Not Wishing to Go to Mesopotamia, Thank You!

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



Special Offer Next Week of CHALLENGE CLEANABLE COLLARS

The new 25c Challenge Collar is so superior in style, comfort and economy, that leading stores throughout the country are cooperating with us in a special introductory offer next week.

Read the list of stores in this advertisement. Look for the special offer made next week (May 20-25) in the newspaper advertising of the store nearest you and take advantage of it.

Challenge Cleanable Collars require no laundering and save the average wearer $10 to $15 yearly in collar and laundry expense. These collars are waterproof stiffened instead of starched, yet look exactly like starched collars. They are ideal for hot weather, dancing, etc., as they never wilt. They save money and insure cleanliness, comfort and convenience. All popular shapes. Send for the style booklet. Sample collar, your size and style, postpaid for 25c.

The Arlington Works,

Owned and Operated by

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

725 Broadway,

New York City

¶ Challenge Cleanable Collars are made for men in every walk of life.

These Stores are Coöperating

Birmingham, Ala. J. Bach Sons

Mobile, Ala. L. Hammel

Little Rock, Ark. Pfeifer Bros.

Los Angeles, Cal. Broadway Department Store

Oakland, Cal. Roos Bros. Inc.

San Francisco, Cal. Hale Brothers

Denver, Colo. The May Co.

Bridgeport, Conn. The Smith Murray Co.

Hartford, Conn. G. Fox & Company

New Haven, Conn. Mendel & Freedman

Waterbury, Conn. Curran Dry Goods Co.

Wilmington, Del. Snellenburg's

Atlanta, Ga. Foster C. Law

Augusta, Ga. F. G. Mertins

Chicago, Ill. Boston Store

Chicago, Ill. Marshall Field

Chicago, Ill. Rothschild & Co.

Indianapolis, Ind. Efroymson & Wolf

Des Moines, Iowa Younker Bros.

Wichita, Kans. Rorabaugh Dry Goods Co.

New Orleans, La. Ben Beckman

Baltimore, Md. The Hub

Boston, Mass. Houghton & Dutton Co.

Lawrence, Mass. R. J. Macartney Co.

Lowell, Mass. R. J. Macartney Co.

Lynn, Mass. Dan A. Donohue

Springfield, Mass. Poole Dry Goods Co.

Worcester, Mass. C. F. Sherer Co.

Detroit, Mich. F. C. Clayton Co.

Detroit, Mich. Henry A. Sarbinowski

Detroit, Mich. Wyhe Collins Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich. Wurzberg Dry Goods Co.

Minneapolis, Minn. Model Clothing House

Minneapolis, Minn. M. L. Rothschild & Co.

St. Paul, Minn. M. L. Rothschild & Co.

Kansas City, Mo. Bernheimer Bros.

St. Louis, Mo. Famous & Barr Co.

Omaha, Neb. J. L. Brandeis & Sons

Atlantic City, N. J. The Dupont Product Store

Camden, N. J. Munger & Long

Newark, N. J. The L. S. Plaut Co.

Paterson, N. J. Michaelson Clothing Co.

Buffalo, N. Y. Adam, Meldrum & Anderson

New York City Gimbel Bros.

Rochester, N.Y. Duffy Powers Company

Akron, Ohio M. O'Neill Co.

Canton, Ohio C. N. Vicary Co.

Cleveland, Ohio The May Co.

Columbus, Ohio Herman J. Daumler

Dayton, Ohio Wilner Bros. & Co.

Orrville, Ohio C. N. Vicary Co.

Toledo, Ohio Webers Clothing House

Oklahoma City, Okla. Rorabaugh Dry Goods Co.

Portland, Ore. Meier & Frank Co.

Johnstown, Pa. Penn Traffic Co.

Lancaster, Pa. Watt & Shand

Philadelphia, Pa. Snellenburg's

Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufman's

Providence, R. I. The Outlet Company

Charleston, S. C. S. Brown Sons

Nashville, Tenn. Lebeck Brothers

Dallas, Texas Titche Goettinger Co.

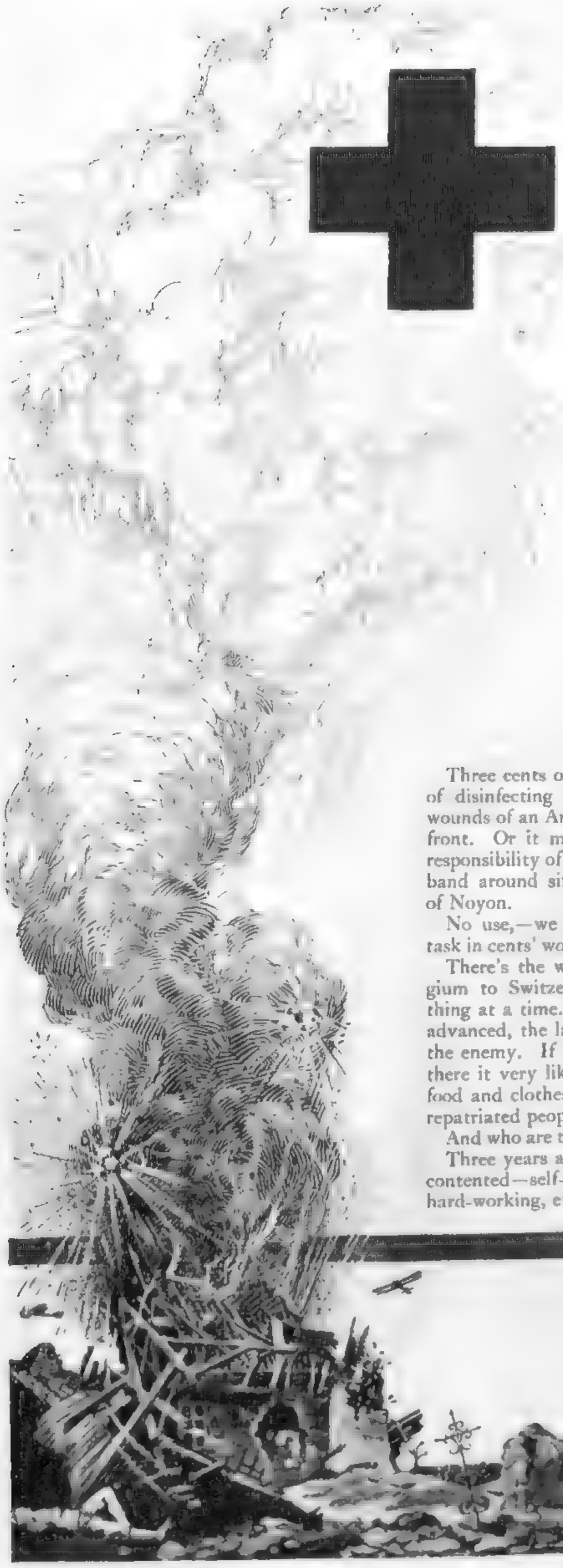
Richmond, Va. The Cohen Company

Seattle, Wash. The Bon Marche

Tacoma, Wash. Dickson Bros.

Milwaukee, Wis. Hahn Bros.

DU PONT



Above the Smoke of Battle and the Dust of Violated Homes

"Earth Under Them and Sky Over Them"

HERE we are, eating three times a day, homes clean and complete, friends near-by. Inconvenienced now and then, but independent and assured.

We have paid out some Red Cross money a while back, too.

Paid it out—and forgotten it. That's how much it hurt.

Might not be a bad idea to have a look at what that money has been doing.

Maybe it will be good business to sort of check things up.

(Maybe it will be good for our souls, incidentally.)

That money went, dollar for dollar, where it did a full day's work, wherever it was.

Three cents of it may have had the honor of disinfecting with iodine the three torn wounds of an American soldier on the French front. Or it may have had the less noble responsibility of pinning a warm flannel belly-band around six-year-old Antoine out back of Noyon.

No use,—we can't figure this Red Cross task in cents' worth.

There's the whole path of ruin from Belgium to Switzerland, just to visualize one thing at a time. Where our allied lines have advanced, the land has been swept clean by the enemy. If your Red Cross money went there it very likely provided pots and pans, food and clothes, beds and blankets, for the repatriated people.

And who are these people anyway?

Three years ago they were prosperous and contented—self-respecting, steady, saving, hard-working, everyday, small-town citizens; though living all their lives under a half-formed dread of the thing that came at last.

Now they have "the earth under them and the sky over them"—not one thing else. Their sons are fighting, destroyed, or ill-used prisoners. Their daughters are "missing."

It's for you to say whether this great work of mercy shall stop. Whether the Heart of America will speak again in the same wonderful voice that poured forth the hundred millions of the first Red Cross War Fund. Those millions have fought the good fight—they are gone.

The Red Cross is yours, just as our Army and Navy are yours; yours to support with the same fervor and loyalty that leads you to the bottom of your purse for Liberty Bonds.

It's for your voice to say whether your Red Cross shall falter now or sweep onward, greater and more helpful than ever before.

And it's your dollars that must answer.

This space contributed to the Winning of the War by

Firestone

TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

FIRESTONE PARK, AKRON, OHIO

(Continued from Page 58)

with Persian Jews, of whom there are a good many in Bombay. But the faith of the Parsis is not the Jewish faith. They are Zoroastrians—worshipers of the sun and fire as the truest manifestations of the Almighty—and they came down from Persia into India about the middle of the seventh century, when they began to be grossly persecuted by the Mohammedan conquerors of the Sassanian Empire.

And they were persecuted always by the Mohammedan conquerors of India and by the Hindus, until the happy day arrived for all religions when British power began to be predominant in India. But Bombay was purely British long before the rest of India was anything but a happy hunting ground for English merchants, and the Parsis along with other mistreated elements in the population flocked to the sure shelter of the British flag. There are only about one hundred thousand Parsis in all India to-day, and ninety thousand of them belong to the Bombay Presidency, or Province; and at least sixty thousand of these live in the city of Bombay.

Many of them are gentlemen of the finest type, and they are distinguishable by their long black coats and the curious stiff black miterlike hats they wear. Their homes are the most pretentious in the city—palaces set alongside British palaces in the most fashionable districts; and they control a tremendous percentage of the city's commerce and trade.

Liberality of the Parsis

But they are remarkable principally for their unusual generosity. In almost any city the visitor is shown public libraries, churches, schools, statues and all sorts of purely monumental structures or institutions that are the gifts of individual citizens, but I know of no place but Bombay where individual ambition and civic pride have been responsible for the construction of splendid government and municipal buildings. The old-time Britishers in the East India Company set the example by building the great Town Hall through private subscription among themselves, and since then millions of pounds sterling have been spent by public-spirited citizens—mostly Parsis and an occasional Hindu—for the construction of all kinds of fine public buildings and institutions such as most municipalities have to worry along without unless they can be municipally provided.

In consequence such names as David Sassoon, Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Rustam Jamsheejee, Pestonjee Horsmusjee Cama, Premchand Raichand and a dozen others are as familiar in India as Rockefeller and Carnegie are in the United States. Moreover, they are quite as easy to pronounce—after your tongue has been put through a course of intensive training.

One of the most interesting things about Bombay is the fact that it cannot be governed. It has to be coaxed and cajoled and at times benevolently deceived. It can be governed as far as control by the police and the courts over individual action is concerned, but government may not arbitrarily undertake anything in the way of development and improvement without precipitating a variety of riots. There is a great teeming native city lying round the beautiful modern quarter—with its parks and playgrounds, its deep-shaded avenues, its magnificent asphalted palace-lined drives and its uproariously ornamental public buildings; and in this native city there are large bodies of representatives of each one of India's numerous clashing religions. And one might mention first the admirable Parsis.

Does a small minority of Englishmen desire the removal of the fearful Towers of Silence to some point outside the heart and center of its domestic life and social activities? To be sure it does; but a united community of Parsis stands ready to tell the squeamish Englishmen to move themselves if they are not satisfied, and to touch the Towers of Silence at their peril. The idea of British oppression and despotism in India is a curious kind of joke.

Does it seem to be to the best interests of all concerned that a series of wide streets should be cut through the native city and that large modern tenement and apartment houses should be built to relieve congestion and to improve deplorable sanitary conditions? Yes; but in carrying out such a project certain Mohammedan mosques might be threatened, and if government wants more trouble on its hands than it can manage all it has to do is to invade so much as an inch the sacred premises of a Mohammedan mosque.

Then there are the Jains and various castes of the Hindu faith, whose prejudices are deep rooted and far more important in their view than life itself.

And these people are dirty. Their city reeks with filth even to-day, and a battle royal has been waged for years against their habits and customs. Since 1896 plague has been constantly prevalent in Bombay, and it breaks out about once every so often in violent epidemic form. The port has been quarantined time and again and commerce has suffered inestimable loss, while hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed. Bombay would probably lead the whole East to-day in population if it had not been for epidemic plague.

And it is known that plague is communicated to human beings by fleas from infected rats. Therefore a campaign of extermination against rats in Bombay. But the Jains, of whom there are more than twenty thousand in the city, kill nothing. They even wear thick gauze veils in order to protect themselves from the sin of destroying with their breath the possible microscopic insect life in the air; and when there are vacant beds in any of their houses they engage Jain coolies at a few pennies a night to sleep in them in order that the always numerous and poor innocent b. b's may not go hungry.

The Rat Campaign

When the government inaugurated its campaign against rats a few years ago these good people—and in a body, mind you—started a counter campaign. They might have been punished for it, but the British know better than to create local martyrs in India by combating deep-seated superstition and religious prejudice. The government offered so much a head for dead rats; the Jains made it much more worth while for the rat catchers to deal with them in live rats. The government raised the price, the Jains followed suit; and the rat-catching community began to go in for rat raising on a business basis. It paid.

What are you going to do with a population like that? The government gave up its benevolent schemes and the rat raisers were put out of business. But in the meantime the plague bacillus had been captured and identified; and a great laboratory for the manufacture of plague virus was established, which has the medical fraternity throughout the country engaged in the task of inoculating the entire population. I do not mean to say that all other methods of fighting this terrible disease have been given up, but any plan that called for the cooperation of the people was found to be utterly useless.

Dealing with the people of the city of Bombay is indeed a difficult task, but the leading men of the community decided a few years ago that something would have to be done to ameliorate impossible conditions; so the Bombay City Improvement Trust came into being. This organization is not a trust as we understand the meaning of the word; it is an organization intrusted with the complicated and nearly impossible business of getting the property owners and the population in general to listen to reason, and it has in its membership eminent and respected representatives of every community and every sect in the city. These men serve without pay, and for a good many years have been going on with the job as diligently and faithfully as though they were making large private fortunes out of it. Behind them a public-works department and a body of their own builders and engineers stand ready to drive a wedge of actual performance into every breach they make in the compact prejudices of the people. And if that is not a queer way for a government to have to get along with the governed there is nothing queer in this world.

Conditions Bettered

But it succeeds by degrees. And it happens that within the past five years or so splendid avenues actually have been cut through the native city—not straight, because wherever a Mohammedan mosque lay in the way a detour had to be made; streets have been widened; the drainage system has been tremendously improved; congested areas have been thinned out; fine modern tenement houses have been built here and there; and such projects undertaken and carried to completion as could not have been suggested a few years ago.

The Port Trust is another trust in the sense that it is the guardian of public interests. It is an older institution than the City Improvement Trust and has more to show for its activities. Also it is somewhat keen about itself and will deluge any visitor who will hold still long enough, or whose struggle against it weakens, with a flood of statistical narrative that will sweep him off his feet. Its members like to "point with pride" and will defy you to name any city on earth that has finer docks, more magnificent warehouses, a better system of railway communication with the shipping services or that has reclaimed from the sea greater areas of land.

"Oh, all right," you say. You give up. Bombay is in many ways altogether amazing, has more civic pride to the square inch than any place you know anything about, and will be a wonderful city when it is finished. But ambition always keeps a few laps ahead of performance, and the war caught Bombay looking like anything but a finished product. And, as I have said, the port is the front door of India. It was without a day's warning really that that door was thrown open to the greatest influx and egress of materials and men that the country had ever known. But the result was that everything went ahead and got itself finished and in operation

(Continued on Page 64)

A Man Who Nearly Missed the Transport to Mesopotamia Going Up a Rope After the Gangway Was In

This Non-Skid Heel prevents slipping

As important in walking as in motoring is the "non-skid" idea, which means safety from slipping. For pedestrians, the best example of this idea is the Foster Friction Plug—found in

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Not only does this plug prevent slipping, but it also makes the heel wear longer. Other advantages of Cat's Paw Heels: They have no holes to pick mud or dirt and do not mar the floors.

Cat's Paw Heels will give you foot comfort and protection every day in the year. Your whole family should wear them. The name is easy to remember and they cost no more than ordinary kinds.

Black, white or tan. For men, women and children.

Foster Rubber Company
105 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

Over

TRADE MARK REG.

The

Model 90—Everything F

Follow this infallible test in the selection of your car, based upon the experiences of tens of thousands of car owners—

—who unanimously agree these five essentials are imperative for complete satisfaction:

First for consideration, if not first in importance, is the *Appearance* of your car.

Consult your wife and she will agree this Overland Model 90 leaves nothing to be desired, with its big-car stylish design, correct color scheme and exquisite finish.

Performance is the foundation of every car's reason for existence

It is the powerful, sweet-running motor and efficient performance of this easy-to-handle Model 90 that, more than anything else, is responsible for its great popularity.

More than 100,000 are already sold.

It is sparing with fuel and saving of tires and, above all, is consistent and adequate.

Its control is convenient and simple.

Women find this Model 90 especially handy to drive because of its easy-to-operate clutch, its narrow turning radius and because it is simple to handle.

The longer you drive, the greater grows the necessity for comfort.

This is why the *Comfort* of the Model 90 is best appreciated by veteran motorists. Experience teaches that nothing can do more to spoil satisfaction in a car than the absence of comfort.

Model 90 has wide, extra cushioned seats, deep upholstery, spacious interior, ample leg

Light Four Model 90
Touring Car . $850

Willys-Overland
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor
Canadian Factory

land

Thrift Car

for Complete Satisfaction

room, cantilever springs, and large tires, non-skid rear. These factors combined with the scientific distribution of weight produce maximum comfort.

Those who have owned cars for years will tell you nothing is more important than the *Service* the company behind the car is able and willing to render.

In this respect Model 90 again offers unexcelled advantages. No matter where you live or tour, expert Overland service is always accessible. This guarantees satisfaction in your car and protection of your investment.

The fifth essential that must be satisfactory is *Price*. Perhaps this should be listed first, but price is only an advantage if the other four essentials are properly provided.

Because Model 90 does completely give the desired appearance, performance, comfort and service, its modest price makes it even more of a remarkable bargain.

Increased demands upon the time and energy of people magnify the value of Model 90 cars as business entities.

With one you can commandeer time. With one you can exact the greatest amount of work out of a day.

With one you can save hours and energy, benefit your health and make your life richer and fuller.

Order your Model 90 now. Let the Willys-Overland dealer save you money.

Appearance, Performance,
Comfort, Service and Price

Inc., Toledo, Ohio
or Cars and Light Commercial Cars
West Toronto, Canada

f. o. b. Toledo Price subject to change without notice

The Joys of Bran

A Pleasant Way to Get Them

Some men, you know, start the day with smiles. And some do not.

Some days are dull, some cheerful—as one's fitness varies.

Do you know that the difference largely lies in inner cleanliness?

A Laxative Dainty

Doctors say to out-of-sort folks, "Eat some daily bran." Bran is Nature's laxative. It acts as roughage to offset the clogging effects of fine food.

It used to mean some gritty, tasteless food. Now it means a dish of Pettijohn's—a favorite cereal dainty. A dish that all folks welcome, regardless of bran effects.

In these flavory flakes we hide enough bran to make the dish effective. Yet it is hardly apparent.

For Complexions, Too

A stopped-up system is a foe to fine complexions, too. It causes many headaches, many fits of "blues."

The proper remedy is bran—a vital part of wheat. A little, if you eat it daily and in flake form, is usually sufficient. Then the drugs which branless diet leads to will become unnecessary.

Make a 7-Day Test

The way to know is this: Serve Pettijohn's each morning for a week, then watch its effects on all.

Learn how people like the dish and how they enjoy the results. A single week should tell.

Then you will know why doctors urge a constant bran-mixed diet. And you will know a way to make it both delightful and efficient. Order a package now.

Pettijohn's

A Flaked Cereal Dainty

55% Wheat Product—20% Oats—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent Government Standard flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. Both sold in packages only.

(Continued from Page 61)

in about half the time that ordinarily would be considered reasonable.

It is an interesting story about how a great new fill that had not yet settled had to be put into instant use to relieve hampering congestion on the docks. They threw rails out across it to carry troops and supplies to a new temporary pier, and under the first train that went over the track sank anywhere from a foot to a yard. There was a mild panic, and it was thought it would be impossible to use the area without an amount of preliminary work on it that was quite out of the question.

But somebody had an inspiration. An army of coolies was mobilized and sent to wooded islands and hills across the bay to bring in small mountains of willow cuttings and brushwood. The track was lifted and a bed of these was made for it. Under the next train over it sank some more, and the process was repeated. Once, and again and again; the brushwood being eventually reënforced with crushed rock.

And so the track and other tracks like it were made, while the trains, after the first day, kept on running at regular intervals. The builders like to show that little important railroad and to tell this story as an illustration of how Bombay had to work in the beginning.

In India's terrific population of three hundred and twenty million plus, there were before the war only about one hundred and twenty-five thousand Britishers, all told, and of these more than three-fifths were soldiers. There were some eighty thousand English troops and one hundred and fifty thousand native troops in the regular Indian Army. The native reserve forces amounted to only thirty-six thousand men; there were eighteen thousand imperial service troops furnished by the princes of the native states; and in addition there was a home guard, trained by regular officers, of thirty-six thousand European and Anglo-Indian volunteers.

This was the sum total of the Indian military establishment, and I am told that when war was declared the whole force precipitated itself upon the unready city of Bombay, with an evident intention of getting out and into the thick of the fray without an instant's delay. This is an exaggeration, of course, but that was the way it seemed to the city's suddenly harassed inhabitants; and it means that Bombay found itself almost overnight invaded by an unprecedented crowd of army officers engaged on the never-before-undertaken-on-such-a-scale task of mobilization and preparation for transport, while more troops than the city had ever seen were moved in from cantonments all over India in anticipation of immediate embarkation.

Eager for the Fray

Everything everywhere was more or less muddled those days, and there must have been fearful confusion in India. But Bombay could have been nothing but thrillingly interesting. In private letters and journals of the time I get a constantly recurring note of furious impatience with the men in command, and it is not difficult to imagine the heat and the excitement of luncheon and dinner table conversation.

Nobody knew where he was going, but everybody wanted to go to France—Indians and Englishmen alike. Then rumors began to float round that a force was to be dispatched to the Persian Gulf. To the Persian Gulf? In the name of all March-hare madness, why? What good would a force do off on a sidetrack like that when every available man was needed to check the German advance in the west? Men who ought to have known better railed openly at the authorities in Simla for not being able to realize that India was not, as they expressed it, at that moment the hub of the universe. What danger could India be in from the north? None whatever!

And whatever England required of Turkey or Persia could easily be obtained by negotiation after Germany was destroyed. And Germany would probably be destroyed, lock, stock and barrel, within three or four months! Oh, what a delusion! Little we dreamed in those days of what was ahead of us; and little those men knew what a long, bitter struggle they were to have to preserve India from the danger they were not then able to recognize!

But they did so want to go to France; to be given at the heart and center of things the chance that soldiers live and long for. And a majority of them went to France, but this only made it the harder for those who were shunted off on the hated sidetracks.

One day, along about mid-October, 1914—it had taken until then to get the expedition ready—a great fleet sailed out of Bombay Harbor; the largest of its kind that anybody up to that time had ever seen. It consisted of forty-six transports and three battleships, and it carried India's first contribution to the war. Four troop ships and one escort were bound for the Persian Gulf—the vanguard of the army that has held the Mesopotamian zone—while the other forty-two troopers carried two separate forces, one consisting of cavalry, royal artillery and infantry for France, and the other infantry, artillery and imperial-service troops for East Africa.

India was fairly denuded of military defense, and it is a commentary on the attitude of the population in general that in no part of the country was there a suggestion of a disposition to take advantage of this fact. Indeed, subsequent recruiting—on the voluntary system—has been most satisfactory and there has been a hearty response on the part of the people to appeals of every kind. The hatched-up and highly ornamented political situation has retarded progress considerably—due to self-seeking agitators and German intrigue; and the hinging of the untimely demand for home rule on England's demand for service has had results detrimental to the Empire's interests which are definitely felt, but on the whole the ruling Indian opinion is that India's fate is in the balance with England's and that it behooves India to do her part.

When the Big Fleet Sailed

An officer who was in command of one of the Indian regiments bound for the Persian Gulf—himself in a fit of depression at the time because he could not go to France—has sketched for me the scene of the sailing of the first army in colorful reminiscence, and says that neither before nor since has he ever had such a thrill as he got when H.M.S. Swiftsure, a unit in the convoy, ran up a signal for all transports to be ready to weigh anchor and in quiet impressive obedience each division moved slowly out to position in the grand fleet. The formation was completed just beyond the wide, beautiful, island-dotted outer harbor, and it was in the orange light of a tropical sunset that the ships steamed majestically away. They were to part company when night had fallen and go their separate mysterious directions.

And one can imagine that Bombay, after weeks of the excitement and rush of preparation, waked up next morning with the feeling, grown familiar to so many persons in the world, of being very much left behind.

But there was work to do. England and Turkey were not yet at war; there was no Gallipoli, no Mesopotamia; but there were German colonies in East Africa to be accounted for, and Bombay would have to be both the base of supplies and the port for casualties in connection with operations in that direction. And since England declared war on Turkey within two weeks it was not long before the city became the pivotal point of the widest-flung war area of them all. Instantly, unanimously, and with the strong support of the central government the British in India determined to discharge without assistance every obligation that could be imposed by the necessities of this area, and the actual performance has been rather extraordinary.

As I am confining myself to a consideration of Bombay as a great British city and the center of war activity in India I shall have to expose myself to a charge of partiality and neglect of the fine work done and the sacrifices made in other cities and provinces. But I think no reasonable person would expect anyone to cover such a subject in less than several volumes. In the United States we have our rather delightful jealousies. Chicago is jealous of what New York can do and hustles like anything to surpass New York. St. Louis is jealous of Chicago, with the same admirable and desirable result. And so on—throughout our country. But over there on the fearful battleline, and in war zones everywhere, the American, no matter where he hails from, is glad to hear talk among the Allies to the effect that the United States is in some measure doing her part. In India the jealousies between such cities as Calcutta, Bombay and Madras are exactly like our

own internal pangs of pushed and hurried pride; but I think that all intelligent Indians and Englishmen everywhere in India are satisfied with the general fact that India is doing her part.

The Presidency of Bombay, with its twenty million inhabitants, is especially furtunate just now in its possession of the wife of its governor. The governor of Bombay is the Right Honorable Baron Willingdon of Ratton, G.C.I.E.; and Lady Willingdon, the daughter of a long line of British business men—though with extraordinary social qualities—is a business woman such as is seldom met even in the ranks of highly intelligent and finely trained commoners.

Through the port of Bombay the armies in Mesopotamia and East Africa had to be provided with food, equipment, munitions and all the paraphernalia of war, to say nothing of reënforcements mobilized in India or coming from various directions for transshipment at Bombay. But the first thing the city had to face was the necessity for making provision for the wounded and for meeting demands for different kinds of relief. They were fairly well off in peacetime hospitals—thanks to the generosity of public-spirited men—but a few hundred casualties would have taxed their capacity; and before the war organizers had time to finish their preliminary powwows they began to get frantic appeals for help from Mesopotamia, from Egypt, from Gallipoli and even from Europe.

I cannot imagine how they did it, but they now have five or six of the finest military hospitals in the world, with a capacity of something like ten thousand beds. In addition to which, when Alexandria and Cairo were being swamped by the fearful backwash from Gallipoli, they were able to organize and transport a full hospital unit with complete equipment to Egypt.

The two finest hospitals, perhaps, are the Lady Hardinge, named for the wife of the Viceroy who was in office when the war began; and the "Gerard Freeman-Thomas," named for the lost son of Lord and Lady Willingdon. These are both housed in buildings that were in process of construction when the urgent need for them presented itself, and neither of them is yet entirely finished. The Lady Hardinge Hospital is in a great new provincial museum, and it is not possible to imagine anything finer than the wards that have been established in the long light airy spaces designed for the most advantageous display of ancient treasures.

The Mauve Hospital

One should not permit oneself any light-minded thoughts about such an institution, perhaps, but it is a hospital for Indians only and it is decorated from its marble floor to its domed and artistically side-lighted ceiling in delicate mauve. Even the blankets on the long perfect rows of white beds are mauve; and the counterpanes have mauve borders. As a matter of fact the phonographs in the different wards are mauve, and a certain appreciative citizen has agreed to keep all the vases filled with mauve flowers, or at least with flowers that blend with mauve. Some persons smile at this—not I, of course!—and feel rather sorry for the poor sick and wounded Indian soldiers who sit up in their perfectly kept beds and try so pathetically to look pleased; but mauve is Lady Willingdon's favorite color, and so great is her popularity in Bombay that if she expressed a desire to have the lamp-posts painted mauve the people would furnish the paint.

I asked one of the nurses in this truly magnificent hospital if the Indians liked being so decorative and immaculate; if they would not be spoiled for their ordinary way of life and want always to sleep between spotless sheets and have a plentiful supply of fresh air; and she said:

"Good heavens, no! They hate it! They are so anxious to get out of here and back into their nice airless dens and comfortable dirt that they can hardly wait to get well. If you ask me, I think our hygienic methods and extreme cleanliness serve only to retard the progress of some of them. They don't mind the decorations, though. Indians like pretty colors."

I think I have visited all the hospitals in Bombay—and one begins to feel after a time that it is a city of nothing but hospitals—but these two and the house of the Gaekwar of Baroda have made the most vivid impression upon me. The Gaekwar has a fine house in Bombay, to which he occasionally comes for the races or a short social season or something of that kind, and at the beginning of the war he donated it for use as a hospital for British officers. They call it "The Gilded Cage." It is a wonderful place. Situated away out on the picturesque rocky shore of the bay it is bounded on one side by rolling white-crested surf and on the other by fairy gardens.

The Gaekwar has always complained that the architect made no provision in this house for visitors and that he could never decently entertain more than one or two; but it rather proves his delight in drawing-rooms, wide enclosed verandas, spacious corridors and other more or less waste spaces that without a single change in the interior of the building except as regards additional bathrooms and an operating theater ample accommodation was found for one hundred beds, to say nothing of recreation rooms, music rooms, reading rooms and plentiful offices. He thinks he will live in it just as it is when the army gets through with it.

Native Contribution

All the artistic effects in the results of war work are due to the Women's Branch. One hears more about the Women's Branch in Bombay than about any other one thing, and I am not sure that it is not quite the most efficient women's war organization I have ever encountered. There is a Bombay Presidency War and Relief Fund, which undertakes anything from establishing hospitals to boosting great popular loans, and the Women's Branch is—the Women's Branch. It was organized by Lady Willingdon, and, as I have said, Lady Willingdon is a business woman. She was not content to confine herself to the city of Bombay; she went all over the great presidency and organized the whole population of women, and she instituted a system of not too friendly rivalries between communities, which has resulted in a perfect deluge of successful output. She began by standardizing everything—just like an army quartermaster; and in consequence there has been practically no waste effort. This women's organization not only equips and maintains in equipment all the war hospitals in the presidency—and there are a good many outside the city of Bombay—but it undertakes as well to supply every demand that can be made by the armies in the field. And it has actually made good with a minimum of friction and delay; most of which is due not to unusual devotion but to the fact that everything is done on a business basis.

Another thing that has been undertaken with great earnestness and with promise of justifying success is the training of disabled Indian soldiers in profitable trades. The pension of the disabled soldier is as much as the average Indian can earn in any industrial capacity—if not more—so he is fairly well off to begin with. But it is the idleness of the incapacitated man that is to be dreaded more than the possibility of his ever being in actual need. So the Queen Mary's Technical School for Indian Soldiers was established and now has in it a very interesting company of Indians—blind, armless, legless, and maimed in every imaginable way—who are learning to do things that will keep them employed if they wish, and add considerably to their resources.

Some are learning to operate looms of one kind or another; some make artificial flowers; some raise chickens and are now with great pride supplying the institution with fresh eggs; some who have both arms but are legless are going in for work on electrical apparatus; and a large number are learning to use hose-knitting machines.

The curious part of it all is that the money for these war relief organizations has come for the most part from the Parsis, from the Jews, from the extraordinary Jains, from Hindus of high caste and low, from Mohammedans, from Indian princes, and from people in general that one would naturally suppose were wholly detached from the demands of the war.

The situation in India is an unmistakable indication that the best Indians are imbued with pride in the Empire and that for the Empire and continued pride no sacrifice can be too great. It is well to remember too that these Indians know nothing else even in tradition and history. It would be as reasonable to refer to Americans in New York as usurpers and aliens as to refer to British rule in Bombay as alien rule.

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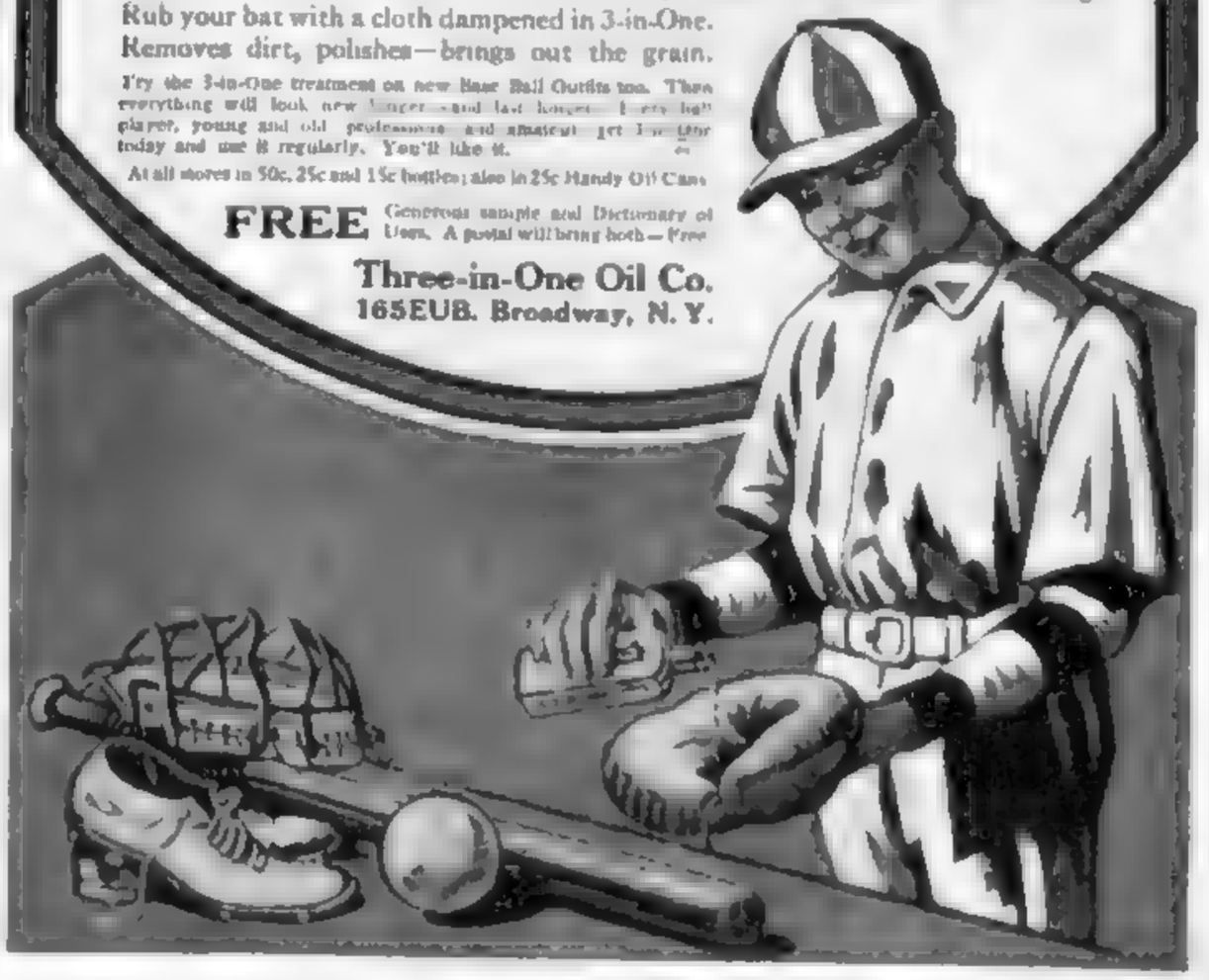

Akron to Boston Transports shod with Goodyear Cord Tires, being loaded at the Goodyear plant in Akron

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Cutting the Cost of Selling

"There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss."

—Emerson

IN the manufacture and sale of any article offered the public, certain non-productive costs are involved which in a measure are unavoidable.

An appreciable portion of such costs is incurred in the process of distribution, in getting the article to the public after its completion.

Admittedly these costs add nothing to the intrinsic worth of the product, and must seek justification on the ground of necessity.

It is evident therefore that other things being equal, the article bearing the lowest proportion of such costs must represent the largest value.

* * *

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* * *

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Because this value is inherent in the product, Goodyear Tires deliver a measure of service unrivaled in the world.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

The Letters of William Green

By JAMES W. FOLEY

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me have been very busy lately with the Boy Rangers and the Farm Boys Resurve and so we have not had time to write to you as offen as we should.

Our last letter happend to be just before Chrismas witch was becaws school was out for the Chrismas hollydays and we had more time to write.

Henry said we ought not to let it go till Chrismas this year becaws you never can tell what might happen in the meantime witch we both hope will not happen to you and Uncle William for a grate many years but there is no telling.

Henry said when he fell in the crick last month over his head he thought of you and Uncle William going down for the thurd time witch is when all your past life comes back to you but Henry said he could not remember a grate deal of his and wile he was trying to remember he swallowed a big lot of water and it was all over for him.

Henry said being drownded is not as peaceful as he thought it would be especially when they are rolling you on a barrel afterward. The boys had to go a long ways to get a barrel to roll Henry on after they got him out of the crick and by the time they got it he was coming to but they rolled him anyway as it says on Page 74 of the Boy Rangers Manuel.

It is a grate book and tells what to do when you are shot or poysened or drownded.

If you are shot you tie a hankerchief around and twist it with a stick unless it is through the hart witch is too late.

If you are drownded you roll them on a barrel after you get them out of the water witch is always the furst thing to do. If they have not stopped breething yet so mutch the better. After they have stopped breething there is not as mutch hope but you can still roll them on the barrel and run for the dockter.

If they are poysened you always give them ippecack to make them throw it up ware it is not so dangerus to them and then you give them sweet milk and wites of eggs and flower and water and mustard and water and musselage and melted lard and let them smell vinnygar and ammonia. But you do not roll them on a barrel when they are shot or poysened but only when they are drownded.

The things you give them when they are poysened are anecdotes witch are found on Page 65. The rules for drownding are on Page 74 to roll them on a barrel until the water comes out and runs over onto Page 75.

Not very mutch water came out of Henry becaws he was only drownded for a short time before the boys wreakewed him and turned rite to Page 74 to see what to do. The furst barrel they could get was a flower barrel witch did not stay up very well after they put Henry onto it and started to roll and it let Henry down on his stummick. But the second one was a rane barrel witch lasted until the water was all out of Henry and would probily have lasted longer if it was nessary witch it was not.

After the boys were sure Henry was all dry inside and the water all out of him they stopped rolling and let him up to see if he was breething all right witch he was but a little sore on his stummick and chest from the rolling and a nale in the barrel witch the boys did not know until afterwards but Henry did.

It was a close call for Henry and if we had not belonged to the Boy Rangers he might have been drownded for keeps and the both of us would never write to you again in this wurld.

We did not say anything about it to you when it happened on account of not scaring you and Uncle William when you are getting old and ought to live in peace. We did not tell our parunts either on account of Henry's muther having a week hart and telling Henry not to go in the crick that day.

So we wated till Henry was all dride out and then we went around the end of town and came home from the opposite direction to the crick witch Henry said would be better becaws of his muther having a week hart. Henry is always very thoughtful about his muther and if he got drownded for keeps he would keep it from her as long as he could.

So Henry and me hope you will not mention it to my muther as she might axidentally tell Henry's muther and her hart is still quite week. But we always feel purfeckly safe to tell everything to you and Uncle William becaws you are not as nurvice as our parunts seem to be.

The scratches on Henry's stummick from the nale in the rane barrel are all heeled up now but the scars are very interesting where he was rolled. But unless you see them this summer sometime they will probily all disapere by fall. One of them is kind of slanting where he must have slipt a little on the barrel while the boys were rolling him.

Every boy ought to have the Boy Rangers Manuel witch is fifty sense apeace witch is pretty cheap for saving Henry's life dont you think so? Thare was only one in our crowd of boys when it happened and Henry and me wundered what we would do if we were off alone somewhere and did not have one of our own. Thare is a hundred pages in the book witch is mutch more interesting than arithmetick or grammar witch costs twice as mutch but would never save your life. Either a grammar or arithmetick would be no good to Henry and me that day he fell in the crick and we were all glad we did not have one of them along instead of the Boy Rangers Manuel.

It tells how to tell poysen berries without eating them, what to do for the poysen ivy, what time it is by the sun, furst ade for soars, ware to get mud to put on beestings, witch is the north side of a tree on a cloudy day, how to fry fish in the coles without burning them, making a fire by rubbing two sticks, how to tell poysen snakes without biting, what to do for drownding poysening or being shot, how to make a streatcher out of your coat sleaves and two poles when your leg is broke and a grate many uther things witch are very pleasant and interesting for a boy.

Fifty sense is cheap dont you think so and you will find them in all the store windows. Henry and me are in hopes of having one of our own before long.

The full name is

THE BOY RANGERS MANUEL
THE BOYS OWN BOOK FOR OUTDOORS
BY MANY
AUTHORITIES AND EXPURTS
PRICE FIFTY SENSE
ORDER NOW

Henry and me could send you the advertisement in case you should want to know more about it and if any boy down there should get shot or drownded or poysened you would be prepared.

Mutch love to Uncle William. If he should ever see the Boy Rangers Manuel I bet he wished he had it when he was a boy.

Henry sends love and says when he was thinking of you going down for the thurd time he could not help wundering if he had ever thanked you for all your kindness to us witch was a grate wate on his mind.

Your affectionate nephew,
WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. Henry's muther is up and around and might live a long time but a scare would be bad for her Henry says.

2 ORDER NOW is not part of the name but we coppied the advertisement just as it is in the window.

3 If you ever have a chance to look on Page 74 you will see just how we did it to Henry. W. G.

II

MY DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me are writing to you about a grate supprize to both of us witch happened by male yesterday. It was a coppy of the Boy Rangers Manuel witch was sent to us by some unnone friend and me and Henry have been wundering if it could possibly be from what we said in our letter a few days ago after Henry fell in the crick over his head and we rolled him on the barrel according to Page 74.

Not being any of our burthdays or Chrismas we could not think of any one who might send it at this time when thare is no excuse for presence. Henry said you probily sent it and did not write about it so it would be a unonimous present and so we are writing to thank you for it if it was reely you and if it was not it is no matter becaws we owe you a lot of thanks anyway for many uther things.

This one was bound in oyle cloth witch will ware a long time. None of the uther boys have oyle cloth bindings but all have only paper backs witch are liabul to get wet and soke off in the rane or fording the crick. Henry said he bet the other boys would be jellus when they saw our oyle cloth binding with indellibul ink down the back. Last night we read all the rules for being shot or poysened or drownded and all about taking ippecack and now we are ready for anything that may come up. Nothing has happened so far but we both feel purfeckly safe.

We did not know anything about the oyle cloth binding and supposed that paper backs was all people had until we saw yours.

Henry and me intended to tell you about May Day in our last letter but on account of the long part of Henry falling in the crick over his head it slipt our mind.

You have a king and a queen for May Day and I was to be the king elected by our Sunday school class. It was all settled and I was to be elected the next day and Henry and me went to bed purfeckly happy. Henry was to be furst ade to the king when I was elected.

In the morning when I was to be elected Billy Gibbs passed around apples and maple sugar and I got six votes and Billy got seven and a bloody nose from Henry right after the election. Henry only had part of a bag of peanuts to pass and when he saw how it was going on account of the maple sugar and the apples it was too late and there was nothing to do except what he did to Billy Gibbs.

Henry said he was sorry about going agenst the Golden Rule but he was sure you would know how he felt about it. Henry and me did not think about susspeckting the maple sugar and apples till it was all over. Billy's nose did not quite go down for May Day witch was a grate cumfort to Henry on account of losing the election.

Henry also let loose a sworm of hornets witch he had saved up in a nest he found in the woods right back of the thrown ware the king was wating for the queen and Billy Gibbs was pretty badly stung a grate many times on his thrown between ten and eleven o'clock. Henry told me the night before he would have a big supprize for May Day but I had no idea what it would be until he let the hornets loose back of the thrown. He put pennyroyle on his face and hands witch is on Page 56 of the Manuel before he let the hornets loose because a hornet will not lite on pennyroyle. Henry crauled up very quiet back of the thrown according to Page 37 witch is ware you craul up on rabbits and quale in the woods.

Thare is a hornets nest on Page 48 of the Boy Rangers Manuel and the hornets run from Page 48 over to Page 49. Nobody seems to know what they are for till you stur them up. A hornet should always be let aloan if you see them furst.

The thrown was made out of bows and sticks with leaves on in frunt of a tree and Henry crauled up and lade the hornets nest right under the thrown and stuck a stick in it right between ten and eleven o'clock. And then he crauled softly back into the woods according to Page 37. It was a quite warm day and Billy Gibbs had on a kings uniform made out of cheesecloth witch was very loose and it was not very long before they were crauling around inside of the cheesecloth and being very uncomfortable. Cheesecloth is a poor soot for hornets. Billy was just waving his seppter and saying he was ruler of all the creatures in the kingdom and ordering the seven Loyle Nites of the May to bring forth the queen when the furst hornets crauled up in the cheesecloth. The seven Loyle Nites were the ones that took the apples and maple sugar.

Some of the hornets also lit on the Loyle Nites of the May when they came up to bough before the king becaws thare seemed to be plenty of hornets to go around after Henry sturd them up. The Loyle Nites had only cheesecloth soots on over underware and they all slapt themselves in frunt of the thrown instead of touching thare foreheads to the ground three times. Billy Gibbs slapt himself all around on the thrown and after wile he jumped down off of the thrown and started for the crick with all of the Loyle Nites after him hollering with pane. It was a grate site. All of them waded out in the crick and stade till the hornets dide down and when they came out on the bank the cheesecloth was soking wet and they all hid in the woods becaws of having only underware on under the cheesecloth witch was a tite fit from being wet and all the gurls were in the park wating for the king and the Loyle Nites to come back but they did not.

By this time Henry came up with a big reeth of wild flowers and made a speach to the crowd and said the May Fairys were awful mad at Billy and the Loyle Nites for not offering them a sackrifice and they had sent the wicked gnoams of the woods to punnish them. Henry said the Fairys also brought him the reeth and told him ware the queens retreat was and he would go and lead her forth witch he did and put the reeth on her head and crowned her on a big stump becaws he said the thrown might still be bewitcht by the wicked gnoams. After that Henry and me danced with the queen and had a fine time.

Billy Gibbs and the Loyle Nites stade in the woods all afternoon becaws everybody in town was out and they could not get home on account of only having underware on becaws the cheesecloth all had to come off from being in the crick. Henry and me and our four Sunday school class boys wated to see them come out of the woods about seven o'clock witch was a grate site. All of them shivvered a grate deal. Henry said not to laugh becaws they had punishment enough from the gnoams. But nobody but Henry and me knew about the gnoams for sure.

Henry and me have joined another Sunday School class becaws thare is plenty of them in town and all about the same. You get the Golden Rule in all of them and the Golden Text witch helps you to do right once a week. Sunday school is a grate thing on account of having your face washt and your hare combed to be ready for the Golden Text. The Golden Rule is always the same to do it to your neighbor as he ought to do it to you but Henry said Billy Gibbs lived a long ways over in the uther end of town and was no neighbor of his.

All of the Sunday schools have Jonah and the Wale, Lots Wife and Daniel in the Lions Denn. All of them are dead now but must have been very interesting wile they lasted. Jonah was swallowed for three days and nites by the Wale but finally came out all rite and the Wale was probily glad to get rid of him on account of being so unlucky. Besides Jonah Wales are good for sperm oyle and wale bone. When you see a Wale you holler thare she blows and then a collum of water comes up.

Lots Wife was turned into a piller of salt and Lot was very mutch supprized and became a batchelor afterwards. She lasted quite a long time but was finally washt into the Dead Sea and that was the last of her. The Dead Sea is very old and is dead on account of not being able to sink in it becaws of too mutch salt but Lots Wife did not have anything to do with that becaws it was that way long before she was washt into it. It was still dead in the early part of the bible.

Henry and me are both very greatful for the Boy Rangers Manuel. We only expeckted to have a paper back but it is mutch better for us to have an oyle cloth binding. Henry said it is strange how you always happen to think of the very thing we want.

Your affectionate nephew,
WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S. If Uncle William should want to know about the pennyroyle for hornets, it is on Page 56 and runs over on Page 57.

2 Lots Wife and Jonah are not in the Boy Rangers Manuel. Henry and me was afrade you might think so becaws we put them in ware we did. W. G.

The large proportion of lead and zinc, finely ground and thoroughly mixed in strictly pure and refined linseed oil, gives quality to *Certain-teed* paint.

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Offices and warehouses in the principal cities of America

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Says She

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"I hate making complaints, and asking for corrections.

"But I hate still more to pay too much because 'the bill was wrong'; so I keep on checking bills before I pay them. That's one of my thrift practices—watching every expenditure, and being as methodical and systematic as I can in my housekeeping affairs. There's never a week that I don't find errors in some bills; and I'm not always certain that, even if the bills check all right, there aren't mistakes in the charges that I can't check—

"—Except in the bills from Whalen's. It's waste of time to check those. I'm so really sure and comfortable about them that I pay them just as soon as they come in.

"It would certainly take something mighty special in goods or service, or both, to get me to switch my account to another store. I think I'd rather, even, pay a little more for things at Whalen's, if I had to, because of the time and worry I save by buying there."

What Whalen Does

The heart of Whalen's system of automatic accuracy is a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine—a model (No. 334-E) which, while inexpensive, is particularly suitable for retail establishments.

It makes all postings from his sales-slips to his ledgers, and all entries on the statements he mails—proving the work as it goes along, so that his books are always in balance. It prevents errors and saves time and money on every item it handles. It enables him to have statements in the mail on the first of the month, with no end-of-the-month rush.

Burroughs automatic accuracy goes farther than that in Whalen's store. Everything requiring figure-work—sales recapitulations, inventories, bank deposits, etc., is done on a Burroughs. And the savings Mr. Whalen makes by using Burroughs methods are such that he declares his machine "a good investment and a very necessary part of my store equipment."

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES ... PRICED AS LOW AS $ ...
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

"Do you know, I've never yet found an error in a bill from Whalen's! What a comfort it is to *know* that you aren't paying for anything you didn't get, and aren't paying for anything twice—to just write a check when the bill comes and not worry about hunting for mistakes."

"It's Easier Than Correcting"

Says Whalen

"I hate mistakes; they're costly.

"I hate to feel that any customer of mine has any reason at all for distrusting this store about anything.

"I'm extra particular about charges and bills, because that's where mistakes are most apt to occur and where they do us the most damage.

"Overcharge a customer even once, through a perfectly understandable error, and we've lost some part of her confidence. Overcharge her again, and explain that 'mistakes will happen', and she begins to be interested in other stores that she'd never thought about before.

"Undercharging is nearly as bad—not quite, because I'd rather take direct losses than lost business.

"It's part of my service to prevent mistakes. That's why I have a simple system that prevents them.

"I know that everything that should be charged is charged; that nothing is ever charged to a wrong account; that every posting on my books, every item on the statements I send out, is correct to a cent and that there's never an error in addition made in this store.

"It's simple enough. As a matter of fact it's automatic—I never worry about it at all. I keep my books with a Burroughs."

The T. F. Whalen Grocery Co., at Battle Creek, Mich., is an eminently successful store—because Tom Whalen, its guiding spirit, always knows what he's doing and is always alert to any chance to do it better. His sound merchandising methods take accurate figure-work into account—which is one of the big reasons for the store's success

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

No business is too small or too highly specialized to increase its profits by using the methods of accuracy and economy that Mr. Whalen does. There are more than 100 models of Burroughs Figuring and Bookkeeping Machines, among which is the "just-right" one for every kind of business application. You can learn more about them, and what they will do for your business, by asking any of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada. Your banker or telephone book will give you the address of the nearest.

Burroughs offices are also maintained in all the principal cities abroad.

NEW-SKIN
New-Skin is a first-aid preparation for cuts, scrapes and little hurts.
It has real antiseptic power, as shown by laboratory tests.
"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin!"
All breaks in the skin are dangerous. Don't take any chances. Use New-Skin. Carry a bottle with you for emergencies.
It fits the vest-pocket.
Be sure you get the genuine. Always in small glass bottles, in red-and-gold paper cartons. All druggists—15 and 30 cent sizes. The 30 cent size will be sent by us by mail. Stamps taken.
NEWSKIN COMPANY, NEW YORK
NEW-SKIN
ANTISEPTIC AND WATERPROOF
NEW-SKIN
NEWSKIN COMPANY

The Robber Barons of the Brain

By JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

THE Hohenzollerns block the crossroads of the world, calling on the nations to stand and deliver.

The founders of their line stripped men of their goods by right of might; the Hohenzollerns of to-day are robber barons of the brain.

Since the time of Frederick the Great, Germany has contributed almost nothing, creative or original, to the arts and sciences of civilization, but has pilfered the ideas of other lands for the development of her military system and the subjugation of mankind.

The great illusion that caused her to suck the minds of alien races and to produce so scantily on her own account shows forth in a passage from the recent book, My Four Years in Germany, by James W. Gerard, late ambassador from the United States to the court of the Kaiser. It is there related that the Crown Prince, strutting among numerous and costly relics of the first Napoleon, said to an American woman that he hoped a war would come while his father was alive; but that, if it did not, he himself would start one as soon as he came to the throne.

The motive power of the Teuton military machine is the blind worship of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Bring, then, to the eyes of the mind the shade of the Man of Destiny standing in this room face to face with Wilhelm of Hohenzollern! They are in the presence of mementos of the First Empire of the French — busts, statues, faded scarfs, tomes and documents yellowed by time. Here are two lords of war, both of boundless ambition! Both aspired to lead not only on fields of battle but in commerce and politics, in knowledge and the arts.

We hear Napoleon ask: "What have you done in military science? Have you devised more powerful weapons, better tactics?"

Before them passes in review the story of what Germany, a nation in arms, has accomplished in that art of arts—the taskmaster of all the sciences—war.

Scharnhorst, reputed founder of Germany's military system, reformer of the methods of Frederick the Great, absorbed much while fighting against Napoleon, who in 1806 brought Prussia to her knees. The martial genius of France convinced Prussia that war was a grim business which required both brains and brawn.

From Napoleon Germany grasped that victory rests with the heaviest battalions, and learned the value of sudden and overwhelming assault. Her tactics of to-day are actuated by the practices of the Napoleon of the degeneration—the Napoleon who, when his Roman profile was lost in the fat of self-indulgence, became a madman and egotist.

Obsessed by the lust for conquest he then wasted wholesale the lives of masses of infantry and cavalry, hoping to counteract by the vastness of operations the failing of his mental powers.

A Race of Imitators

Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Clausewitz, Teutonic ploddera in Napoleonic paths of glory, realized that for perpetual warfare there must be a substitute for the being who created the Grande Armée. They believed they found it in the all-encompassing General Staff.

The tactics and strategy of Germany soon became the mere handling of an enormous personnel drilled to unthinking obedience and the ordering of a *matériel* of barbaric bigness.

So intent had Germany been upon organization that soon initiative failed her even in designing the tools of her bloody trade. She has depended upon nations who exercised their ingenuity when suddenly thrust into conflict. Her first modern infantry arm was the needle gun, patterned for France. The boches use cartridges originated by the French. Had it not been for a Gallic artificer at the arsenal at Bayonne they would have no bayonets. Their officers brandish revolvers first contrived by a Connecticut Yankee. The Kaiser's machine guns, in their nests of death, had as their originals types devised by the Americans, Gatling, Maxim and Colt.

Napoleon, who introduced modern artillery tactics and was technically one of the greatest projectile experts, gave an impetus for the development of Teuton ordnance. Germany soon lost the initial velocity, however, and went to borrowing and cribbing. Alfred Krupp, founder of her mighty munition works, was, in effect, a pupil of Britain at Woolwich Arsenal. To that great depot he sent his first cast-steel gun, which was blown to pieces under the ballistic test he asked. His progress was stayed until Sir Henry Bessemer, the British metallurgist, in 1857, discovered a new steel process, and those British mechanical adepts, James Nasmyth and Thomas Whitworth, invented, respectively, the steam hammer and the hydraulic press.

Shop practice at Essen is based on American machine tools and lifting cranes. The lathe designed by Asa Bushnell, of New York, helped make possible the giant shells Germany hurls at her foes. The engines of death vended throughout the world under the Krupp trade-mark are products of an art to which the principal contributors were the Americans, Parrott, Rodman, Hotchkiss and Dahlgren, and a Frenchman, Palliser. Many years before the curtain was lifted on the tragedy of Europe visitors were kept out of the Essen Works, not because they might reveal what was being originated there, but that the world might not know what was being imitated.

Exploiters of Others' Ingenuity

Though her craftsmen toil night and day, Germany's most effective piece of artillery is the gigantic howitzer, once discarded by Austria; made usable by the glycerin recoil cylinder invented by an American, and portable over the torn terrain because in Illinois were designed its caterpillar wheels. Her missiles recall the name of an English originator, Henry Shrapnel.

Germany fights from trenches and rifle pits like those employed first in the American Civil War; she spreads entanglements of Texas barbed wire and charges them with the deadly currents captured by Franklin and tamed by Edison. She signals to her armies with the American telephone, telegraph and searchlight. She projects Greek fire and Chinese poison gas by the force of air compressors contrived in America.

Whatever novel weapons Germany has brought into use on sea or land or in air in the present war are reverts to savagery. She has gone back to the age of the cave man, and has set her men skulking from the trenches with spiked clubs to beat out the brains of the wounded and the dying.

Imperial Germany moves her armies from front to front by locomotives first assembled by English skill and over T-rails of the American style. Innumerable details of New World railroad operations and management were utilized by her in mobilization; signal systems, couplers and brakes are American. For some methods of entraining and detraining she is indebted to an American circus that toured the empire twenty years ago, and with it traveled three officers of the General Staff, who observed officially every detail of transportation.

The hordes of the Hun could never have gotten within twenty miles of Paris had they not had automobiles and motor trucks, originated by the French and improved through Italian and American skill. This war's most important device, that formidable cruiser of the land, is an American farm tractor, fortified by English finesse. General Von Hindenburg no sooner saw the tanks in action than he determined to imitate them.

The Kaiser's efforts to be victor in the sky suggest anew the thought of Napoleon, advance courier of balloon reconnaissance. Germany's vaunted Zeppelins record the primal daring of the Montgolfier brothers, of France, who first scaled the empyrean with spheres of heated air, and the flight of the original dirigible with which Gaffard encircled Paris. Flying ships contrived by British brains swept over London, in sport, years before the fiendish cruelty of the German begot the infamy of bombing babes in cradles. Germany's giant Gothas are the pantographed enlargements of American airplanes invented by the Wright brothers. Even the barograph, with which her aviators measure altitude, was invented here. Photography, which records the results of their observations, was introduced by Daguerre, of France.

In naval warfare Germany has ever lagged. Great Britain devised the first dreadnought; the United States, the first monitor. The U-boats infringe the patents of the Americans, Holland and Lake. The Schwartzkopf torpedoes, with which these asps of the sea speed their secret stings, are imitations of the English Whiteheads. The floating mines that Germany sows on enemy coasts are patterned after those first made by Confederate engineers in the Civil War. In her ruthless warfare of the undersea Germany employs the wireless telegraph, pirated from Marconi, the Italian.

This is a struggle that has evoked the titanic powers of high explosives. If Germany had invented chemical reaction itself she could not have more persistently and noisily published her claim as the Grand Monarque of the laboratory and the arsenal.

There was no modern chemistry until England developed the atomic theory; Italy, the molecular hypothesis; Russia, the periodic law; England and America, the theory of the thermodynamics; and France, the law of radioactivity.

Glance quickly at the names of those who, by common consent, are recognized to be the fathers of that science which Germany has arrogated to herself: Berzelius, of Sweden; Dalton, Davy and Priestley, of England; Lavoisier and Thénard, of France; Avogadro, of Italy; and Scheele, of Sweden.

Germany's greatest chemical asset for peace or war, the manufacture of coal-tar products, taken bodily from England, is based on the discovery of mauveine, made in 1856 by Sir William Henry Perkin, of London. From that source thousands of her plodding test-tube gazers evolved the legion of dyestuffs and by-products, commercial, medicinal and martial, which had so much to do with inflating the Fatherland for fight. Her color factories became, almost overnight, works for the making of compounds for carnage.

American Processes

To replace the Chilean nitrates, so important in the manufacture of ammunition, she obtained the nitrogen from the air after processes originally tried by an American at Niagara Falls and perfected in Norway.

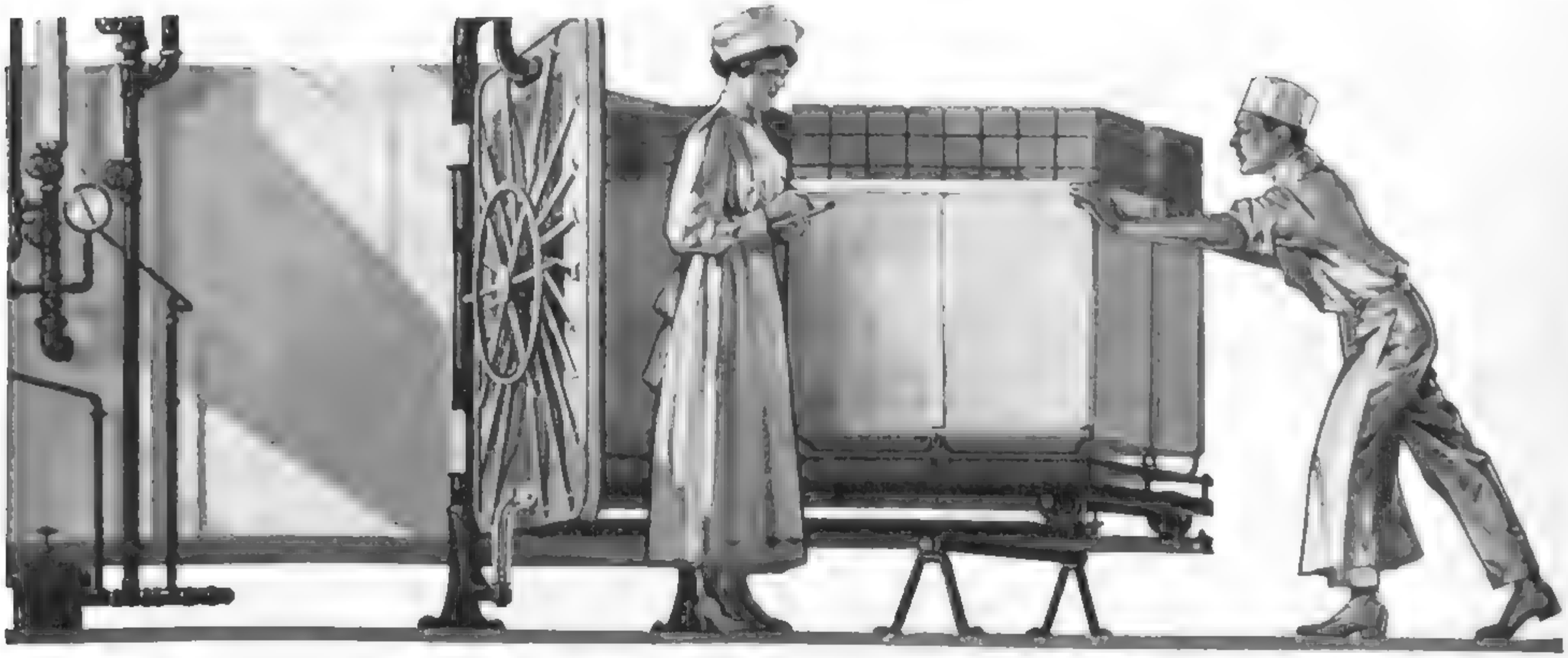
Dynamite came to the world through Nobel, the Swede. Lyddite was first compounded in England; melinite in France. Most of the smokeless powders are of American origin. The technic of explosives was largely developed in the United States of America.

Napoleon, glancing back over the yesterdays, might well demand of the brain bandit of Potsdam: "What of Fichte?" When the guns of the French were thundering over the Prussian plain Fichte was moved to write his ever-memorable Addresses to the German Nation. He saw in the magnificent *élan* of the soldiery of France an intelligence which far exceeded that of the warriors of his adopted country. Through those wonderful discourses, delivered in the very presence of secret agents of her foe, Prussia was made to lift up her heart anew and to found a system of popular education.

It seemed good to her autocracy to have millions of men mentally alert enough to respond quickly to the word of command. So Germany came to provide her sons with both schoolmasters and the masters of the drills.

She established a system of continuous conscription, adapted from the first draft law enacted in Europe, a statute passed at the instance of Napoleon, who, in 1798, realized that volunteers were growing fewer and that he must have conscripts if he would carry his eagles far and wide. And yet we can almost hear him say he never dreamed of millions of men ready to do deeds of incredible cruelty and then become mere cannon fodder—*su Befehl!*

(Concluded on Page 76)



For Safety's Sake

B&B Dressings
Are Sterilized After Wrapping

This means B&B Absorbent Cotton. Also B&B Bandages and Gauze—the dressings which come in contact with a wound.

They are not only sterilized—and repeatedly—in making. They are sterilized to the innermost fibre after they are wrapped.

Our final process—after wrapping—is to place these dressings in a mammoth sterilizer. One of them is pictured above.

There we first create a vacuum. Then we force in live steam under pressure. Because of the vacuum, the super-heated steam penetrates the heart of every package, and every germ is killed.

We constantly prove this. From various parts of the package, including the center, we take out fibre for testing. These fibres are placed in a culture medium and kept for days in an incubator. Thus we know that every fibre is utterly sterile—and always.

For every package comes to you sealed against germs and all contamination.

This is costly—it is slow. But it seems the only way to bring you germ-free dressings. And they are vitally important, even on the smallest wound.

B&B

Double-Sure Products

Be As Careful
As Your Doctor Is

Surgeons take endless precautions to have every dressing sterile. Gauzes in hospitals are sterilized after wrapping, and by this same vacuum process. The U. S. Army in its field dressings requires this final sterilization.

Be as careful in your home. Every cut or scratch—even a pin-prick—offers danger of infection. Have sterile Absorbent Cotton, sterile Bandages ever ready. Bring nothing else in contact with a wound.

Call the doctor for any serious wound. But in the meantime don't infect it.

Get B&B Safety Dressings—Absorbent Cotton, Gauze and Bandages. Get them now—have them ready for emergencies. Don't take chances when this protection is so easily available.

Our First Aid Book

tells what to do before the doctor comes, in every form of accident or emergency. It is written by an authority, and has 120 pictures, dealing with sudden sickness, poisoning or accidents. We offer it free.

Put it with your B&B Dressings. It may sometime save a life.

BAUER & BLACK
Makers of Surgical Dressings
Chicago and New York

For Safety's Sake Always Ask for the B&B Double-Sure Products

Absorbent Cotton
Bandages, Gauze,
Adhesive Plaster, etc.

Buy Them From Your Druggist

TO THE ADVERTISING MANAGERS OF AMERICA

A CERTAIN man wrote us: "Can I get retail merchants to use printed advertising matter profitably?" The query startled us. To us the answer is vital. To you it is not much short of that. Why should this question ever be raised? We thought the answer was plain—one of the A B C's.

If this advertisement were dull or ugly you wouldn't read it. A stupid story isn't read, a good story is. A dull leaflet doesn't attract your retailer. A good one pays. "Good" in this connection means *attractive to the eye* and *arresting to the mind*. The mind-arrest lies in your own imagination and genius. The eye-appeal begins in the paper.

Get those two corner-stones right and dealers won't waste your material. They will test your ability to supply their legitimate demand.

But *both* mind-arrest and eye-appeal must be there. A poor and discordant body-structure of paper is just as baffling to your vivid booklet-idea as is an anæmic body to a vigorous brain.

Making paper that is suited to be the body structure of direct advertising is a specialty. Did you know that? Did you know that it is *our* specialty?

The very first American coated paper was made in our mills, and the first dull-coated stock. Those mills, formerly the leading producers of paper for magazines, have been made over—millions of dollars of magazine contracts passed by, in order that we might specialize on the papers that will best serve the particular needs of the Advertising Managers of America.

The twelve Warren's Standard Papers cover every one of your printing needs. They include CAMEO, which has become a synonym for beauty in printing; LUSTRO, the perfect coated stock; PRINTONE, "better than Super, cheaper than coated"; OLDE STYLE, a bulky paper that adds a gracious dignity to type; and other specialties, plain and coated, that faithfully and unfailingly take the impress of, and express, the spirit of your work.

To know them, send for the Warren Suggestion Book. It is a paper specimen book. It is a demonstration of what paper can accomplish when it is the body structure of an advertising message. Each paper is described; its uses explained; its differences from other papers set forth. Almost every method of making a picture and almost every method of reproducing one are shown. We have tried to make it the answer to the Advertising Managers' reiterated question: "What should the body-structure of this booklet be?"

Sent only to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers and their salesmen.

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY
200 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

The Fifty-Fifty New Confection

Fifty Figbuds Fifty Cents

Ripe California Figs contain a large percentage of fruit sugar, which is highly concentrated in the drying process. These prepared figs are used in making

Figbuds

the "Fifty-Fifty" confection. They conserve sugar yet completely satisfy your sweet tooth.

"Figbuds" are a healthful, wholesome, war, fruit confection at peace-time prices.

50 Figbuds 50c

A box of candy that will give you a genuine surprise—a real novelty for a gift.

Package Postpaid 50c

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail package of fifty Figbuds, prepaid, to any P. O. in the U. S. for 50c in Stamps.

BISHOP & COMPANY
Los Angeles, California

Bishops

Dennison's

PAPER TOWELS

Be the first to use your towel. Sanitary, modern efficient way Soft absorbent, clean One dries both hands. Ask your dealer for a sample and see the Dennison Holder

At 10,000 Dennison Dealers

20 What Next ?

Repair It and Save Time!

To mend gas jets; hang pictures; bend or cut wire; hold something firmly; to do many, many things quickly; to save time, money, worry—have a pair of

UTICA the finest PLIERS

At hardware or electrical stores. If you need pliers or nippers you'll love the superior quality of Utica Pliers. If not yet, I wonder how you get along without such a wonderful tool. Insist on the Utica. Guaranteed in every way—or your money back. *"Plier Pointers" Free.*

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co.
Dept. A Utica, N.Y.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 117, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

(Concluded from Page 72)

The secondary schools of Germany are only mental drill grounds for war. Her kindergarten, which she calls her child of play, because she gave it a German name, had its parentage in the Emile of Jean Jacques Rousseau; was fostered in Switzerland by Pestalozzi, and taken to Berlin by his disciple, Fröbel.

Germany boasts to-day that when recruits come to her army and navy only four-tenths of one per cent are unable to read and write. Upon that she bases her boast of being the best-educated nation in the world.

And yet we can see a sneer even upon the face of Napoleon as he inquires of the Kaiser concerning an education only for the field of battle, which makes every subject a vassal to the state.

Teutonic universities, last of the growths of learning to bloom in the civilized world, are mentally and morally stunted by hard-and-fast overbearing militarism. Many of the great men of their faculties were driven into exile because they would not yield their beliefs and their ideals to that sodden tyranny. In their dogmatism those universities have cramped science and the arts into narrow specialties, and have even sought to rob theology of its soul. All the good they have has come from other national influences.

The University of Berlin, founded by royal decree, had as its first rector Fichte, a lineal descendant of a soldier of Gustavus Adolphus, and, as cofounders, Fouquet, the French Huguenot; Cammiso, the Italian; and Von Humboldt, protégé of the Paris savant, Bonpland, and for thirty years a resident in France. Whatever of value the other Teutonic seats of learning may have is due to their great French model, the Sorbonne.

The Filched Fetish of Efficiency

German universities have for decades exhibited her medical and surgical loot. By deft advertising they have convinced many of a great profession that in order to keep abreast of the newest discoveries in the healing art they must go to them for post-graduate study. Germany, none the less, has made comparatively few vital contributions to a science in which she professes to be the leader of the world.

Vesalius, the Fleming, and Servetus, the Spaniard, freed the healing art from superstition and empiricism. The deathblow to the old order was dealt by William Harvey, the Englishman, who discovered the circulation of the blood. Malpighi, the Italian physiologist, followed with his brilliant demonstration of the passage of the life fluid from the arteries to the veins through the capillaries.

Vaccination for smallpox was the inspiration of Jenner, of England. Pasteur, of France, creator of modern bacteriology, established the germ theory, thus paving the way for Koch, and discovered the laws upon which Lister, of England, founded the antiseptic treatment of wounds and made possible the feats of modern surgery, such as were performed by Abbe, Bull, McBurney, Murphy and the Mayos. Dakin and Carrel, Frenchmen, both of whom had practiced in the United States, followed with antiseptic solutions that have revolutionized the treatment of gunshot wounds in the present war. Anæsthesia was no product of German medical research: Morton, of Boston, discovered ether; Simpson, of Edinburgh, chloroform; Wells, of Hartford, laughing gas; and Corning, of New York, cocaine.

France invented the tourniquet and the stethoscope; America, the intestinal button. Though Germany boasts an almost magical power to extract the virtues of herbs and roots, Gomez, the Spaniard, first made quinine; and Derosne, the Frenchman, originally separated morphine from the juice of the somnolent poppy.

That Germany has had men of force in the medical profession no one can deny. Who has not heard of Rudolf Virchow, father of modern pathology, driven by imperial power from his chair at the University of Berlin because he dared to tell the truth? None will gainsay the achievements of Abraham Jacobi, pioneer of pediatrics, exiled from Germany by political tyranny to become the Nestor of American medicine.

Germany's achievements in adapting science to industry is a reflex of France. The restoration of the French Academy of Sciences to its pristine glory by Napoleon gave that venerable body a new lease of life. The Berlin Academy of Sciences accomplished little until it was reorganized on the French model in 1812. Under the urge of the Napoleonic era it was still better adjusted to human needs. To the Academy of France, however, Marggraf, of Berlin, who believed that in the garden he had found a substitute for sugar cane, announced his discovery of beet sugar. Under the inspiration of Gay-Lussac, his Paris preceptor and a leader of the French Academy, Von Liebig laid the foundations of a useful career.

In the realm of applied physics and engineering Germany has followed rather than led. While she was working out involved theories other nations were perfecting appliances for the use of man. She is constantly surpassed in practical work by Great Britain, the United States, France and Italy. In manufacturing she boasts of her salvage of by-products, though especially excelled in that direction by American skill. Her industrial and commercial development dates from 1890, at which time she had had abundant opportunity to study the methods of the United States.

There is no reason why this country should bend the knee to Germany's filched fetish of efficiency. The best of it is American factory management; elimination of lost motion and all its essential principles were found by Taylor, of Philadelphia, and developed by such experts as Emerson and Gantt, of New York. All the appliances of modern business methods—the typewriter, telephone, dictaphone, card index, the filing case—are of American origin.

The United States, since the year 1790, has granted twelve hundred and ninety thousand patents, and leads the world in mechanical originality. Her inventions outnumber those of Germany four to one, Germany having the smallest number of patents of any of the industrial nations of the globe. Long before the present war our manufacturers were in constant legal conflict with Teutons, who pirated American rights in the manufacture of goods stamped Made in Germany. Thus many had come to believe in the creative supremacy of the Teuton.

Germany's commercial policies are copied mainly from Great Britain and this country. Her merchant marine is essentially British; she vied with Great Britain mostly in making her ocean leviathan on a larger scale.

Her finance is British and Dutch; her great financial leaders—the Rothschilds, Bleichroders, the Goldbergers, the Ballins—are not of Teutonic but of Semitic strain.

So much for Germany from the military and commercial aspects. Now for her intellectual life.

Artistic Charlatans

Under the Hohenzollerns Germany has played the artistic charlatan. Her Munich school of painting is an uninspired reflex of the Italian Renaissance; that of Düsseldorf is a meticulous and niggling transcript of things unseen of the soul. Her contemporary art is an exaggeration of the crudities of sensational foreign cults.

Germany, insisting upon her leadership in music as though it were a divine birthright, has been a re-user of the ideas of other peoples. She never even invented a musical instrument, though she has adopted many so thoroughly that they seem to be her own. Italy is the creator of the violin, the violoncello and the piano; a Spaniard made the first organ.

A German symphony orchestra uses stringed instruments of Italian origin; for the brass she is indebted mostly to Belgium, as Adolphe Sax, born in Dinant, and who established his first factory in Paris, invented a series of horns, such as the saxhorn, saxophone and the sax-tuba. His valves brought to perfection the trumpet, the cornet and the trombone. The flageolet and the oboe are French; the piccolo is Italian; the zither is Austrian; the harp, Greek; and the drum is an Oriental tom-tom.

The language of music is Italian, and so is the system of notation. Harmony came into being through Claudio Monteverde, of Cremona. Music is a form of expression in which art and science blend. Its poetic inspiration is likely to come from the Latin and Semitic nations; its colder terms of science from German races. Hence, most Germans who have become real masters of melody have been inspired by the ideals of other lands. Such was Händel, who traveled beyond the Alps to learn his art. Many of the composers with German names, like Mendelssohn and Offenbach, were Jews.

Wagner, drawing material from the grim and bloody legends of the Nibelungenlied, and merging drama and music and an unrelenting technic, made Thalia his drudge. He denounced the Jews because he believed that the singers of Israel had put too much of the sweetness into the compositions of his day; he demanded, therefore, that they hang their harps upon the willows of the Rhine. Individual German singers and players are few. Germany has produced monuments of instrumentation, but scarcely any virtuosos.

Those who play and sing, even when they bear Teuton names, are usually by birth Poles, Hungarians, Austrians or Hebrews.

Since the days of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe Germany has produced no great master of letters. A colossal genius, Goethe belongs, like Shakspere, his English master, to all time. As was also the Bard of Avon, he was trained to that literary efficiency which caused him to re-use material from every clime. Goethe followed the ideals of the Age of Elizabeth. His tremendous work, Faust, was inspired by the Doctor Faustus of Marlowe, the English dramatist. His great powers were first roused, in 1759, through the French occupation of the Fatherland. His literary life was influenced throughout by French letters.

Schiller founded his style upon Shakspere, Ossian and Rousseau.

And what of Jean Paul Richter—"The Only One"? He is again Rousseau. Hail, also, to Friedrich Klinger, poet of Sturm und Drang, a German by birth exiled from his native land because he sang of freedom that is not yet—Klinger, for fifty years expatriated in Russia!

A great name in German poesy is that of Klopstock, who sought for two decades, in Denmark, to emancipate German literature from the French form and give to its poetry a meter that was Greek.

The Bondage of Militarism

Who of Teuton blood would not thrill over the poems of Heine, driven by the hand of oppression to the fair land of France because of his attacks on German pedantry and Teutonic Philistinism?

German literature at its best was dominated by Franco-classical standards; at its worst its descent began after the Franco-Prussian War, when the military power dragged all that was uplifting at the tail of a war chariot drawn by the steeds of greed and lust.

Its most virile leaders since the days of Weimar have been two disciples of Ibsen, the Norwegian. The first, Sudermann, might have been less known had his plays not been favorite vehicles for Eleanora Duse, the Italian actress; the second was Gerhart Hauptmann, who, with gloomy realism, portrayed his country's social ills.

German literature to-day is the uninspired imitation of the extremists of Norway, of Sweden and of Russia. Her own oracles stand dumb at the shambles.

Such, then, is the record of German achievements; a record meager because for more than a hundred years her people have struggled in vain to break from the yoke of a militarism that has galled and stunted mind and heart.

The great error of Napoleon was that he failed to hear, even in the rumble of the tumbrils, the doom of autocracy. France succeeded at last in breaking the bonds of monarchy, while Germany still forced upon her people an outworn feudalism which she tried to conceal by borrowing from the cult of French socialism and by the promise of riches and power. If Germany should conquer the earth and foist upon it her rule of gross materialism, which she calls Kultur, what will she have gained? What profiteth it a country if it shall gain the whole world and lose its own soul?

The empire of Napoleon fell when Europe saw that he was creating a system for war alone—not for the glory of France. The coalition of the Powers of Europe overthrew his régime at last.

The Allies of the world must, in God's good time, crush this Last War Lord, with his lust for power, and end his rule of blood and iron. Then shall the wretched and misguided thralls of Germany be released from bondage, contribute their share to the creative forces of the Kingdom of the Mind; and claim their inheritance in the Brotherhood of Man.

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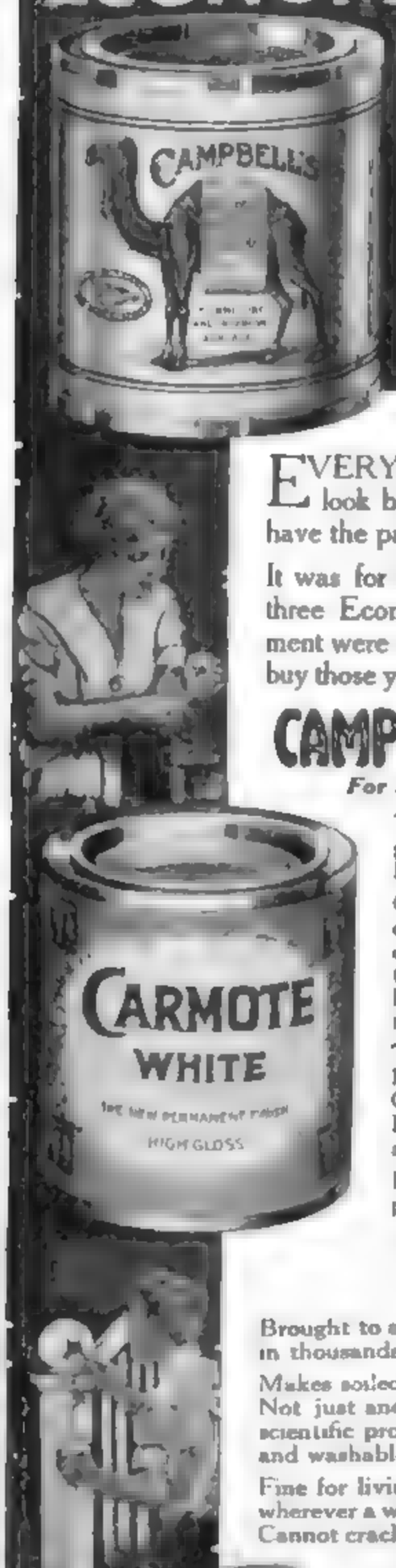

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WHAT ARE LUXURIES?

(Concluded from Page 24)

Hartley Withers, the English economist, goes so far as to lay much of the loss of money in wildcat securities at the door of luxury, fashion and extravagance. "It is a greedy effort to make both ends meet, due to stupid extravagance." And he adds that public opinion is so debased in such matters that it is sometimes necessary for the business credit of a man to have his wife dress in the most expensive fashion. Millions of people buy things they do not want because they are ashamed to say "I cannot afford it." They live not in their own pleasures but in the supposed opinions of others.

But the war has hastened and intensified the tendency of luxury into more healthful fashions. At one time even men wore gaudy silks and loads of jewels. To-day they prefer business achievement and honors to the distinction of either clothing or of gormandizing banquets. On the whole, luxury is turning from dress and banquets toward education, art, music, country life and travel.

Rich men distinguish themselves more and more by their large benefactions rather than by their personal expenditures. More and more they regard wealth as a trust not to be squandered in idle pleasure. The rich are finding that there is just as much distinction in doing good as in displaying their money, and it is significant that a few years ago a gentleman who was in an excellent position to know whereof he spoke wrote a book called The Passing of the Idle Rich.

A very large portion of the wealthier classes have been still further toned down as it were by the war. Camp life and uniforms have put millions of young men on the same social level, while the older men and the women are engaging in relief work, with little regard to social distinctions and with no time for mere futile display. It is easy enough to live simply if simplicity becomes fashionable, just as it would be easy for one nation to disarm if all the others did. The war has made luxury, extravagance and waste distinctly unfashionable among large groups of people.

Even before the war women were becoming ambitious to lead in other ways than in society. They were seeking distinction in women's clubs or as executives in charitable effort. As they gain the vote and millions enter fields previously occupied by men alone there is almost certain to be a tendency away from frivolity and luxurious spending.

The Golden Mean

But what are luxuries for you and for me? What is the common-sense attitude to take toward them, both in times of war and of peace? The line is hard to draw. Not only do men have different tastes and inclinations, but even the best judgments of individuals and whole peoples are often proved by time to have been mistaken. All we can do is to hunt for sanity, for the golden mean.

We know that people cannot get along without recreation. Boyhood delinquency has increased nearly half in European cities where playgrounds have been closed. We know that the morale of armies is kept up by music. So who will say that musical instruments are wholly articles of luxury to be dispensed with? In the same way theaters furnish necessary diversion, relaxation and distraction. So, too, a certain amount of tobacco seems to be necessary to maintain the general level of efficiency, not only in the trenches but among the civil population. Candy and even tea and coffee probably gratify real wants up to a certain point.

Musical instruments, like automobiles, may be purchased for wholesome enjoyment, recreation, relaxation and stimulus, and up to that point partake more of the nature of necessities than luxuries. But on the other hand the purchase of all such articles may depend upon a fleeting whim, a trivial desire, or mere vanity and the instinct of fashion or imitation. Then who can deny they are luxurious?

Just so people may go to the theater nearly every night from habit or because their mental resources are too slender to get along without exterior amusement. Or the scenery and costumes may become so lavish as to render the theater nothing but a noisy, vulgar and dazzling waste of money much needed for other uses in time of war. And of course the use of tobacco, candy, tea and coffee often degenerates into habits that are physically injurious rather than beneficial.

The need of the golden mean is even more apparent at present in the building and furniture trades. France has a superluxury tax upon furniture, and furniture is practically unobtainable in Germany and almost as hard to get in England. As for building operations, we all know that England long ago arbitrarily restricted them, and similar restrictions are fast piling up in this country.

But lurking behind the quick matter-of-course restrictions which have been placed upon both these trades in all the belligerent countries is the knowledge that, though buildings and furniture are necessities up to a certain point, they may readily run into merely useless luxury. Both rich and poor often have more furniture than either their physical or spiritual well-being can absorb, and the rich often have more buildings than there is any sort of use for.

In the use of every luxury there is always a point beyond which the effect is demoralizing instead of civilizing. Even the men who have written whole books defending luxury admit that its use must be judicious. A certain amount of self-sacrifice is necessary to develop character. Besides, people nearly always cease to be happy when they indulge themselves constantly in luxury. Life grows blasé and empty. Despite the great state and pomp in which they live several of the popes have grieved and pined for the simplicity of a country parish.

The Final Test

From even the most selfish standpoint luxuries must always be kept in bounds. A manufacturer of pianos was working hard recently for the war-savings campaign, and someone asked him if he did not fear the effect of an intensive thrift drive upon the purchase of musical instruments.

"I find," he said, "that practically all business men are glad to coöperate in this campaign even if they are afraid it may hurt their business, and I actually say to them: 'Are you willing to work your heads off to hurt your own business?'

"For in the long run thrifty people buy pianos on a better basis than those who do not save. The credits are better where people are thrifty. For example, I can tell you city by city where the collections on piano paper are good and where they are bad.

"Nothing is well sold unless the buyer is thrifty enough to pay for it. One half the difficulties of all business are done away with if customers are careful enough to buy only what they can afford to pay for."

Of course the final test of luxury depends upon the proportion between the cost and the result, or the end served. Flowers may be a luxury, but they are a charming and elevating one. Ordinarily they are justified both because of the satisfaction they give those who have them and the benefit to the community as a whole in having the individual satisfied. But a very rare orchid that costs thousands of dollars is a wholly unjustifiable luxury, because it uses up too much labor for the end that is served.

Nothing could justify the Romans in eating the tongues of birds which had been trained at great effort to sing. The end was not in proportion to the means. This relationship between the satisfaction of wants and the means taken to meet them becomes an even more acute question in wartime. Mr. Selfridge, who himself sells luxuries along with other articles, says:

"What difference is there between having cargoes of needed materials sunk by enemy submarines or having them consumed at home for mere personal gratification? Every thinking Englishman, before spending for himself or his family, stops to consider, not whether he can afford it but whether the nation can afford to have him spend."

As we all know, the English have practically stopped using automobiles for pleasure riding because of lack of gasoline. An old lady protested that she must have her daily ride in the park. The authorities hit upon a bright idea and said that she could continue to ride if she took a wounded soldier with her every time, which she gladly agreed to do. Thus the relation between the cost of that motor ride and its results was established on a sound wartime basis.

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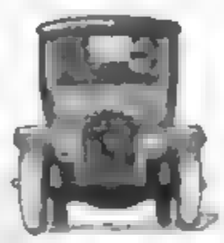

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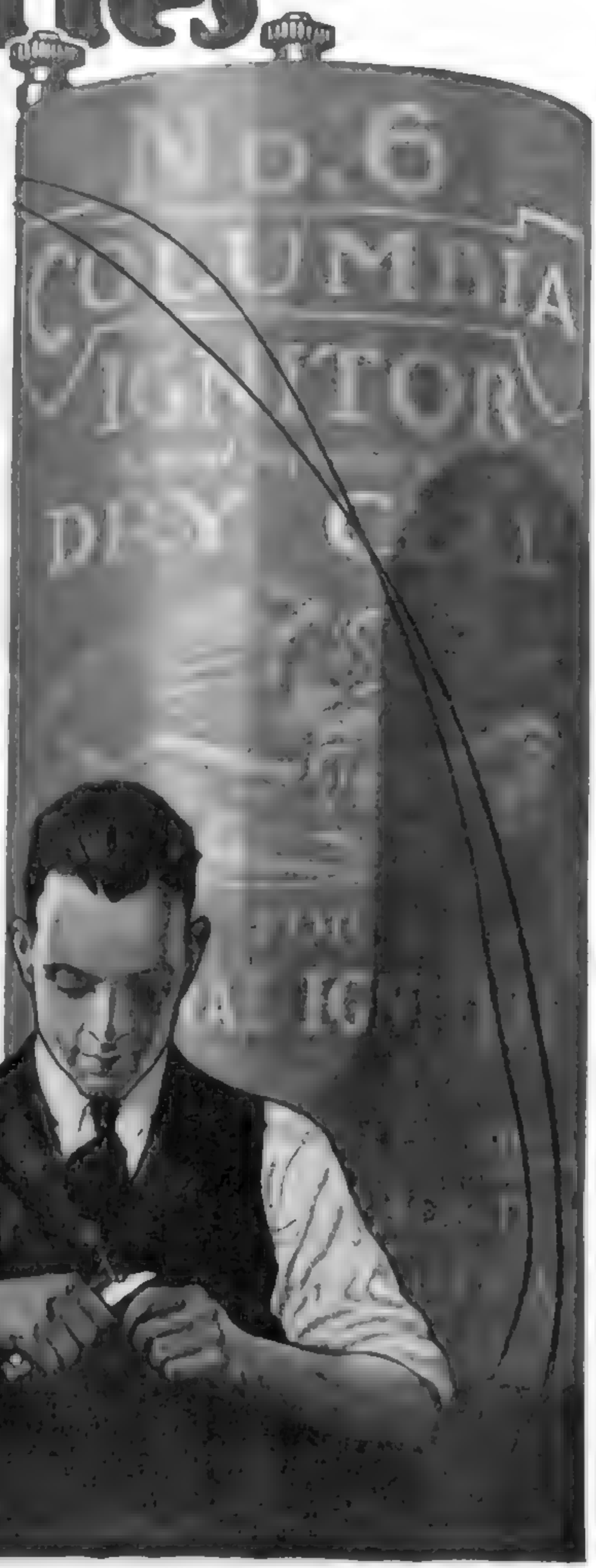

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THE OMNIPOTENT FIVE

(Continued from Page 8)

representative on this board of the Pan-German interests from Hungary to Asia Minor.

There are of course no articles in the German constitution and no regulations of the General Staff which provide for a board of directors. Officially there is no such organization, but actually this board is the German Government to-day. These five men have more than two hundred million people under their control, though they work through thousands of representatives and dummies, from the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, the King of Bulgaria, the Grand Vizier of Turkey to the humblest soldier. At war with the German Government the United States is in reality fighting a great, all-powerful trust which this board controls. We are at war with the biggest and most corrupt of all big businesses.

It is only recently that this board reached the climax of its power, though it has been fighting for omnipotence within and outside of Germany, especially since the United States has been at war. It was this board that engineered the fall of Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg. This board selected the "stop-gap" Chancellor, Doctor Michaelis, and then dropped him because he irritated the Reichstag. This same body of men decided upon the unlimited submarine war. These men brought about the war with the United States, as the Kaiser, General von Moltke, the Crown Prince and Grand Admiral von Tirpitz ordered the European conflict to begin and began it by invading Belgium in 1914.

Under this board are a number of executives and so-called legislatures, ranging from the Chancellor, the secretaries of state, generals and lieutenants; admirals and submarine commanders to the Bundesrat, the Reichstag, the Vienna Reichstag, the Turkish Parliament, et cetera. Parliaments are in effect nothing more than committees, and the statesmen and individual rulers are the public representatives of the board, who act and talk as the board orders, and who, as far as the public is concerned, appear to have the power and authority to do and say what they wish.

"Appear?" The word is particularly apt. The object of the five directors has been and still is to make it appear to the German people and the outside world as if statesmen, rulers and parliaments have authority. Then when mistakes are made the underlings can suffer, and in time of war mistakes are so numerous it takes a legion of men with "authority" whose official heads can fall whenever a majority of the board decides.

I shall illustrate by two recent cases parts of the secret history of the German and Austrian nations.

The Kaiser's Cat's-Paw

When Major Gottlieb von Jagow resigned as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs he was succeeded by Dr. Alfred Zimmermann, who as Undersecretary of State had been a popular and influential official. Zimmermann had many friends inside government circles and in foreign capitals. He was regarded as a liberal statesman, a man who opposed the ruthless submarine war and an official who had a good knowledge of foreign politics, but when he became the head of the Foreign Office his whole attitude changed. The new position affected his judgment and prejudiced him against many of those with whom he had been friendly.

Many men attributed this change to Zimmermann himself. They thought he did not possess the qualities which make a secretary of state, because upon assuming office he lost his bearing. When, in January, 1917, he sent the notorious instructions to the German Minister in Mexico City which proposed an alliance between Mexico, Germany and Japan the whole world came to the conclusion that Zimmermann was mad.

In this, the world was mistaken. Upon information that is unquestionably reliable the following explanation may be made to show the manner in which the board of directors worked in this case.

Herr Zimmermann did not write these instructions to the German Minister in Mexico City. They were sent to him from the office of the Imperial Chancellor and he was ordered to dispatch them, after affixing his signature, to Herr von Eckhardt, in Mexico City. Herr Zimmermann in this affair acted only as an agent. These instructions were prepared by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg upon written instructions from the Great General Staff after the board of directors had decided upon such an alliance. Both Von Bethmann-Hollweg and Zimmermann were mere clerks who did what the big five commanded, but because Doctor Zimmermann, the only "vonless" Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, signed the letter the full responsibility and blame were placed upon him.

Secretary Zimmermann was not such a fool that he wanted to remain in office after the United States Government had published the text of his letter, and he tendered his resignation personally to the Kaiser. The Emperor received him at Great Headquarters. Herr Zimmermann explained that he believed his usefulness as a minister of state was destroyed. He asked for permission to resign and retire to his small estate at Wannsee, the popular summer resort of Berlin. His Majesty, knowing that the secretary had simply done his duty as a German official subject to orders, at first declined, and then agreed.

Differences With Austria

This "Zimmermann note" was a bomb dropped from hostile skies among many members of the Reichstag. Several deputies who were bitterly opposed to the Japanese-Mexican talk of the Conservatives and Pan-Germans desired to introduce a resolution in the parliament and disavow this act of the Secretary of State, but Herr Zimmermann, again appearing as an agent of the board, informed the secret session of the Reichstag that if such a resolution were passed the outside world would interpret it as a weakness within Germany.

"At this time," said Herr Zimmermann, in effect, "now that the United States has broken diplomatic relations it is 'necessary' for Germany to maintain a united front within."

The Reichstag, knowing that Zimmermann was speaking for the board, acquiesced, and another lawless proposal which the Kaiser and the board of directors originated was fastened upon Germany and the German people.

This incident shows not only how the five directors dictate to ministers of state, but it sheds a penetrating light upon the indirect control of the Reichstag and discloses who is responsible for Germany's foreign policies. The board sent the German-Mexican-Japanese alliance to the Chancellor; he sent it to Zimmermann; and when the Reichstag wanted to protest, Zimmermann warned the members that they must maintain a "united front," and the Reichstag obeyed.

After this affair had been forgotten in Germany the Kaiser permitted Zimmermann to leave. Germany, however, never disavowed this policy, and it would be safe for the American people to conclude that Herr von Eckhardt, being a true Prussian diplomat and knowing that this order came from the board, is and has been working in Mexico City to bring about the proposed alliance. As a servant of the Kaiser that is his duty.

During January and February there was a four-cornered debate between Imperial Chancellor Count Hertling, the Vienna Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Czernin, Prime Minister Lloyd George and President Wilson about peace terms. In the first statements by the enemy ministers there was a wide difference between the utterances of Count Czernin and his Berlin colleague. The President seized this opportunity to show the world that Czernin and Hertling were not united.

Immediately there was a reaction within Germany. The board, which had complete control of Count Hertling, had apparently lost its control of Ottokar Czernin. The facts are that Emperor Charles and Count Czernin had decided to state their own ideas about peace without awaiting orders from the German Great Headquarters. Austria had peace interests that differed from those of Germany. Austria wanted peace and the German Government did not. This difference was evident from the two speeches of the enemy leaders.

As soon as President Wilson replied the board met at Army Headquarters. In this

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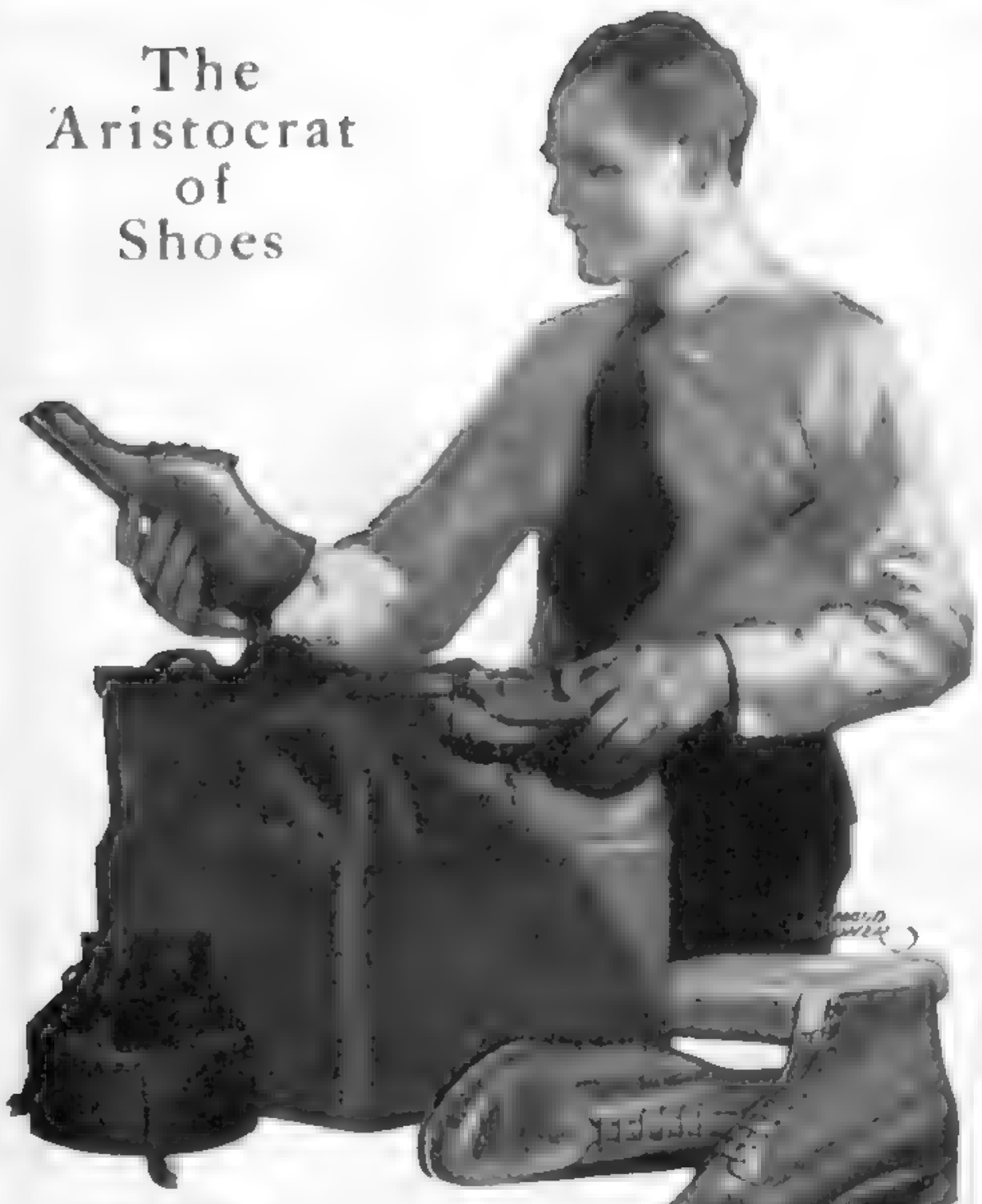

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case, as in most others, three members constituted a quorum—the Kaiser, Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff. They had reached a decision and were about to send instructions to Berlin to Count Hertling when the young ruler of the Dual Monarchy announced that he wished to visit the Kaiser. Emperor Charles came to Germany with his staff and consulted with the three directors. He protested against Germany's methods and demanded that the German Government make some concessions so that it might be possible for peace to be concluded.

Within a few days the Emperor was in Vienna. Until this time everyone had expected Count Czernin to make a reply at the same time Count Herthing spoke, but Czernin was strangely silent. It was announced in Vienna that the Minister of Foreign Affairs would not reply until President Wilson had answered Count Herthing.

The result of the visit of Emperor Charles was this: Count Hertling accepted the four fundamental terms of peace suggested by President Wilson to satisfy Austria and camouflage the real work of the board in Russia and Flanders. And Count Czernin was kept in Bukharest so he would not have an opportunity to interfere with the plans of the board.

Being an appointee of the five directors of Germany and being responsible only to these men, Count Hertling, every time he speaks, acts only as the spokesman of the board of directors of militarism. He does not voice the sentiments of the Reichstag or the people. He cannot state his own opinions. The only freedom the Imperial Chancellor has in a public address is the choice of words. All ideas and proposals are prepared beforehand by the directors. The Chancellor is the orator for this "German Government."

At each crisis within Germany and Austria-Hungary the opinion of the board prevails. As for Bulgaria and Turkey, Field Marshal von Mackensen has these countries and the occupied territory of the Balkans so well under his control that whatever the board demands, as a result of his recommendation, Von Mackensen executes. Thus these five men control the policies of Germany and all her allies. In their hands rests the fate of Central Europe and all the conquered territory of France, Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Albania, Rumania and Russia.

The Salted Snail

In recent articles for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I have emphasized the opposition within Germany to the work of this board. To-day, as a result of the complete collapse of Russia, the pendulum has swung from one extreme to another. Since the recent strikes, or street parliaments, the directors have been centering their diplomacy upon the internal political situation of Germany. Every democratic tendency has been put down with a spiked heel. In the face of military victories in the east, ending in a separate peace with individual Russian states, the democratic forces within Germany shrank as snails do when salt touches them.

"If there is a liberal movement in Germany, or even a struggle toward democracy, why don't those people do something to free themselves?" Americans and foreigners alike, impatient with the progress of the war within Germany, ask this question and then are irritated because no satisfactory answer can be given—by the Germans.

In reply I would ask this question: "Have these critics ever seen a snail try to survive when someone is dropping salt on its back? If not, go to Indiana and drop salt on the backs of some of the snails they have in that state, and watch the result."

This illustration is not fascinating, but it is perfect in this case. The struggle for democracy within Germany has been progressing at snail pace because the omnipotent five have always been on hand to drop salt in the form of military victories and booty upon the back of these liberal forces every time they begin to make progress.

Take the great crisis that existed in Germany during January and February of this year. Before peace was signed with the so-called "representatives" of the Ukraine, Rumania, the Baltic Provinces and the anarchists of Petrograd the people of Germany were almost in arms over the arrogance and power of the directors. Nearly six hundred thousand workers went on a strike in favor of a democratic peace. Germany was on the verge of a revolution. It appeared as if the Military Party had failed in Russia because it was too autocratic.

The five dictators saw the storm approaching. They realized that even if the strikers were forced back into the factories the board would have to make good against Russia or fall. And, as in previous crises, the leaders made good. They forced the eastern nations to capitulate. Then they promised the German people food and issued statements to show that peace with Russia would nullify the Allied blockade and give Germany the war materials and supplies needed for a successful prosecution of the war in the west

On March seventh the Wolff Telegraph Bureau sent the following notice to the press:

"The total amount of booty taken by the Central Powers since December 1, 1917, follows: Prisoners, 120,433; guns, 3633; machine guns, 7103; trench weapons, 86, rifles, 128,000; many thousand ordinary wagons; several million rounds of artillery ammunition; numberless tanks; armored hospital ships, 47; aëroplanes, 22; locomotives, 800; freight cars, many of them filled with supplies, 8000."

The Jewelry of Militarism

In explanation the semiofficial news agency said:

"These tremendous numbers are still more important when one realizes that 3633 guns is by far more than all the German armies possessed at the beginning of the war, while the 7103 machine guns is four times more than there were in Germany in 1914. When one includes the thousands of cannon and machine guns captured in Italy during the offensive one can measure the enormous increase in the military strength of the Central Powers during their recent victories."

When the Russian seaport of Reval was taken the Frankfurter Zeitung published the following telegram from Berlin:

"In regard to the booty captured in Reval, as far as this relates to naval supplies, we learn that eight old submarines, three freight ships, a large number of small boats, ice breakers, sailing boats, schooners, submarine-defense nets and much more naval war material fell into our hands.

"What became of the Russian fleet which was formerly in Reval is unknown. All we know is that the cruiser Murik, while en route in the Baltic toward Helsingfors, was frozen in the ice. It is probable that the rest of the cruiser fleet is frozen somewhere in the Baltic Sea."

These two statements indicate to a certain extent the amount of war and naval materials that Germany seized in Russia. They are the more important when one realizes that by the fifteenth of March the looting had not been organized on a large scale.

On the eighth of March this official announcement was made to the hungry Viennese:

"The Government of the Ukraine has promised to deliver to the Central Powers by April fifteenth 30,000 carloads of grain, 12,000 carloads of sugar, 2000 carloads of frozen meat and 1000 carloads of preserved fruits."

This is the kind of booty the German war lords dangled before the eyes of the war-wearied people. Booty, being the jewelry of militarism, has impressed the public ever since the beginning of the war.

I shall cite another example of the propaganda which the board uses to influence the people. I find in the Berliner Tageblatt, for instance, the following article:

WHAT RUSSIA LOST!

The states of Kieff, Volhynia, Podolia, Kherson, Pultowa, Tchernigoff, Yekaterinoslaff and Kharkoff, which in 1913 covered 460,000 square kilometers with thirty million inhabitants; the states of Cholm, Grodno and Minsk; the kingdom of Poland with 130,000 square kilometers and thirteen million inhabitants; the governments of Kovno and Vilna with four million inhabitants; and Finland with more than three million people.

Altogether Russia lost territory twice as large as the present German Empire, inhabited by more than fifty million people.

This campaign to impress the German people is being waged constantly and in

(Concluded on Page 85)

Who Discovered RICORO?

"An Efficiency Engineer discovered Ricoro," said the manufacturer. "He had just demonstrated how I could increase our output and decrease our operating expense when I offered him one of my 'customers' cigars.

"'Try one of mine instead,' he laughed, 'Maybe I can also increase your smoking enjoyment at less expense.'

"I bit off the end, lighted up and puffed it. 'Well,' I said, 'What's the answer? This is as good as the cigar I smoke, and probably costs as much.'

"'That's *half* the answer,' he replied. 'It's as good as your cigar—but it costs only 8c. It's a Ricoro, the Corona size—*imported duty free* from Porto Rico.'

"'As an Efficiency Engineer you are sure *some cigar expert*,' I remarked."

Sooner or later you'll discover—

Ricoro

the "Self-Made" Cigar

Because you can afford 15c or 25c cigars is no reason for smoking them if a 7c or 8c Ricoro will prove as enjoyable. A trial is the only test that tells. *Discover Ricoro to-day.* You'll find out why we call it the "self-made" cigar and why millions of Ricoros were sold the first year they were on the market.

War Saving Stamps sold in all United Cigar Stores

Ricoro is made in a dozen sizes and shapes, from 6c to 2-for-25c—simply the question of size. The quality is the same in all.

Imported from Porto Rico

Corona Size—8c
Box of 50—$4.00

Cabinet Size
10c
Box of 50—$5.00

Saratoga Size
7c
Box of 50—$3.50

Pacifico Size
7c
Box of 50—$3.50

Panetela Size
7c
Box of 50—$3.50

Invincible Size
3 for 25c
Box of 50—$4.00

Sold only in United Cigar Stores.—*"Thank You."*

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Call at your dealer's today and let him demonstrate to you the necessity of a Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove and a Florence Portable Oven for your work.

Our new edition of the Household Helper contains full instructions on the best methods of canning and evaporating. It was written by Mrs. Dora Smith Avery, the director of the Home Canning and Evaporating Club of Harvard, Mass.

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The GREATEST MOTHER in the WORLD

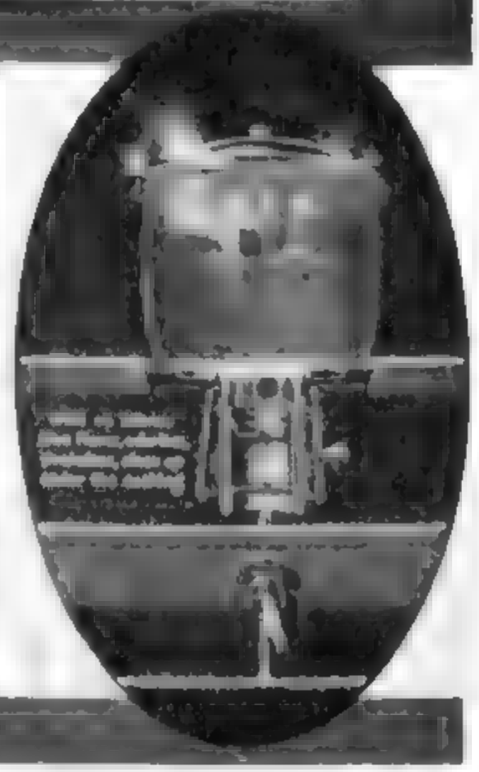
Stretching forth her hands to all in need—to Jew or Gentile, black or white, knowing no favorite, yet favoring all.

Seeing all things with a mother's sixth sense that's blind to jealousy and meanness; helping the little home that's crushed beneath an iron hand by showing mercy in a healthy, human way; rebuilding it, in fact, with stone on stone and bringing warmth to hearts and hearths too long neglected.

Reaching out her hands across the sea to No Man's Land; to heal and comfort thousands who must fight and bleed in crawling holes and water-soaked entrenchments where cold and wet bite deeper, so they write, than Boche steel or lead

She's warming thousands, feeding thousands, healing thousands from her store; the Greatest Mother in the World—the RED CROSS.

Every Dollar of a Red Cross War Fund goes to War Relief



(Concluded from Page 52)

every newspaper. The board knows how to advertise its successes. Is it surprising that under these circumstances the German Liberal Party makes such slow progress? In view of the victories that the omnipotent five have had in Italy and Russia they are like gamblers who have won four-fifths of the booty of war and want the other fifth. The German Government does not want peace. It clamors for more war.

It is not mere lust of war and greed for victories that cause the German Government to continue the war, but the fact that the big five fear the after-the-war effects of the great moral cause that holds the Allies together. The great unconquered enemy of Germany is the world-wide demand for a democratic peace and a league of free nations. Democracy threatens not only the position of the directors within the Central Powers, the Balkans and Russia but it threatens the after-the-war commerce and diplomacy of this military board. And it is against any and all democratic tendencies within Germany and without that the German Government is mobilized to-day. The omnipotent five are preparing to defeat the crusade for democracy. With the usual ingenuity of the devil the enemy is six months ahead of the war and preparing for the crisis which is expected to follow the close of this year's great offensives.

In December, 1917, it was generally believed in Europe that the crisis of the war was passed when the Paris conferences united the military, naval and war business affairs of the Allies. It was obvious that the triumph of the German War Party was caused by the lack of unity among European Allies. Militarily each nation worked for itself and helped the others only when it was absolutely necessary. Then the Italian Front crumbled, Russia went to pieces and the advance that the British made against Cambrai was rolled back.

Finally, when the American mission arrived in Paris and the Allied military leaders were brought together, it was realized that unless there were complete unity and harmony in future military movements in France and Italy, Germany would come very near to winning the war. So at this time the military, naval and commercial plans of all Allies were united. At this conference, however, the questions of peace, diplomacy and politics were left unsolved.

The Hardest Blow of 1917

This Paris conference was the hardest blow struck by the Allies during 1917. The enemy recognized this and began immediate preparations for the western offensive. Though German leaders overlooked no move on the military chessboard which might give them an advantage, they realized that the Allied Fronts in Italy and France could not be broken unless the morale within at least one Allied country could be crushed.

There are many indications that though the enemy expects another military victory in either France or Italy this year the board does not count so much upon this offensive's ending the war as upon the indirect influence of these military operations upon the political situation in Entente countries. In the past the German Government has been successful by eliminating individual Entente nations after gigantic battles. The fundamental principle of German politics and strategy has been to prevent Allied unity. For three years the enemy succeeded with its strategy. Now it is planning to win with its diplomacy and politics and prevent the political and peace unity of the Allies and the United States.

To-day the German Government, this sinister board of directors of this powerfully organized military trust, is working through Count Hertling publicly, and others privately, to cause dissension in England, France, Italy or Belgium, with the hope that peace may be made with one or more of these nations after this offensive. Through thousands of underground channels in Europe and the United States Germany is laboring to prevent Allied political unity. The Imperial Chancellor has already appealed publicly to British and Belgian leaders. Others have been trying to intimidate France and Italy. The enemy apparently realizes or believes that the best way to make America's moral influence powerless in Europe is to prevent the Allies and the United States from joining together on peace terms.

The power of the German War Party, its triumph in Germany and throughout a great part of Europe, cannot be questioned and will either become supreme throughout the world or will begin to collapse when the next crisis comes, probably this fall. Military unity alone is not sufficient to prevent a German victory. Political unity is imperative.

Germany is still continuing her policy of trying to eliminate her enemies one at a time. She is trying to get individual Entente nations to talk peace terms. She is intriguing in neutral European countries with the object of enticing some belligerent into confidential peace discussions. In reality Germany is looking for a traitor, and the bigger the traitor the bigger the price she will pay.

Naturally the United States and the Allies have not a thought, and are not in the least concerned over Germany's bid for treason. The present governments and the people of all Allied nations are loyal to each other and are determined to "see it through." But the supreme trial will come when this year's battles end.

The great cause which should unite the Allies is a democratic peace. The foundation upon which the United States and the Allies will be able to make peace with a reformed Germany is a democratic peace.

The League of Slave States

Since the United States has been in the war a discussion of peace terms has been avoided with the Allies. Publicly President Wilson, Premier Clemenceau and Prime Minister Lloyd George have discussed peace. From these statements it is evident that there is not complete unity. The fact that the United States and the Allies are not united in regard to peace is what encourages the board of directors. This is the Allied weakness. This is the vulnerable point. This is the hole in the line of defense through which the German Government expects to force its way and dictate peace terms to the western world.

Though it is always more difficult for free people to hold together than for two hundred million "vassals" to be controlled by five men, still it is essential to a final victory against the German Government. These five men can make peace for most of Europe, Turkey and the Balkans because they have already created a league of Continental vassal nations.

The enemy does not want to annex these countries. That is the old method. Germany has a newer one. She desires each nation to look after its own business, under orders from the German board of directors. The end is of course the same, though the method is different. Germany proposes to permit each nation to have its own government as long as the board can dominate the authorities as it dominates Count Hertling, Emperor Charles of Austria, and the Reichstag. Careful always to protect its own interests first, the German Government nevertheless is aiding each one of these nations to carry out the orders of the board of directors. Propaganda in favor of these countries is being conducted already in all neutral lands.

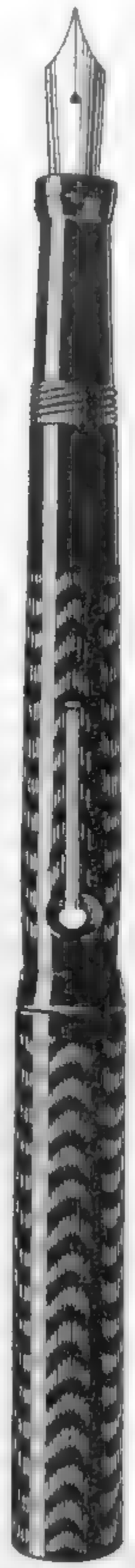
In reality this league is nothing more than an alliance of slave states, but that does not alter the facts that this organization exists to-day and that it is with this organization that the United States and the Allies are at war. Faced by this fact, what have the Allies, or America for that matter, done to combat it? It is true that our armies are fighting in France and Italy to defeat the armies of these five slave drivers, but is that enough to bring victory? Should not the United States and her allies be united now in a compact league of free nations?

The remark of Benjamin Franklin, when the American Declaration of Independence was being signed, that if the members did not hang together they would all hang separately, may be applied to the war situation to-day. United now we can win. Germany's strength lies in her unity, maintained by force, by the might of her armies. The Allies' weakness is that, though held together in a fight against a common enemy, they are fighting for different peace terms.

America's task to-day should be to unite the Allies in a league of free nations because that is essential to victory and because of the effect of such an organization of free peoples upon the internal political affairs of the Central Powers.

To-day the proposed league of free nations has not passed the discussion period, whereas Germany's league of slave nations is a reality.

Its Perfect Point
—and Why



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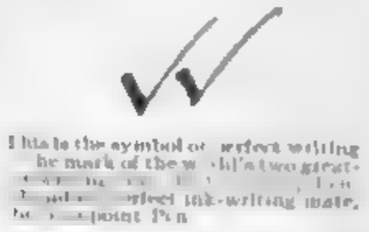

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BLADES
'Ever-Ready' Outfit in Standard Case $1.00

SCRAP IRON

(Continued from Page 12)

arms about Henry's heaving shoulders and tried to comfort him.

"Don't take it so hard, old kid," whispered Tony. "It's tough — it's awful tough, I know, but the best of 'em get it some day. It's part of the game. I'll make another match with this fellow ——"

Henry shook his head.

"No," he mumbled; "no more matches. I'm through. I been knocked out; licked first, and then knocked out. I can't beat that guy. This is my finish—good-by, ole Iron Man!"

"Don't talk like that," begged Tony. "You didn't train much, but the next time ——"

Once more the broken gladiator shook his head.

"There won't be no next time. You don't understand, Tony. I been stopped, put out. They won't call me the Iron Man no more. It's me for the junk shop, like he said before the fight."

"He said it after the fight, too, Henry. It was when I got you back to the corner. He came over to shake hands, but you you didn't know it. And he stood there and laughed. 'There's your brother!' he says — loud, so the newspaper men could hear. 'Put him in a sack and lug him back to the junk shop. Scrap iron is worth a few cents a pound, anyway!' That's what he said, Henry. You ain't going to let him get away with stuff like that, are you?"

"How can I stop him?" wailed Henry. "He told the truth, at that. I feel all busted up in little pieces. Scrap iron, that's what I am now—scrap iron!"

IV

VERY few modern gladiators retire to private life without first receiving the silent hint of empty chairs in the reserved-seat section. They pull off their gloves only when assured that the public will no longer pay to watch the last flickering of the flame of youth.

Henry Mustolini exchanged one distinction for another; he quit the ring while still a drawing card. There were other matches in prospect; the first knockout registered against him had revived interest in his remarkable career; and there was a general demand for a second meeting with O'Day. It came from the ring patrons who had missed the first encounter and therefore felt themselves defrauded.

"Nothing doing," said the pieces of the Iron Man.

Tony argued and expostulated, but could make no headway against the stubbornness that was one of Henry's characteristics.

"They'll say you're a quitter."

"Let 'em."

"They'll say you're afraid of O'Day."

"Well, that's all right."

Tony thought that it was all wrong, but in time he accepted the situation with as much grace as he could muster, and made a round of the newspaper offices bearing the news that the Iron Man had fought his last fight.

"You see," he explained, "we always figured to quit when somebody came along and stopped us. We don't have to fight if we don't want to; we got ours and we're going to hang onto it. Our record is good enough to quit on—one hundred and forty-seven fights, and only one knockdown. Where can you beat that?"

In the meantime the red-headed thunderbolt who scrap-heaped the Iron Man reaped the reward of the victor and had the Rialto all to himself. O'Day purchased a ready-made suit of an eye-aching plaid, some startling neckwear, a cheap cameo ring, a cane with a handle of imitation ivory, fashioned to represent the head of an alligator, and patent-leather shoes with uppers of mustard-colored cloth. After winning two more battles in whirlwind style he took himself out of town in search of further conquests.

After O'Day's departure it was thought that Henry would emerge from his retreat and adorn the cigar stands and pool-parlor entrances as of yore; but this was an error. Literally, as well as figuratively, the Iron Man had gone back to the junk shop, and there buried himself among the bottles and the sacks. No amount of coaxing could make him show himself on the street: he would not even attend the weekly boxing contests.

"If I went," said he to Tony, "they'd call me 'Scrap Iron.' Yeh, him and the newspapers hung that name on me—hung it on so it'll stick. I'll never get rid of it I guess I'll help the old man wit' the business. It's all I'm good for now."

A fair amount of pride is a blessing, and too much of it is a curse, but the man who suddenly finds himself stripped of the last shred of self-respect is indeed to be pitied In his simple, elemental fashion Henry had taken great pride in the title of Iron Man; losing it he felt that he had lost everything that made life worth living.

Tony, watching his brother closely, became alarmed. He knew the mental collapse that often follows years of solid punching about the head, and he tried hard to rouse Henry from his lethargy. Tony found him one day sitting among the empty bottles and spelling out the press notices of his past

"You got to quit this, Henry," said he "It ain't doing you any good. You're letting yourself get all out of shape."

"What do I want to stay in shape for?" asked Henry dully.

"So's to be healthy, for one thing. Come out to the barn and put the gloves on with me. It'll stir you up."

Henry protested, but Tony finally gained his point, and from that time on the brothers boxed daily, though nothing was ever said about a return to the ring. When properly stung Henry would lower his head and show flashes of his old form. He seldom mentioned O'Day by name, but the redhead was often in his thoughts.

"If somebody would only lick that guy," he would say, apropos of nothing, "I'd feel better about it. But he's winning right along. They're touting him to be champion some day. It was in the paper."

"If he gets to be champion," suggested Tony, "so much the better for you. We can say it took a champion to stop you."

"But I want him licked!" cried Henry. "Licked! It's about the only thing I do want!"

"Well," said Tony, "he'll get it one of these days. They all do."

"And that's the truth," said Henry mournfully, and would have continued the conversation along those lines, but Tony wisely changed the subject.

Six months later O'Day returned to town wearing two diamonds of the sort that looks best by electric light, and the haughty manner of a conquering hero. He brought with him a brisk, weasel-faced little man who answered to the name of Spider Foley, and who lost no time in informing the newspaper men that he was O'Day's manager and would soon make the redhead a world's champion. He also stated that O'Day was ready to box any lightweight at any time and under any conditions, but the real truth he told to Michael Callahan, the local promoter of glove contests.

"No," said the Spider, "we ain't here hunting a real fight. Of course, if we can pick up something soft that's different. I'd let my boy go on and spar an exhibition or kick over a set-up, but nothing tougher than that. He's as good as matched with Young Daly now, and if we lick Daly the old champ will have to take notice of us. So we ain't taking chances. If your folks here want to see O'Day, show us money enough, find something soft and we'll talk business. Your Iron Man is barred."

"Our Iron Man has quit," said Callahan. "I'm hearing that he's gone just a little bit daffy."

"O'Day thought he might want a return match," said Foley, "and he barred him because we don't want to have to train for anybody until we take on Young Daly. . . . Well, who can you get for us? And it better be ten rounds. O'Day ain't enough of a boxer to show up well in less."

Callahan inquired among the local pork-and-beaners, but found them lacking in enthusiasm. The wrecker of the Iron Man was greatly respected, and none of the local lightweights wanted his game. With one accord they began to make excuses. Soapy Brodie mentioned a wounded thumb and blamed a medicine ball. Waterbury Holmes thought the short end of the purse was too short. Dangerous Doyle needed a month in which to train. Callahan had nearly abandoned hope, when a human sacrifice walked into his office.

"Hello, Tony," said the promoter. "Haven't seen much of you lately, but I

(Continued on Page 89

Clement Bournique earns famous Winchester trophy

Read all about how your boy can enter this contest

CLEMENT BOURNIQUE, age 10, of Milwaukee, was the youngest contestant to earn the Winchester Sharpshooter Medal in 1917. Many an older member would be glad to hold his record of 344 out of a possible 375 on the official targets of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps.

Any boy or girl not over 18 is eligible to join the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, wear an official membership button and compete for the famous Marksman and Sharpshooter Medals.

The Winchester Junior Rifle Corps is an honorary organization to encourage marksmanship among boys and girls of America. Its membership is made up of expert boy and girl rifle shots from all over the country. There are no military obligations or dues.

Get your boy to join

Remember that it is just as important for a boy to know how to handle a rifle safely as it is to know how to swim.

There is a Winchester Junior Rifle Corps headquarters in your town. Your hardware or sporting goods dealer is probably headquarters. Get your boy to register his name for a membership certificate which entitles him to a membership button and to compete for the famous Winchester Marksman and Sharpshooter Medals.

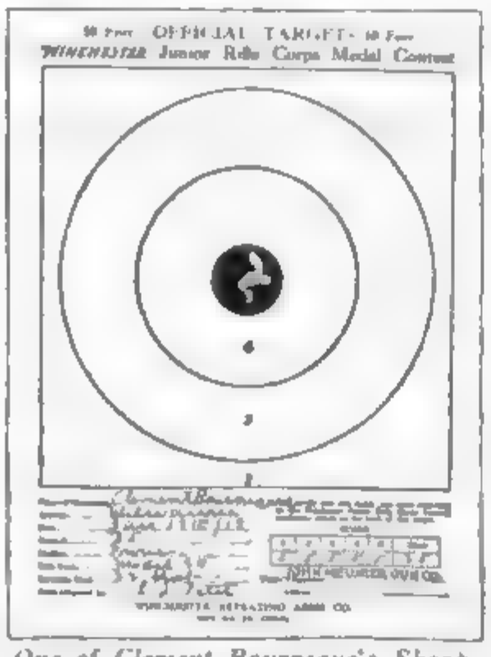
How the prize contest works

After the boy has selected the style of Winchester .22 caliber rifle that suits his taste and pocketbook—the dealer has all prices of rifles—he asks for a supply of official Winchester Rifle Corps targets or sample for pattern from which to make his own. If the dealer has none in stock, the boy may write us direct

But the boy is not yet ready to try for the Winchester trophies. Before even getting his cartridges, he is required on his honor to learn by heart the rules of gun safety printed in the handbook of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps. Your dealer has copies of this book.

Right here is where the father comes in. The father who undertakes to teach and explain the rules of gun safety to his son, at once establishes a new bond between himself and the boy. It may seem a little thing to the father, but the boy clings to and remembers those early lessons in the manly sport of rifle shooting. The understanding and close fellowship leave vivid impressions with the boy, never to be forgotten in after years.

When the boy has learned how to handle his rifle safely, has learned how to stand and how to draw a bead on the mark, then it is time to buy cartridges and start practicing.



One of Clement Bournique's Sharpshooter scores

Select a place where he can shoot in absolute safety, then with you or a friend acting as a witness, let the boy shoot his first string of five rounds. Take down the target and put up another. Let him shoot five shots into the second. He may shoot as many targets as he likes, always being sure to shoot no more than five shots into each target Missing the target entirely counts one shot just the same. Shots which strike at the edge of any circle count as being in the highest scoring circle.

When the boy has made 10 targets each scoring 19 out of a possible 25 points, have him sign his full name while you, or whoever is witnessing, sign as witness. The boy then takes them to his dealer who will forward them to the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps National Headquarters.

A Winchester Marksman Medal will be sent to the dealer who will deliver the medal to the boy himself. He will also receive from National Headquarters a diploma signed by the President of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, certifying to his having earned the title of Marksman.

Clement Bournique, age 10, of Milwaukee, with his .22 caliber Winchester

He is now ready to try for the Sharpshooter Medal. This title and medal are not so easily earned. He is required to make 15 targets, each securing 24 out of a possible 25.

The rifle to use

Remember that the rifle and ammunition must be *.22 caliber* Winchester. Remember, too, that it does not make any difference in the shooting whether you get a low priced single shot rifle or a fine repeater. The accuracy of the Winchester is in the barrel. The same quality of style and the same care in boring go into all.

Get the boy started today. Get him to go to the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps headquarters in his town and register as a member. If he cannot get all particulars there, write direct to **Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, National Headquarters, 275 Winchester Ave., New Haven, Conn., Division 311.**

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Take-down .22 caliber single shot rifle. A low priced, light weight gun made in two sizes
MODEL 01. Automatic hammerless take-down rifle. Handles only its own .22 Automatic cartridge. Shoots ten shots as fast as the trigger can be pulled

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30-working-day completion can be guaranteed on Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Standards; 60-working-day completion on Nos. 4, 5 and 6, and a slightly longer time for Nos. 8 and 9. These nine types will cover practically all industrial requirements. *The Austin Book of Buildings* will give you engineering details and illustrations of Austin Standard Factory Buildings as well as Austin Special Buildings. Send for a copy today.

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Steel Sash	Steel Sash
Tarred Felt Roof	Tarred Felt Roof
Two Coats of White Paint	Tile on Steel Joists
Sash Operators	4-Ply Tar and Gravel Roof

The Austin Motto is "Results, not Excuses."

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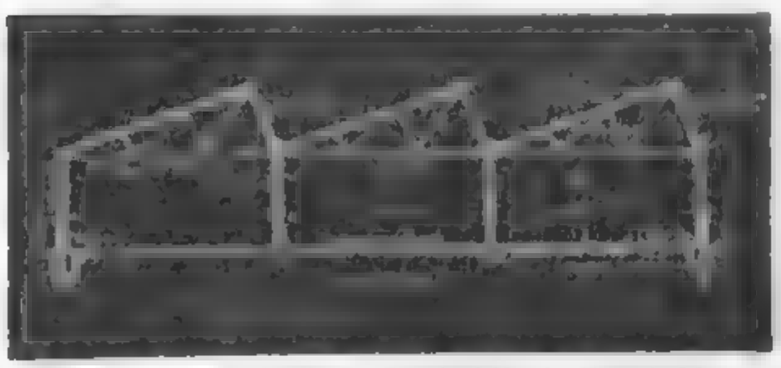
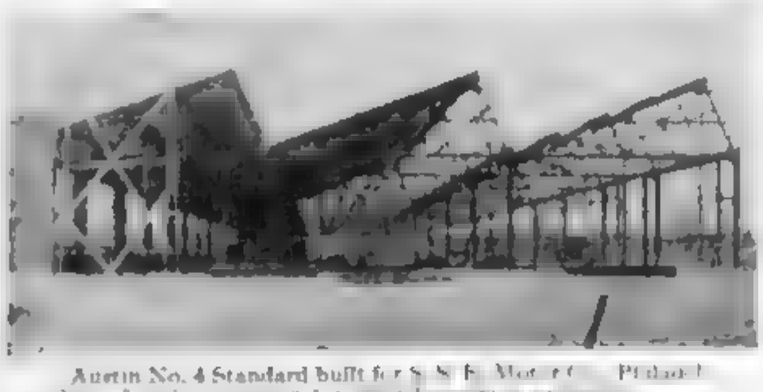
THE AUSTIN COMPANY, Industrial Engineers and Builders

22



Cross-Section of Austin Co. Standard No. 4. Furnished in number of bays 40 x 20 feet.



Austin No. 4 Standard built for S. S. D. Motor Co., Philadelphia. Level suspension for crane hangers a feature.

Steel & Concrete Factory of Standard No. 4 Type

AUSTIN STANDARD FACTORY-BUILDINGS

(Continued from Page 86)

can give you the answer now. O'Day won't fight your brother again."

"I don't want him to," said Tony, "but—how about me?"

"You!"

"Me," was the calm reply. "Why not? It's a set-up you're after, ain't it? O'Day is the card, no matter who he meets. And then there's a lot of people round this town who have always wanted to see me in the ring. I'll give 'em a run for their money—while I last. . . . Speaking of money, how much is the loser's end?"

An hour later Spider Foley heard the good news, and O'Day, who had accompanied his manager to Callahan's office, grinned as he listened.

"It's bound to draw like a mustard plaster," said Callahan, "because it's the Iron Man's brother, and he's a natural-born set-up—never had a fight in his life. We can talk it up in the newspapers and make it look like a case of Italian revenge ——"

"And there might be something in it, too," said O'Day. "That manager dago ain't stuck on me—much. I saw it in his eye the night I stopped his brother. . . . Oh, well, all I ask is that you have him searched for a knife before he gets into the ring!"

"Bunk!" exclaimed Callahan. "Tony ain't after revenge; he's after the short end. He always was a wolf for the coin. He told me so himself. Said he knew I wanted a set-up and he didn't mind taking one on the jaw for a piece of money. Tony's a business man."

"Well," said O'Day, "his brother was some fighter, at that."

V

WHEN the familiar red bathrobe bobbed down the aisle with Tony Mustolini inside it there was a cheer from the gallery. It came from those who had loyally supported the Iron Man during his long campaign. They would have cheered Henry, too, but he was not among the shirt-sleeved attendants.

"If I should show up," he had explained to Tony, "they'd 'Scrap Iron' me to death. I got to see this battle, kid, but it'll be from 'way up under the roof. And I never was no good as a second anyway. . . . Whatever you do, Tony, don't let that guy get at your belly. He'll tear you in two!"

So when Tony's curly head ducked under the ropes the Iron Man was in the very top row of the gallery, his sweater rolled up to his ears and his cap pulled low over his eyes. He dared not cheer for fear of inviting recognition, and he did not know how to pray. He was very uncomfortable.

When the time came for introductions Tony whispered something in Finnegan's ear, and that worthy gentleman listened carefully and did his best to look intelligent. Foghorn's voice was as clear as ever, and his ideas as clouded. He muttered a rehearsal as he led Tony to the middle of the ring.

"Scrap Iron Murphy, gen'elmen!" he bellowed. "Scrap Iron Murphy!"

Now O'Day's remark at the close of the battle with the Iron Man had been given wide publicity by the newspapers, and a roar of laughter came from the packed house. The redhead, in his corner, looked up suddenly, and a grin split his homely countenance. Henry, safe under the roof, dodged as if a blow had been aimed at him. Foghorn Finnegan began to smile, for he perceived that he had said something clever.

"What did Tony do that for?" Henry asked himself. "Is he trying to kid me—or what?"

O'Day was wondering along the same lines, and following his usual custom he exchanged words with his opponent under cover of listening to the referee.

"Say, wop, where do you get that scrap-iron stuff?"

"Say, Irish," countered Tony, "that's advertising. I'm in the junk business. After the fight come down and climb on the scales. I'll make a price on what's left of you—bum diamonds and all. They're junk if ever I saw any."

And then, without waiting to hear O'Day's retort, Tony turned to his corner. The referee grinned as he signaled the time-keeper. Before the gong rang Tony took a comprehensive survey of the gallery, but he could not locate Henry. "Pretty cool for the first time out," said the experts. "Look at him counting the house!"

Whang!

O'Day left his corner at a shuffling trot. He had not thought it necessary to do much training for a set-up, and was therefore anxious to win in a hurry. Infighting was his specialty, and he planned to get close to his man and stay there. To his intense disgust he discovered that Tony had no inclination to play an opponent's game, but seemed to prefer long-range sparring.

O'Day hesitated an instant and then charged, but ran plump into an extremely workmanlike left jab, which threw him off his balance and spoiled the direction of his opening shot. O'Day struggled to close quarters, but suddenly found both arms scientifically pinned by a clinch. When he ripped out of that embrace a short right hook came from nowhere and rocked his bullet head on his shoulders. A cheer dropped from the gallery.

"Aw, come on and fight!" growled O'Day.

"Come on yourself!" replied Tony through set teeth. "I'm right here."

He was not there when O'Day rushed in with a full-arm swing, and before the redhead could recover his balance his nose, mouth and eyes were full of stinging left jabs. O'Day's first round was a succession of short savage rushes; of blows that were blocked; of swings that went wild; of baffling clinches and wasted effort. Tony, bright-eyed and alert, and having the twin advantages of faster footwork and longer reach, found much use for his straight left jab, and when the round ended there was a thin streak of crimson on O'Day's chin. The cheering was all for Tony. Expecting nothing of the Iron Man's brother, the spectators were agreeably surprised and told themselves that the battle would be a good one—as long as it lasted.

"Yeh, he's clever," admitted O'Day to Foley; "but one good poke'll take all the speed outa him."

"You got a nice lead," said Tony's chief adviser. "Play him careful. Box him, that's the stuff!"

For the next five rounds Tony boxed, while the spectators marveled aloud at the value of the talent that had been hidden in managerial soil. O'Day did everything in his power to make the elusive Italian stand up and fight, but Tony jabbed and sidestepped and clinched and jabbed again, and never once did he risk an even exchange of solid blows. The redhead's face offered mute evidence that Tony's left hand had a sting in it, and somewhere in the sixth round it occurred to O'Day that training was a very good thing, though he blamed the flattened condition of his nose for the shortness of his breath.

"He's beginning to grunt," said Tony in his corner. "I'll trade him a few next round."

"Don't be a sucker!" warned his advisers. "Box him. Take a decision."

The seventh opened up much as the other rounds had done, but Tony seemed to be gradually increasing the pace. For more than two minutes he boxed with O'Day, and then suddenly stepped close to his man and opened a vicious short-arm assault on his stomach. The first blow that landed was a jolty right-hander with all Tony's weight behind it, and it hurt O'Day; but he rallied instantly and replied in kind.

Now it had been no trick to pump both fists into Henry's stomach, but O'Day soon proved to his own satisfaction that landing solidly on Tony's midsection was quite another matter. Tony was not swinging his blows, but shooting them straight as arrows; what was more, he was timing them accurately and blocking shrewdly with his elbows. The redhead was a stubborn fighter, but no fool. There was a very serious expression on his battered countenance as he went to his corner at the end of the round.

The pavilion was in such a tremendous uproar during the minute's cessation of hostilities that a small riot in the gallery attracted little attention—such a riot as might be caused by the sudden descent of a strong man from the top row, via the heads and shoulders of the populace. It was Henry Mustolini, battling his way to the ringside, and as he advanced he gave tongue:

"Clean him, Tony! Clean him, kid!"

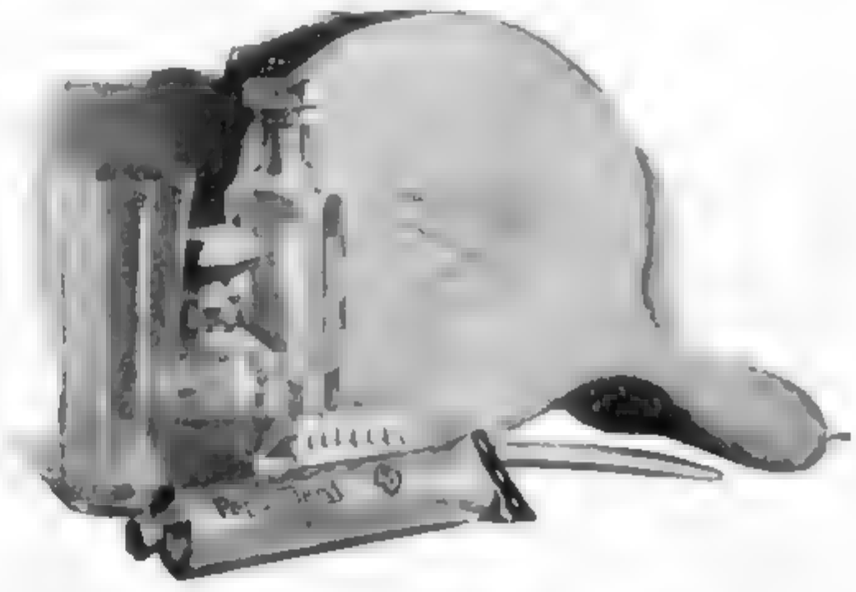
The redhead cast a sullen eye over the excited audience. It was his left eye. The other was closed to a purple slit. He drew breath in short, sobbing gasps, and even in that moment of stress he found something unpleasant to say:

"A set-up—hey? . . . You're a—hell of a—manager!"

(Concluded on Page 91)

Look at Your Teeth In a Week

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Give Pepsodent a Chance

This is to urge a free one-week test of a new-day dentifrice. Let it prove its own results.

Pepsodent is a scientific dentifrice, based on activated pepsin. Its object is to combat the film, the cause of nearly all tooth troubles.

Able authorities have proved its effects by four years of clinical tests. As a result, Pepsodent is fast supplanting old teeth-cleaning methods. Let a week's use show you why.

All dentists and most people know that brushing teeth in old ways does not save them. Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay. Tartar accumulates. Most people over forty suffer pyorrhea.

The trouble is not with the tooth brush. It lies in a film, which the brush alone can't end. Now a way has been found to combat that film, and everyone should know it.

What That Film Does

Your teeth's chief enemy is a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. Dentists call it "bacterial plaque."

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So nearly all tooth troubles are due to that film. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays and resists the tooth brush. And it forms a ceaseless danger.

That film is albuminous. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Until lately, a pepsin tooth paste seemed impracticable. Pepsin must be activated else it is inert. The usual activator is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method—used in Pepsodent—makes possible this form of film attack. So Pepsodent is fast displacing the old inefficient cleaners.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste, and watch its effects. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Note how they whiten as the fixed film disappears. The results will not long be in doubt.

After that week, you will not return to old ways, we believe. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

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(108)

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~Lather and Lotion In One

Contains Palm and Olive Oils Combined in Cream Form

NOW comes a new shaving discovery—another Palmolive triumph—such as men have wished for always. It is distinctly different. Its name is Palmolive Shaving Cream. It contains palm and olive oils, combined as never before. Made as only Palmolive chemists, so long experienced in the secrets of these oils, know how.

This achieves a double-purpose soap, lather and lotion combined.

The first time in history that a cream like this has been produced.

It is our latest achievement, bringing shaving comforts hitherto unknown.

This delightful shaving cream lathers instantly—a full, upstanding lather that does not have to be continuously replaced.

The oils soften the beard and the razor glides more easily.

If its only merit was as a shaving soap, this Palmolive Cream would rank at the top.

But while you shave, the effect of these time-famed oils make a lotion unnecessary. They temper the skin against the weather. No roughness or irritation, no matter how soon you go out.

After shaving with this new creation, the face does not require additional treatment; simply wash with plain water, dry and use a little Palmolive Talcum.

PALMOLIVE
Shaving Cream

Notwithstanding the costly oils we use and the superior results, the price of Palmolive Cream is but 35c.

It comes in a big size tube that lasts so long its price per shave is infinitesimal.

A lotion alone costs as much as this cream. All shaving creams have greatly advanced in price.

Now no man need buy both soap and lotion, which means a double cost and which takes twice as long to use at a time when one is always in a hurry.

No man—could he buy a costlier soap and a costlier lotion—could secure better results than by using Palmolive Shaving Cream.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

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Palmolive Shaving Cream is the latest addition to the famous line headed by Palmolive Soap. The famous soap sold everywhere by leading dealers and supplied in guest size by the finest hotels. If your dealer hasn't secured a stock of the cream, write direct, enclosing price.

(761)

(Concluded from Page 89)

Somebody bounced through the ropes in the other angle of the ring. It was the long-lost Iron Man, and he hurled himself upon his brother and would have kissed him but for the interference of the handlers. These wisely decided that it was no time for consanguineous affection. Henry's yell followed Tony as he answered the summons of the gong:

"Clean him, kid! Clean him, kid! Clean him for me!"

O'Day, breathing like a leaky accordion, but game as any wind-broken badger, met Tony somewhere near the middle of the ring; and this time no tantalizing left hand plumped into his face. For seven rounds Tony had been fighting cautiously, assuring himself of every possible advantage. He opened the eighth with a reckless two-handed assault on O'Day's red and laboring stomach. It might have been the sight of Henry, wild-eyed and eager; it might have been the knowledge that his man was weakening fast; at any rate Tony tossed science outside the ropes and offered O'Day the one thing he had been praying for—an even exchange of the sort that had whipped the Iron Man.

O'Day flinched under the first blow, but lowered his tousled thatch, set his teeth and called up his heaviest guns for a counter attack. It was do or die quickly with him now, and he knew it. Had he gone into that toe-to-toe encounter fresh and strong, the outcome would have been problematical, but O'Day was bringing to that open market a very sick stomach and a fatal shortness of breath. There was nothing wrong with his heart, however, and as he stood forward to his bitter task the house rose with a yell. Above the mighty chorus one voice soared like the blast of a cracked bugle:

"For me, kid! For me!"

Tony made no pretense of blocking O'Day's blows or timing his own; he simply fought as fast as his fists could fly. The first solid thump that landed under Tony's heart shook him to the knees; the second one did not hurt so much; the third he scarcely felt. In point of blows delivered it was nearly an even thing; in point of punishment inflicted it was anything but a fair exchange.

One man had trained on electric lights and rich food; the other had been through a long and careful preparation for just such an encounter as this. One man was floundering on his feet; the other was putting the strength of his unshaken legs into his punches, and lifting them home with murderous effect.

At the end of a long, long minute O'Day began making futile attempts to block those tearing short-arm jolts. A little later he folded both arms across his tortured stomach, bent forward from the waist, and threw up his bullet head with a sudden jerk, butting Tony squarely upon the bridge of the nose. It was a deliberate foul—the last resort of a fighter made desperate by punishment. It was the first time Tony had ever been fouled; pain and rage made him a maniac.

A blind unreasoning instinct told Tony to continue the attack on O'Day's body, and savagely he obeyed. Head down, stomach covered, O'Day retreated before the doubled fury of that assault.

It was no part of his plan to unfold his arms and reply to it. Toward the end of the round, when Tony had worn himself out, he would ——

"Tony, the jaw! The jaw!"

The words seemed to come from a great distance. Over and over and over again he heard them, until at last they began to convey a message to Tony's dazed brain. It was then that he saw, none too clearly, the trap into which he had fallen—the foul that had tricked him into losing his head and wasting his strength.

He sensed in the crouching retreating figure before him something more than defense; O'Day, badly hurt and nearly at the end of his string, seemed to be waiting, waiting. And then, even as he flailed away at his staggering foe, Tony felt elbows through his gloves and became aware of the lowered guard and the unprotected downturned face.

"Tony, the jaw!" This time the message came clear as a bell.

O'Day, head bent and watching warily with his one good eye, saw Tony's black shoes shift suddenly upon the canvas, the left foot advanced, the right one drawn back; he caught the flash of a wet glove dropped to a level with the right knee. He realized what was coming and tried to lift his tired arms to protect his face, but even as they started to move, something flicked his left wrist ever so lightly, something traveling swiftly from below—and that flick of the wrist was Martin O'Day's last definite impression of the one battle that he will never forget.

The full-arm uppercut that smashed his jaw and ended his career picked him clear off the floor and then dropped him miles deep in oblivion.

When O'Day recovered consciousness the first thing he saw was an extended hand; the first thing he heard was the even pleasant voice of Tony Mustolini. He refused the hand, but Tony's jocular remarks lingered with him for many a day.

"Don't forget the number, Irish. Highest price for junk of all kinds. Bring your diamonds along and weigh in."

Here a sneering face thrust itself over Tony's shoulder.

"Going to be a champion, hey?" taunted the Iron Man. "Scrap Iron, hey? Scrap Iron yourself, and see how you like it!"

"Gittuhell away from here!" screamed Spider Foley. "Ain't you done enough to him? Can't you see his jaw is busted smack in two?"

Later the Spider was more diplomatic. Hat in hand he sought Tony in the dressing room.

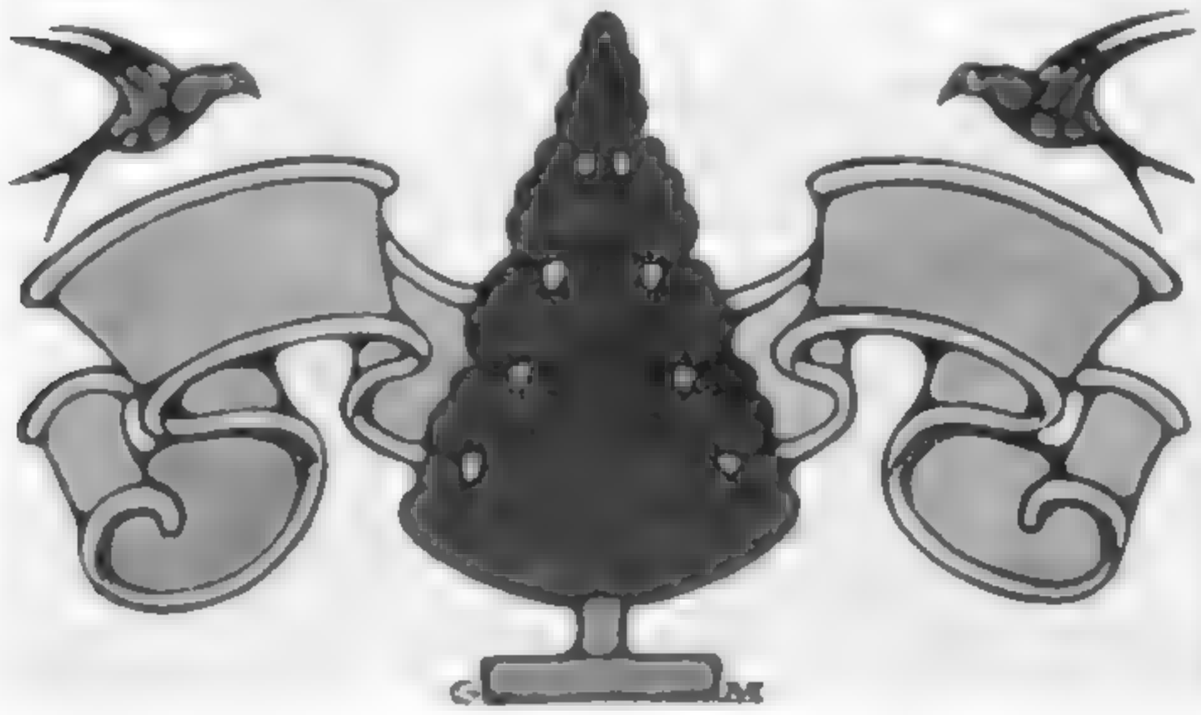
"Listen," said Foley, "I'm a man of few words, but them words I mean. I thought I had a champion of the world on my staff, but you licked him—licked him good. Chances are, the doc says, you ruined him for life. 'S all right. No hard feelings. Now I got no use for a loser, but if you'll put yourself under my pers'nal management I'll ab-so-lutely guarantee to make you the lightweight champion of the world inside a year. Yes, sir, champion of the world! What do you say?"

"Nothing doing," said Tony. "Henry and me, we bought the old man out last week. We're in the junk business ——"

"The junk business!" cried Foley. "But you could be the champion! You licked O'Day ——"

"Sure I did," said Tony; "but I licked him as a favor to Henry, here. Didn't I, old boy?"

"Ain't it the truth!" grunted the Iron Man. "You did something else too, kid. You showed 'em that all the Mustolini boys are game guys! Come on, let's go home!"

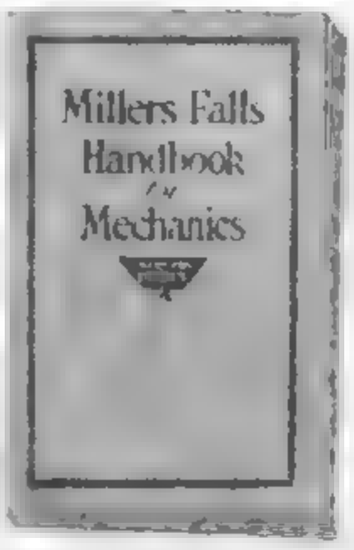


Driving Heavy Screws

Making Screens

Putting up Towel Rack

Putting up Hammock Hook



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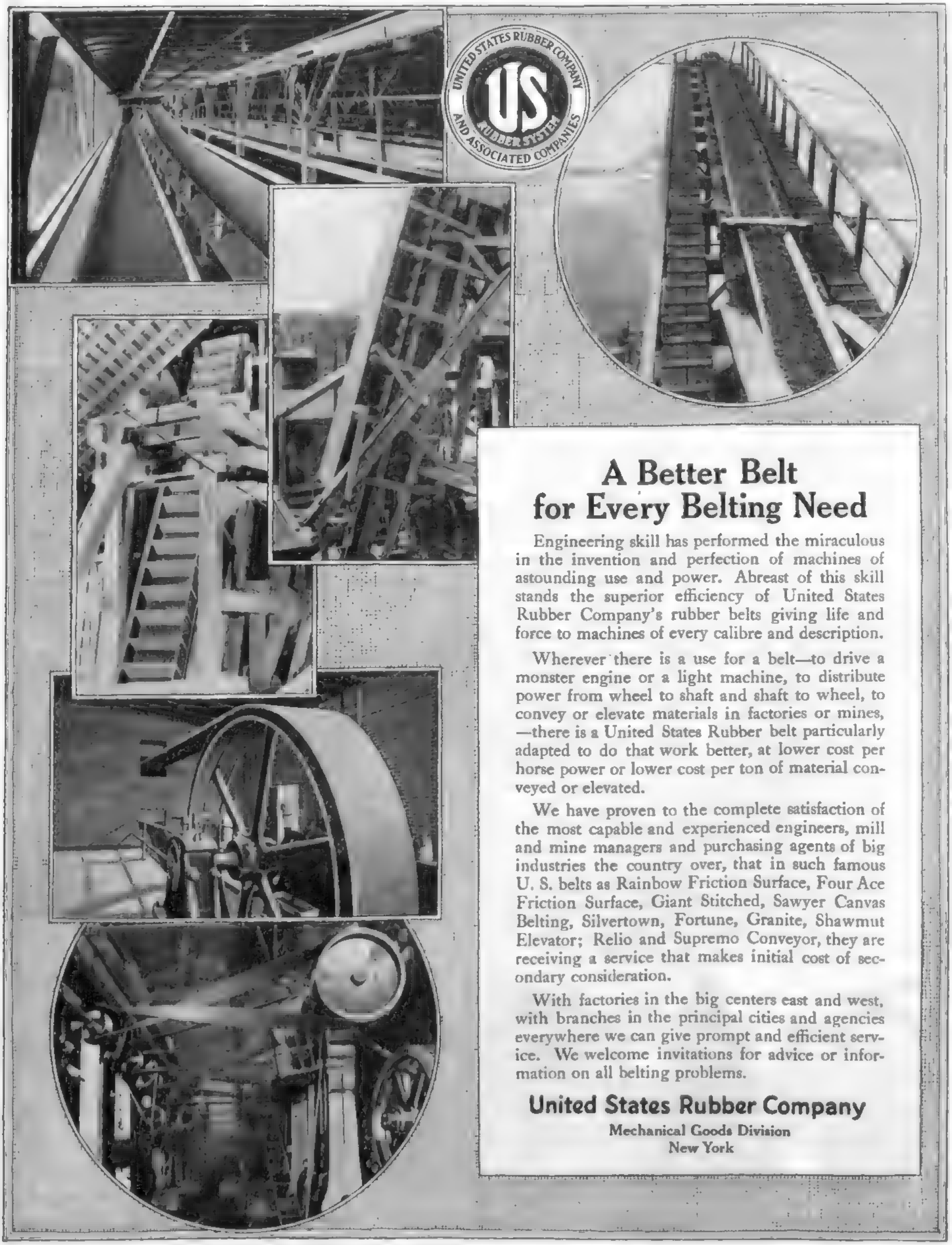

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United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division
New York

THE GUNS THAT COUNT

(Continued from Page 13)

becomes obvious at once. Reports state that the new gun fired one shot every fifteen minutes. That means thirty-two shots in eight hours. The German battery commander quoted above mentions 1250 shots fired on his position by one French battery of heavy guns, also in eight hours. The French batteries consist of four guns, which makes an average of more than 310 shots a gun—an efficiency nearly ten times as great as that of the new German gun.

And this was a battery of heavy guns. The new long-range gun is not a heavy one. Its caliber is estimated at about 200 millimeters—approximately ten inches. To achieve its unusual trajectory of seventy-odd miles the shells fired from this gun must necessarily be light. Ordnance experts place the weight of its explosive charge at 15 pounds approximately. The French 270 mm gun fires a 450-pound shell with an explosive charge of 60 pounds. Its destructive power consequently is far greater.

As to its other limitations, the supergun has many of them. At seventy miles the aim of any gun must necessarily be vague. Its shells may shoot over or under the mark by several hundred yards, which would do more harm than good in trench or open fighting. The fateful accuracy of the French guns is well known. Their shells light on a trench line as exactly and unerringly as a flock of swallows on a telephone wire.

The immobility of the supergun is a handicap, as are the tremendous expense of each single shot and the shortness of the life of the gun. Chemical action of the explosives, erosion and overheating in rapid fire would limit its use to possibly a hundred discharges.

Napoleon's Maxim

But this summing up of the limitations and futilities of the supergun in its present state of development must not lead to viewing other German ordnance with the same placid disregard. Germany possesses a formidable array of light and heavy artillery. Piece for piece, however, and type for type the French guns not only match but frequently surpass the Teuton cannon. The entire Allied armies on the Western Front use the French guns almost exclusively, especially the light fieldpieces, the famous 75's.

It is to the precepts of Napoleon that France owes the remarkable efficiency of her artillery. In the countless battles he directed Napoleon most frequently gained his victory by massing his artillery at the decisive moment. He knew how to concentrate his guns on the proper spot in order to force what he called "the issue." "In open battle as well as in siege," he writes, "the trick is to concentrate a heavy fire upon the same point. Once the scuffle has started, he who manages suddenly to direct upon such a point, unawares to the enemy, an unexpected mass of artillery is sure to rout him."

The mass of artillery Napoleon talked about meant particularly the number of pieces he could concentrate at a given moment on one spot of the battlefield in preparation for forcing the issue.

The Napoleonic principle of massing artillery was applied by the Prussians in 1870; for instance, in the battle of August eighteenth, when they massed nearly three hundred guns in unison against the village of St.-Privat, which was the right point of support of the French Army.

But in the present war the Germans have specialized in massing fewer pieces of heavier caliber rather than a great number of light pieces. They have depended for their effects more on the weight of each piece than on the number of pieces. Their big 420 howitzers proved very efficacious in the attack on Antwerp, after having been tested before Liege and Namur.

Ratio of Guns to Men

Each of these heavy cannon in itself constitutes what might be called a strategic mass of artillery. Owing to their clever use of railways the Germans have been able to transport these guns from one theater of war to another without insuperable difficulty. But quick transportation over long distances is a delicate and time-robbing operation. Not only does the transportation of the guns require additional work of all kinds, but the ammunition supply and the manning of the batteries present difficulties.

To follow up quickly a gain of territory made by the infantry after the preparatory pounding by these strategic masses is manifestly impossible. To advance quickly into positions from which new enemy sectors may be pulverized to admit of a successful infantry advance is unthinkable. The ground over which they must forge ahead is naturally completely shot up. The infantry in its new advanced position is exposed to counter-attacks against which it can be but inadequately prepared, and not supported by its artillery. Frequently gains thus made have been lost the next day, or hour even. Consequently the result achieved by these monster cannon is small compared to the effort expended.

The French, however, have remained true to the Napoleonic principle of massing great numbers of easily moved guns. Though they have in use ordnance of the heaviest caliber, the gun to which they pin their strongest faith is the little 75. Vast numbers of these guns are used by the French as well as by the British and American forces.

While in Napoleon's time, early in the nineteenth century, the artillery numbered only three guns for every thousand men, the outbreak of the present war saw the French Army equipped with 120 cannon of 75 caliber per army corps. That is at the rate of four per 1000 men. The Germans had six field guns of various types per 1000 men.

The Guns Leave for the Front

Quit lugging an overcoat when you travel

THE man who travels, whether regularly or only on occasional trips, doesn't like to be bothered with an overcoat in addition to his other baggage.

A great many travelers have turned to the Tom Wye jacket because it gives all the advantages of an overcoat with but one-fifth the bulk of a light coat

The Tom Wye is snug and warm, yet always presents a smart, tailored appearance. Roll it up and throw it into a corner of your bag; it won't wrinkle You can be sure of comfort and protection against any sudden change of weather.

Tailored as carefully as a top coat

The Tom Wye is so smartly tailored that it can be worn countless places where a sweater would be out of place. The shoulder seams stay in place; buttonholes will not stretch; the front lies flat and there is no bulging under the arms. Has four convenient military pockets.

The Tom Wye stitch makes a snug-fitting jacket

It is the special Tom Wye stitch that gives the close, firm texture to the fabric. The yarn used in the Tom Wye is pure double-combed Australian Worsted Wool; it keeps you snug and warm and sheds fog and dampness.

The Tom Wye is made in 12 colors, sizes 34 to 46. Prices $12.50 with sleeves, $11.00 without sleeves

The Tom Wye service jacket, for army and navy men, has a collar neck that ends at the collar button and so does not interfere with the fit of the blouse. Made in three colors; same price as regular models.

Step in today at any good haberdasher's or department store and look over this new jacket. If your dealer does not have it, drop a card to

Tom Wye stitch (below) compared with the ordinary knit (above)

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W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes before they leave the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. You can save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. The best known shoes in the world

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Of course these numbers include only the field pieces. The guns of heavy caliber—siege guns, howitzers, naval guns and coast-fortification guns—are being used in addition to the field pieces. Nearly twenty thousand guns of all calibers and descriptions, not counting machine guns, aeroplane guns, and the like, are lined up face to face along the Western Front, together with five million effectives. This means that to-day the artillery numbers one gun to every 250 fighting men. And this proportion is on the increase. No doubt before the war is over there will be one cannon for every 100 men.

The quantity of shells fired by this murderous orchestra is truly stupendous. During the first four months the German guns fired some nine million shells on Verdun alone. Yet men survived the downpour of shot—which supports the theory that hundreds of shells are needed sometimes to kill a single individual. Men are often buried by the explosions without suffering so much as a scratch. Closely hemmed in by murderous fire entire companies may suffer little. But it is all chance; for one single shell, by contrast, may kill 50 to 100 men if it falls in the midst of a troop.

This element of chance, however, has been reduced to a minimum in the famous French 75-millimeter guns. These little pieces can fire thirty shots a minute with such astonishing precision that the shells seem to be set down by an invisible hand. Yet the military world regarded them skeptically in the beginning.

The Germans frankly laughed at the "silly French toys."

Barely twenty years ago these little blue-gray guns were observed in the French army posts for the first time. They skipped and pranced behind their six horses, which seemed quite as much out of place hitched to this dainty thing as they would pulling a lady's dogcart in the Bois de Boulogne.

The roar of German laughter at this gun was louder than the crack of a whole battery of 75's. What good could these grasshoppers do against the huge 420 Berthas or even against the solid 77 Krupp gun? For though the French 75 is only two millimeters smaller than the German 77, the mass of steel round the latter hole is of most imposing bulk. Decidedly the French would wage war with childish frippery.

To be just, the French themselves did not take their new fieldpiece very seriously. The gunners did speak well of it; but then, every gunner loves his gun—and love is blind. The French, though, are inclined to view matters lightly rather than skeptically. Besides, they have the weakness of believing what lovers say. So they decided to give the 75 a chance. And the gun has proved itself a marvel. Every Frenchman to-day has the sentiment of a gunner.

German Spy-Work

The marvel was not a miracle, however. It was the solution of a problem painstakingly arrived at. Artillery had been an auxiliary arm all through history. The plain round balls it fired could not stop an advancing battalion, not even after the improvements made by Gustavus Adolphus in the seventeenth and Gribeauval in the eighteenth century. Each ball might knock down three men in a row—but no more. When modern wars increased the numbers of men pitted against each other the old-type cannon lost all efficacy.

In the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, rifled cannon were in use. Their fire was more accurate. In the latter war the Germans had an advantage in the possession of a breech-loading cannon. The adoption by the French Army of the ninety-millimeter De Bange breechloader restored the equality of armament.

But this 90 could fire only one shot per minute. Greater rapidity of fire had become essential. In 1890 General Matthieu, director of the French artillery, learned of a model field gun which Krupp's had adopted. This gun recoiled on the gun carriage, which itself remained stationary. Immediately French ingenuity contrived a gun after that pattern. Now General Matthieu's information had been wrong. Krupp's had rejected the plan for this kind of gun. It had been proposed but was not made. The French, however, felt they were on the right track. In 1894 Captain Deport had designed the gun according to General Matthieu's specifications.

But the French War Department slighted his offer; Captain Deport resigned his post. His gun was made by private enterprise. Captains Sainte-Claire Deville and Rimailho, whom the invention of the 105 and the short 155 made famous, improved the piece further.

Before the French Army could finally adopt the gun, German espionage had to be sidetracked. The German spies were lured away on a false scent, especially away from the hydropneumatic brake, which was an important feature of the gun. Appropriations for the gun were next smuggled through the French Congress under the guise of "Artillery repairs' expenses."

Meanwhile the Germans rushed work on the plan they had spied out, and in 1896 finished their 77 field gun. They prided themselves on having executed a French invention, bragging that the French were clever enough at thinking up novelties but that they "left the execution of their ideas to others."

One year later, in 1897, the French fieldpiece, Model 1897, was finished. It was the famous 75. It was superior to the German gun. But the Germans would not yet admit it. Their vanity was at stake. Egotism obstinately counsels errors, among Germans more so even than among other people. Besides, Fritz had spent a great deal of money on his 77 and he hated to pay all over again for a new gun as good as the derided French 75. So he sought comfort in his derision, vaunting the superiority of his own 77 until proofs in the present war convinced him.

Speed and Accuracy

The little 75 transformed the entire army organization. It revolutionized battle methods. It necessitated the adaptation of the entire army to the character of this gun, which became the very pivot of all firing maneuvers. A certain French general brought an indefatigable activity to the new organization. He finally codified the liaison between the arms. His ideas, violently combated at first, are universally accepted to-day.

The nickel-steel tube of the 75 is about two and a half yards long. Certain other alloys, which are a secret, enter into its composition. A cold-forged sleeve protects the rear two-thirds of the tube. The rifling takes place after the sleeve has been adjusted.

Breechblock, gun carriage and hydropneumatic brake are all of special design. The latter takes up the recoil of the gun and keeps the gun practically immovably pointed, so that no time need be wasted between shots to correct the aim; which is the secret of the rapid firing of this gun.

The pointing of the 75 has been made equally simple and sure. Pointing remains always a highly technical process to explain. It is a matter of calculating various angles. A special method of reckoning has been invented for the 75. By this method angles are expressed not in degrees but in "thousandths." One thousandth is the angle under which an object one meter tall is perceived at a distance of one kilometer. This reckoning is sufficiently accurate and has the advantage of being better understood by men who are not always quite familiar with geometrical terms.

The 75 fires shrapnel shells 33 centimeters long. Each shell weighs about 15 pounds and has walls five and a half millimeters thick. It contains 302 lead bullets weighing 12 grams each. In the interstices between the layers of bullets is compressed powder. The shell explodes a certain period after being fired. The period is mathematically calculated according to the distance of the target. A fulminating cap on the shell is pierced at the exact spot to set off the shell at the proper instant. This hole used to be pierced by hand, a slow and delicate operation, which the Germans still adhere to. The French, however, pierce the cap automatically with a simple little crank device. Its details may not be divulged. No matter what happens, this timing tool may never be left to fall into the enemy's hands.

The timing can be done so infinitesimally accurately that the shell can be made to explode just before hitting the target. In this way the shrapnel bullets and shell fragments rain down upon the enemy and gain greatly in deadly effect.

Another shell fired by the 75 is the melinite shell, of the same dimensions as the shrapnel shell, but about four pounds lighter. It contains no bullets, but 830 grams of an explosive composed of sixty per cent creosol and forty per cent melinite.

(Continued on Page 97)

GORDON

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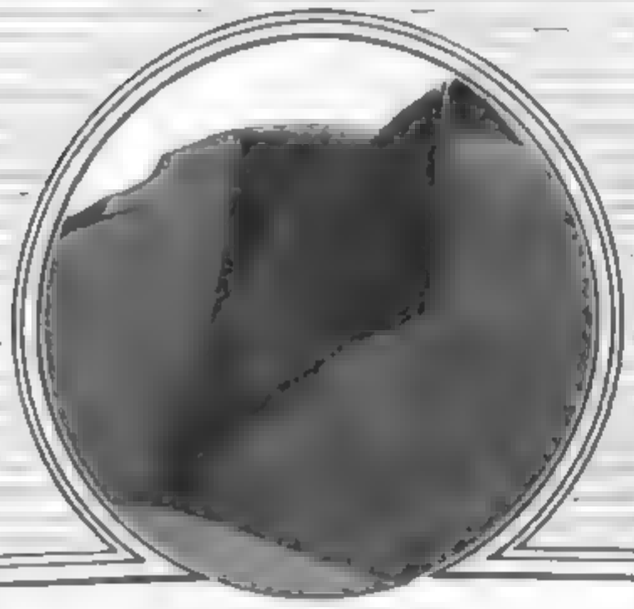

A New Feature— Exclusive With Gordon

The new style Gordon Seat Cover is made in three pieces—see illustration. Notice how the back section overlaps on the arm rest sections. Each section fits independent of the other two, overlapping at the corners. This provides a "give and take" which cares for variations in upholstery of cars of the same make and model—it assures a perfect fit.

This overlap enables you to lean back in full enjoyment of the deep upholstery because it yields to every movement. It prevents tearing the fabric or pulling loose from the fastenings. When you get up the overlap takes up the fullness again so the covers fit perfectly. Better fit—better appearance—complete comfort—easy to put on.

GORDON Seat Covers improve the appearance of your car—make it look neat, clean and more truly worthy of you.

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Manufacturers of Easy-On Seat Covers, Tire Covers, Top Recoverings, Jack Frost Radiator and Engine Covers and other accessories. Literature upon request.

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You Ought to Feel Good About Your Shoes

YOU should enjoy buying your shoes and feel still better about them afterwards. Your shoe dealer owes you at least that much satisfaction for your money.

Then why are so many men changing from their regular shoe stores—why are they so restless and dissatisfied?

Men talk about *prices*. What they really want are *values*. They know prices are higher. They are willing to pay for actual cost increase. They don't want to beat the game but they do want it played with all the cards on the table.

The manufacturer or dealer who means to do the fair thing is ready to give you the facts. He is meeting you half way in a difficult situation. He is taking part of the rising costs on his own shoulders.

This is not a time to pile up profits but to win lasting friends. There is another day coming—when some shoe dealers will not feel so independent.

There must be some reason why Regal stores today are waiting on more customers and selling more shoes than any time in the last twenty-five years.

Perhaps it is due to the Regal idea of concentration on a few of the choicest lasts and leathers—the Regal plan of small profits and many sales—the Regal belief that straight-from-the-shoulder values are even more appreciated today than in ordinary times—because they are rarer.

This is no great virtue. It is just plain business sense. See what you think about it.

Here is a case in point—the Pall Mall Oxford shown above. Slender and aristocratic. Made on a genuine English Custom Last. Ready now in rich brown Cavendish Calf-skin. Get this shoe on your foot—and understand what "Regal" means in shoes. Price $7.50

There are fifty-four Regal Stores in the great Metropolitan Centres and about a thousand special Regal representatives in other towns and cities—all giving you Regal service.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

REGAL SHOES

(Continued from Page 94)

The creosol may be replaced by other explosives. This shell explodes by means of a percussion cap. Its force is so tremendous that a great part of the outer shell is reduced to impalpable dust.

The 75 fires its shells not by means of a powder sack rammed in behind the projectile but by means of a copper cartridge containing smokeless powder. This copper container is fastened to the butt of the projectile. The firing is done the same way as with a center-fire rifle cartridge.

Finally, the 75 may boast of the closet-caisson in which its cartridges are carried. This caisson is simply a closet on wheels in which the ninety cartridges hang, points downward, in ninety separate cells. Arrived at the emplacement, the caisson is swung backward. Its steel doors swing open, making shields for the gun crew, and the shells, now in horizontal position, lie ready at hand.

It must seem strange that the Germans, shrewd imitators as they are, have not as yet copied the French 75. They have realized its superiority to their 77 field gun with mortification and gnashing of teeth. But it must be remembered that prior to the war German spies were cleverly sidetracked from their pursuit after the design of the gun. Moreover, the Germans had derided the gun.

And since the war began not a single 75 has fallen into the German clutches!

The 75 is not to be captured. If it is captured it has ceased to be the 75. A detail of construction is the secret of this. The gun bed is fastened to the limber with a removable linchpin. When the piece is in danger of being captured by the enemy the gun crew put in a last cartridge, remove the linchpin and stand aside. The final shot is fired; the shell leaves the muzzle forward, the gun recoils backward. It tears the bed with it and lands several yards to the rear, the bed shattered, the brake burst. Nothing remains but the pieces of a corpse, of which the enemy may study the anatomy, but which he cannot reconstruct.

The Uninvited Guest

The 75 lasts almost indefinitely, despite the terrific wear and tear of its rapid fire. The pieces which had done maneuver duty for fifteen years stood up flawless throughout the great Battle of the Marne. The light, nimble little guns may be set up at a moment's notice anywhere. They strike as quickly as they hit hard.

They can score hits immediately. In Belgium some French infantry soldiers discovered a German troop hiding in a square hay patch 2000 yards away. Nothing could be done with the rifles they carried, and the poilus prayed for a 75. The ubiquitous little stinger did not fail.

"If our artillery could only spot these boches!" a French soldier sighed.

No sooner had he uttered his wish than it was fulfilled. From somewhere, suddenly five 75 shells fell in the hayfield—one in the center, one in each corner. The German troop was no more!

A French officer had intercepted a German telephone message which stated that two trains with reenforcements were due on the Peronne-St. Quentin line. Some batteries of 75's made short work of the trains. The remarkable thing about this was not the efficacy of the firing, but the almost immediate arrival of these batteries in the desired position.

Another almost miraculous materialization out of nowhere of some 75 guns happened before Paris in 1914. On September sixth the Crown Prince held a general reception to celebrate his triumphant entrance into Paris, which was expected to take place the next day. A sumptuous banquet was spread at the castle of Mondemont. Three thousand bottles of champagne had been brought for the feast. The invited guests imbibed copiously and many "dead soldiers" lay about. Suddenly a shell fell amidst the revelry. The 75 had not been invited, but butted in anyhow. Half an hour later three thousand dead soldiers in German uniform lay about in the park.

The 75 hits hard. The Germans crossed the Meuse over three bridges after the retiring French. They saw before them only a company of skirmishers guarding the retreat. They followed fearlessly. But six batteries of 75's were masked on the neighboring heights. When the bridges were packed the first volley was fired. The melinite shells completely destroyed the three bridges. Ten minutes later the Germans had vanished.

More Deadly Than Cholera

No wonder the Hun has named the 75's "Bandit Cannon" and "Devil's Guns," and the gunners "The Black Butchers" One German officer wrote: "Such a cannon should be prohibited. It is more deadly than cholera."

The maximum range of the 75 is somewhat less than four miles. Though its raking fire at this range suffices to check the progress of troops in open country, it cannot silence heavy enemy artillery of greater range. This must be accomplished by special cannon of maximum power.

All the arts of war are employed for this purpose. Gas shells belch their trailing fumes, which may spread far enough to paralyze gun crews and teams over a much larger area than that covered by a shrapnel shell. Moreover, the fumes linger and incapacitate the men more lastingly than maiming shells can. The latter suspend a battery's fire only until the wounded and killed have been replaced. Poisoned air hangs sometimes for hours and silences a battery for that entire period. But the use of gas masks reduces the efficacy of gas a little.

Bombardment of the enemy batteries from aëroplanes cannot as yet be effected accurately enough when the target is small. Presently, however, it may replace long-range shooting, which is not very accurate either and which requires aviators for range finding and correcting anyway.

Whatever methods are employed to silence the heavy, far-shooting batteries, the zone covered by the attacking shells may be quickly made available for the action of the light guns. This brings into play again the indefatigable and ubiquitous, triumphant 75. From that moment on, these are masters of the ground. But their success is necessarily retarded by the resistance of the trenches.

The Allied armies use guns of twenty different calibers for the purpose of reducing the heavy enemy batteries. Nine or ten of these calibers belong to the land artillery proper. The others are naval guns or coast-fortification guns.

The guns range up to the big 400 howitzers, which match the huge German 420 Berthas. The distances over which the guns

French Artillerymen Training Our Gunners

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A Better Athletic Underwear
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YOU pay no more for Sealpax but you get more for your money. It sells at popular prices yet it possesses many exclusive features.

Sealpax comes fresh from the laundry to you in a crisp, sealed container, *clean as the driven snow.* You break the seal, put Sealpax on and wear it. That's convenience and economy.

You find the fabric caressingly soft and refreshingly cool and airy. You get a newer sense of freedom from the freer-cut of Sealpax.

You note with satisfaction that Sealpax Underwear is carefully sewed and neatly finished.

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You'll conclude as have thousands of other particular men that *Sealpax is a better athletic underwear sold in a cleaner way.*

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THE Savage Arms Corporation has suspended all its regular activities, devoting its entire organization to the service of the Government.

The Company has welcomed this opportunity to do its part in winning the war, and to help make the world safe for Democracy.

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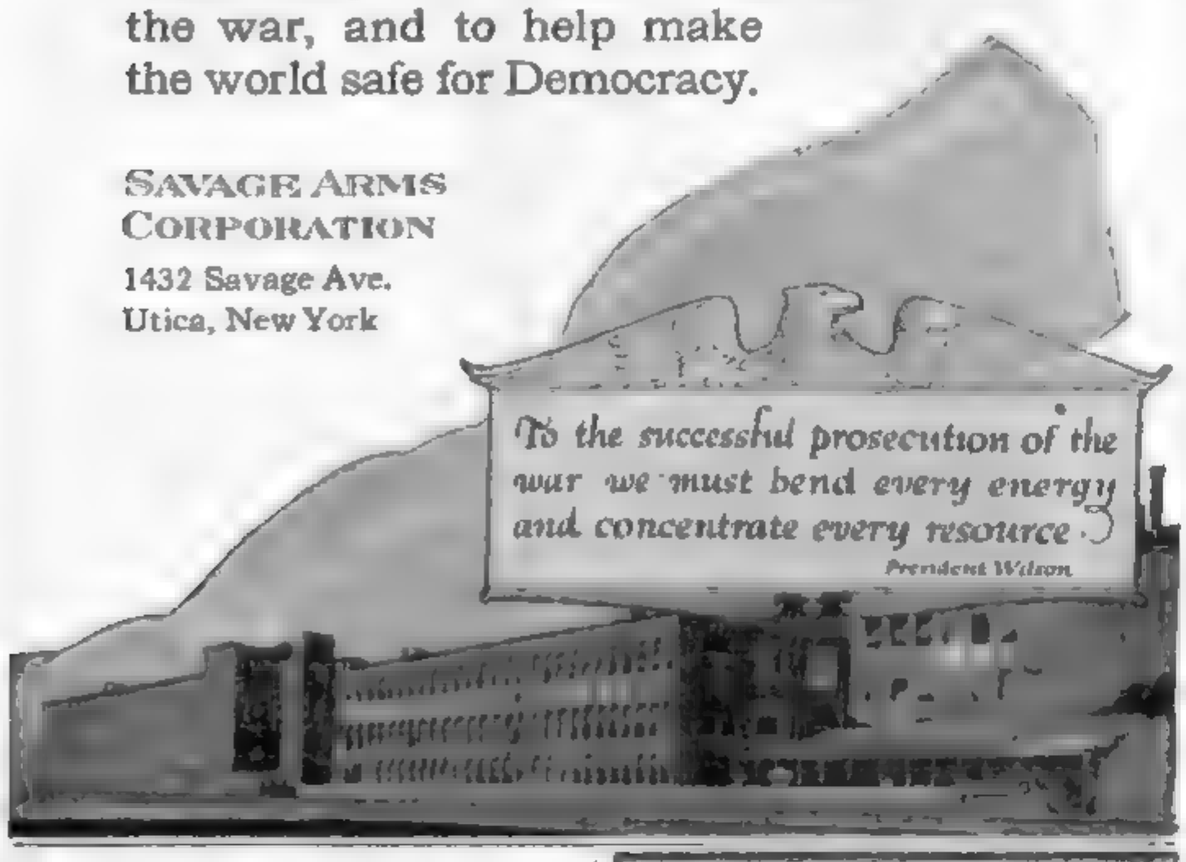

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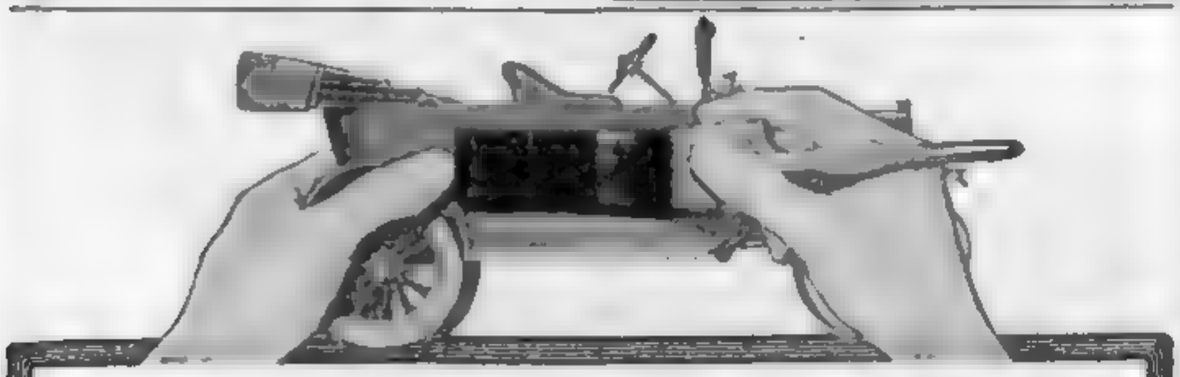

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can shoot vary according to the caliber. As a general rule our Allied guns shoot as many kilometers as the figure of their caliber in centimeters. For instance, the French 400 gun—400 millimeters equal 40 centimeters—has a range of 40 kilometers.

The 75 has a range of 6½ kilometers, and the corresponding German 77 shoots 5½ kilometers. The German 105 has a range of 10½ kilometers, the French 12½ kilometers. The 130 and 150 rifles can strike from 13 to 14 kilometers.

The howitzers have a comparatively shorter range. They are short-muzzled pieces, sending heavy shells at little speed. But these shells are heavily loaded with explosives. The trajectory is strongly curved and thus the shells sail over obstacles.

The 210 and 280 howitzers range no farther than 8 or 9 kilometers. The 420 howitzer goes about 14 kilometers, whereas the 305 rifle attains a range of more than twenty-five kilometers. A new French gun of 500 millimeters is being made. The English Navy uses 381-millimeter rifles. A German coast gun of 406 millimeters, weighing 113 tons, has been in use a long time.

The heaviest fortifications must crumble under the terrific charges the shells carry. The 280 French gun fires a 550-pound shell, containing 80 pounds of explosives. The corresponding German gun sends a 680-pound shell, which, however, carries only 70 pounds of explosives.

The French 305 long, which weighs 52 tons, puts a 688-pound shell, holding 225 pounds of powder, a distance of 30 kilometers. The 340 howitzer sends a 1200-pound shell, containing 504 pounds of explosives. The 381 English naval gun discharges a 1746-pound projectile, containing more than 600 pounds of a certain powder.

The heavy guns are transported and placed entirely by rail, or by specially constructed automobile trucks, or are tracted by caterpillars, which can drag almost any load across any ground. So efficient is the present transportation that these enormous pieces, weighing as high as 200,000 pounds, can be moved at a pace of 12 or 15 kilometers an hour. A day's journey of 60 miles can be made without trouble.

The Song of the Seventy-Fives

But no matter how terrible these huge monsters may be and how essential for smashing the enemy trenches at long distance, for all-round efficiency, nimbleness and accuracy the 75 holds first place. It is essentially a French gun; it has a personality all its own. It is as sharp and quick as the French mind, trenchant as the French wit, dauntless as the French spirit.

It is preëminently the instrument for barrage fire. It is without a peer in open-country fighting. To cut wire entanglements close to the ground its straight raking, mowing fire is the most efficacious. To check, pursue or disperse a troop, to chase the enemy from roughly thrown-up or shallow trenches, it is the gun of guns. For spreading terror among the boches the 75 has a reputation such as the Kaiser has possibly tried but failed to gain for his mysterious long-range novelty.

The 75 is the Empress of the Battlefield. The infantry arm has been the Queen of Battles. It remains that. But it must acknowledge the 75 empress of the domain. A lithe, superb empress; a conquering empress, whose advent brings triumph.

To see them in action is a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Ranged in batteries of four, leaning against a rock, a tree or hid under some brush in a fold of the ground, they bide their chance. Suddenly they speak. It is a modest voice they raise. They dart back like a snake after striking its prey. To the hymn of hate they sing a refrain of terror.

Their music is irresistible. Their song bursts out sudden, clear-cut, abundant, on the precise instant, in the exact spot where it should be heard. The German guns belch indecent noises from their gross maws. Their rumbling makes people cross, makes them feel a little forlorn in the turmoil. Unconsciously one looks for some heavy voice from his own batteries in the rear.

Then suddenly the sharp little bark of the 75 sounds from all sides. Their flexible, intelligent fire rakes and harrows the massive German front. From a little wood a 75 battery hurls a hundred shells upon the enemy, who laboriously correct their range after having plowed up futilely a half mile of ground all round the wood.

The 75 fire ceases. The Germans crow, believing their corrected range has found and silenced the French toys. But suddenly, almost immediately, the 75 speaks again, this time from a position 1200 yards ahead. They have advanced behind a dip in the country to their new emplacement. From here they sting the big Hun beast anew, like banderilleros tormenting the bull. And the huge outfit over there is all out of focus again. It hesitates, confused; it becomes silent; it is lost.

Another such heavy German nest of murderous hornets lay buzzing sleepily under a ridge near Roye. The guns were bawling to the sun without seeing a thing, noses stuck skyward like a pack of lost, blind dogs.

A Farman biplane dipped and veered in the sky. Without any visible commotion, at some enigmatic sign from the flyer, a volley of 75's burst loose. The little guns hit unhesitatingly, cocksure, unerring.

An Incomparable Team

The Farman described another fantastic figure in the sky. Two miles away a tiny rectangular piece of woods stood—innocent, inviting, green and cool. The tiny wood swayed and trembled. In two minutes it was laid flat. For no apparent cause, at that!

But the cause became clear! From the green edge a gray worm crawled out, flattening itself against the beet fields. Suddenly the biplane reappeared. Now the 75's poured their volleys upon the gray worm, which they crushed, spattering.

The whole affair took seven minutes by the watch. To the binoculars the wood seemed minced fine. All round it gray coats made large blotches upon the beets.

And the battery, which no one had seen and which itself sees no one and no thing, relapses into quiet in its hiding place, awaiting some new signal from its pilot bird.

With guns like these France has equipped her forces. Guns like these have been supplied to our British allies and even to our own American troops. Need we fear the horrible, futile joke with which the Kaiser tantalizes Paris?

Our Allies' guns are efficient. We can trust them to be more than a match for the much advertised boche ordnance. And no less efficient than these guns are their crews. The temper of the men equals the temper of these indestructibly tough little rifles. Men and gun form a solid, incomparable team, which remains brilliant in all the grime and dust of battle.

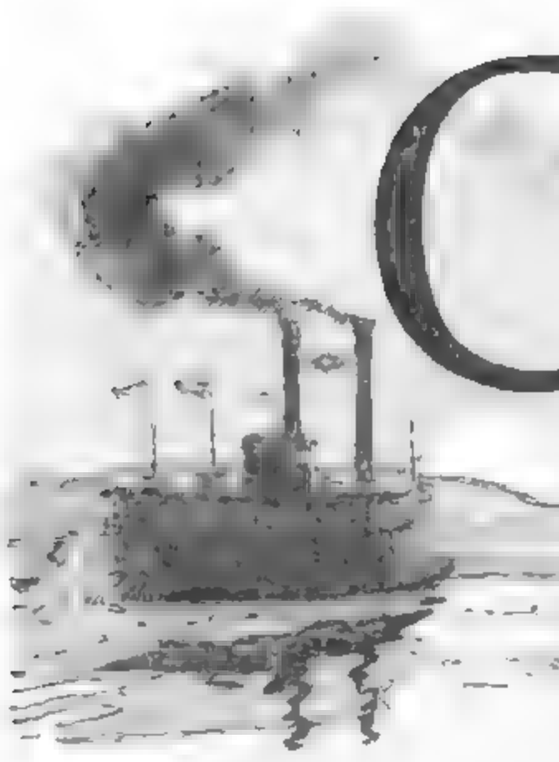
Hardship and losses cannot daunt these crews. A battery—four guns—of 75's went into action recently. The first piece spoke. The second piece spoke. The third made ready to speak. Then a German mortar poured its contents over the third and the third was no more. Four men of her crew were killed, the rest wounded.

A few seconds passed in the hubbub and smoke. Then the severe voice of the captain rang above the turmoil:

"Well, Number Four Gun, what are you waiting for? Don't you know it's your turn now?"

And the fourth gun spoke.

Columbia Grafonola



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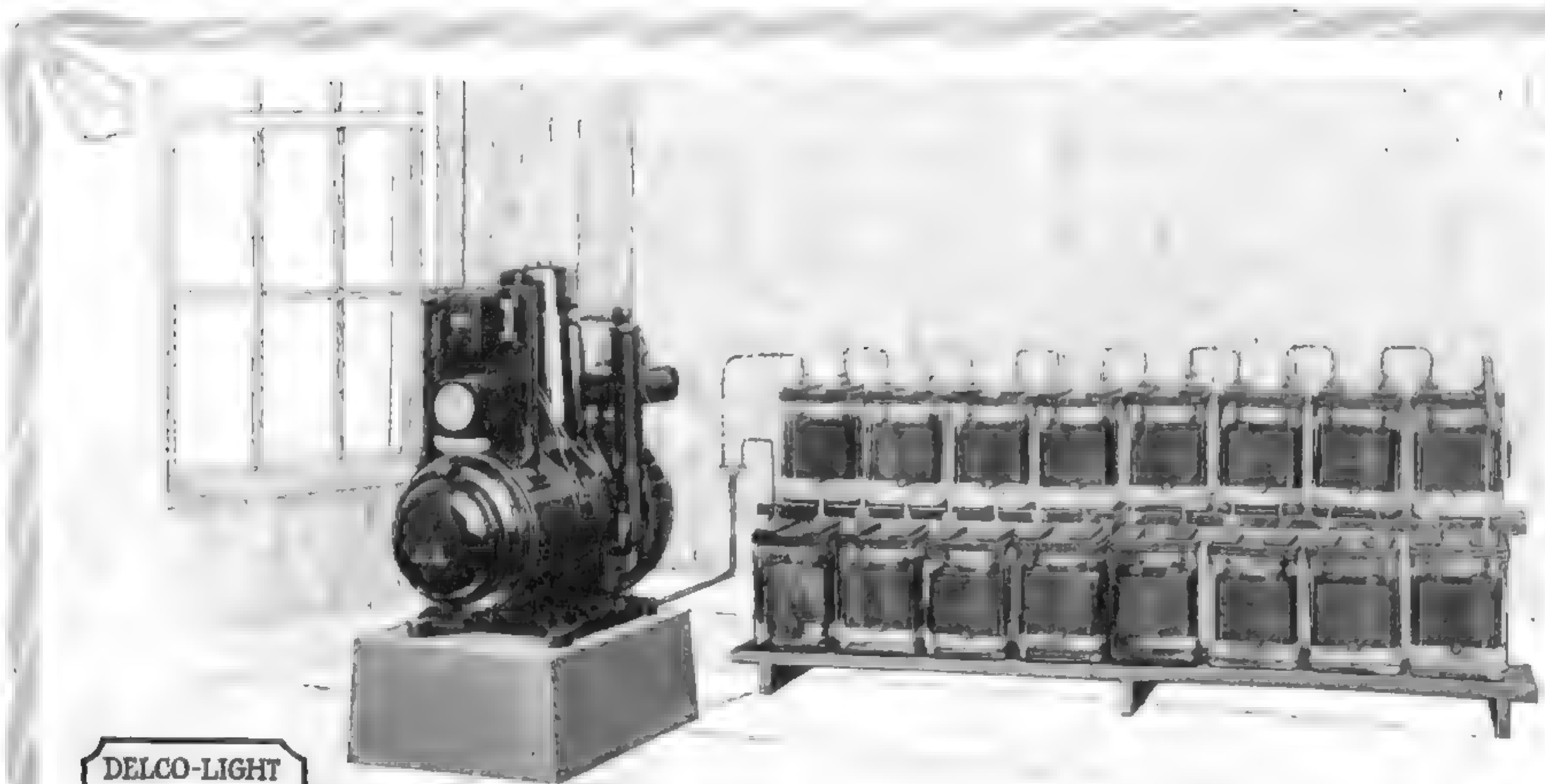

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TOWARD MORNING

(Continued from Page 19)

to discover the exact source or explain the fact that the level of the lake never changes. It is a mystery; but"—the *Geheimrat* waved a fat hand—"there is no mystery beyond the reach of human intelligence."

The guests applauded solemnly.

That afternoon when Helmut crept back wearily to his place beneath the trees he knew that something had changed. The peace had gone—or it had never really been. Beneath the placid surface things moved—darkly, unfathomably. There was no real rest anywhere. It was only a seeming. Night and day, year after year for generations beyond memory, the water had thundered down the seven falls, coming from no one knew where, and racing onward had met the great river and been lost. Night and day for generations unborn it would still be rushing to its sacrifice, an army of uncounted millions, unknown and unseen save when the rocks tossed them for an instant into sight.

And every second the little lake would give of itself and show no sign.

That ceaseless, purposeless activity, that ceaseless, purposeless giving, stung his numb brain to an unwilling sensibility. Thoughts flickered up like points of flame from a kindling fire. They came and went, and every time they came they were brighter and keener. They showed him pictures that he had held away from him with a child's instinct of self-preservation.

There was Heini tumbling into the flames; and the *Oberlehrer* towering up and up until he blotted out the sky; and the dog that raced round the courtyard in a track of blood; and Schultz—Schultz as he had seen him through long weeks of delirium—Schultz—just a little awful bundle lying between the rails.

And at last he sprang up. He ran as fast as his unsteady legs could carry him—away from the lake—away from the sound of fallingwater—headlong downhill through the forest.

He had never been to the foot of the waterfalls before. The steep steps, the flimsy balustrade, the near thunder, had made him too dizzy. But now in his panic-stricken flight down the pathless mountainside he had reached the valley.

A funny little sensation ran up his spine. He wanted to laugh and cry in one breath. And he had not cried since that last day in the *Gymnasium*; and he had never laughed. But it was so funny. So much terror and splendor, and then just this little bit of a stream at the end of it all—this jolly rivulet, jumping from bowlder to bowlder, falling into deep pools and tumbling out again in miniature cascades, tossing a handful of diamonds into the sunlight—no more terrible than a laughing baby.

And the phantoms that had hunted at his heels fell away from him. His knees shook and he dropped down on the moss and rolled over with his arms outstretched and blinked up at the golden light. He lay there in an ecstasy of content. He thought, "I must hold tight to this minute so that it won't go, so that it will always be like this, so that they won't ever come and fetch me and take me back again."

But somehow he could not hold on tight. The minutes wriggled away from between his fingers. Perhaps after all he did not really want to keep them. The water called to him—not terribly now, but gayly and dancingly. Content was not enough. He rolled over again on his stomach and with chin propped on his hands watched the brook leap downhill with drowsy, happy eyes. The water was crystal clear and sparkling. It made him thirsty. He wanted to drink it. Other shy little wishes ran in and out of his thoughts. It would be jolly to plunge one's hot hands into the water—to splash about; or, most daring of all, to take off one's shoes and stockings and paddle down stream, on and on.

There was no one looking. He crawled nearer. How deep some of the pools were—much deeper than they seemed. And there were fishes in them—long, motionless shadows lying on the sunlit bed. He dropped a stone into the water, and in a flash they were gone; so swiftly one could not follow them, one could not even guess their hiding place.

After all, someone had been looking. Someone jumped up from behind a bowlder on the opposite bank. A shrill young voice called fiercely: "*Du böser Bub! Du böser Bub!*"

He stared at her in consternation. It was as startling as though a real water nixe—one of Anna's fairy folk—had sprung out at him. She was small and slender and brown—bare brown legs, a short brown petticoat, a brown cotton bodice, brown neck, brown little face, brown eyes, dark-brown hair plaited in two long plaits. The little fist that she shook at Helmut was burnt as brown as a berry.

"You horrid little boy—you've spoilt everything!"

He continued to stare helplessly.

"I didn't—I didn't know."

"Couldn't you see what I was doing?"

"I didn't see you even."

"I was tickling a trout—a great big fat fellow; and he had just gone to sleep. And then you came and splashed—you big booby!"

"But I didn't know. Besides ——"

He had recovered his breath now. After all, she was only a little girl—a little village girl. It wouldn't do to let her bully him—a *Gymnasiast*, with the yellow cap of the *Quinta*.

"Besides—one can't catch trout like that. It's all a fairy tale."

"Oh, is it?" She considered him scornfully. "You're from Karlstadt, aren't you?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Oh, I know all those people from up there"—she nodded in the direction of the *Kurhaus*—"and they all come from Karlstadt, and they all talk like you do—with the tip of their tongues."

"It's the proper way to talk."

"Who says so?" She did not wait for an answer, but returned indignantly to his second offense. "Anyhow, one can tickle trout—my brother has done it often—and I should have done it then if you hadn't interfered and made such a noise."

"Well, why don't you do it now?"

"With you there?"

"I won't make a noise again."

"Yes—you would. You did it on purpose."

"I didn't!" He was hot and trembling with anger. "I didn't even see you."

"Well—you said I told lies."

"I didn't!"

"You said it was all a fairy tale."

"Perhaps some fairy tales are true," said Helmut cunningly.

She considered him for a moment in silence. Then her black brows relaxed. She smiled shyly.

"Anyhow, the fish won't come again now. You've frightened them away."

"I'm sorry."

"My name's Lenchen," she volunteered.

He got up and lifted his yellow cap solemnly.

"I'm Helmut—Helmut Felde."

"I like that. It's a nice name. Why do you wear that funny yellow hat?"

"It's my class cap. I belong to the *Gymnasium*—I'm in the *Quinta* now."

"That sounds awfully grand."

He blushed up to the roots of his flaxen, close-cropped hair. It did him good to hear her say that. It was as though she had put a healing ointment on a secret wound that was always hurting him. She didn't know how low he was in his class. He wouldn't need to tell her. He liked the way she looked at him—with such solemn brown eyes. It made him hold himself straight.

"I expect you go to school too," he said with manly graciousness.

"Oh, yes! Three times a week in the summer—twice a week in the winter. It is three miles to the school, and in the winter we run down on our tobogganns. It's great fun then. But we don't wear caps—ever."

"It's jolly to be without a cap sometimes," Helmut said consolingly. "It makes one feel so—so free."

She did not answer, and they looked smilingly at each other across the narrow stream—anxious and timid and eager as two young animals who are not yet quite sure of each other. It was Lenchen who took the next step.

"Are you all alone?" she asked.

"Yes—quite. At least—my people are up there; but—but that's different."

"Haven't you anyone to play with?"

"Oh, no! I—I don't play."

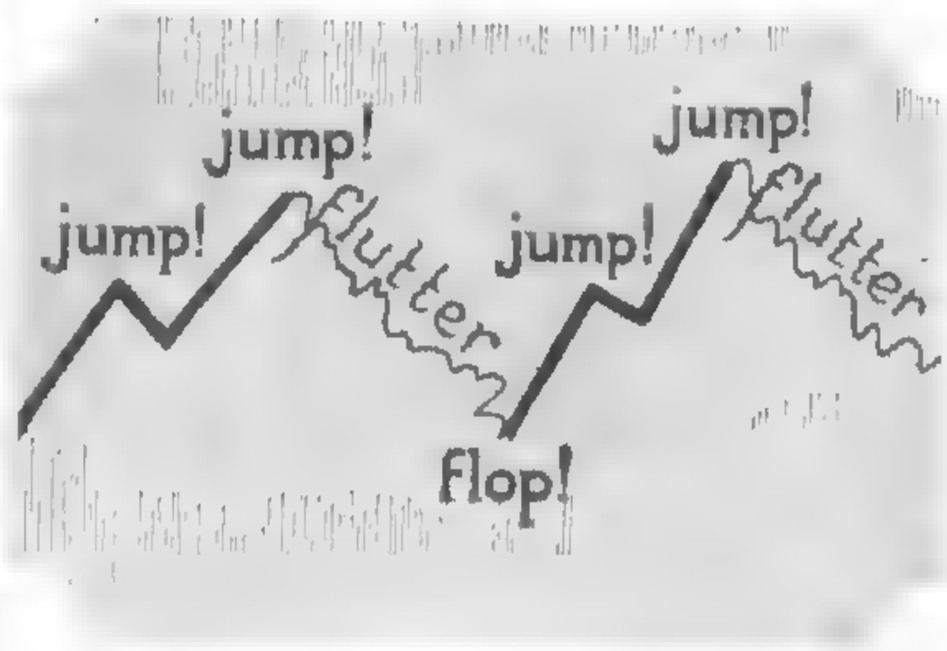
"Are you so grown up?"

"I'm eleven—nearly."

"P'r'aps you're too grand to play."

Her tone was serious, without mockery. He shook his head.

If your heart starts acting like this—



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"Oh, no—it's not that. I'm not grand a bit—but I haven't had any time to play. One has to work."

"I work too," she said. "Awfully hard. I have my lessons, and then at harvest time I help in the fields, and in the winter I carve the birds grandfather puts on his cuckoo clocks. But I play too. I used to play a lot with my brother Hans, but now they've sent him to work in the town. Now I have no one to play with. I love playing."

He looked at her wistfully.

"I used to like it too. It's such a long time ago—I've forgotten."

"I—I suppose you wouldn't play with me?"

"Yes—I would. I'd love to. If you'd only show me how."

Her eyes were full of a shy eagerness.

"Hans and I make up our own games. P'r'aps they're silly."

"I'm sure they're not. I'd like to play—if you'd let me."

He had only one fear now—that she would find out how stupid he was—that she would grow tired of him and leave him. She bent down and picked up a broken piece of branch.

"It's a race," she explained. "You choose your boat and then, when I count one—two—three! we both throw ours in, and the boat that gets to the bridge first wins. We have to run alongside, you know, to watch, because they're all so much alike. Are you ready?"

"Yes—I've got my piece—I'm ready."

"One—two—three—off!"

He saw at once that there was more in the game than at first met the eye. For one thing, so much depended on your choice of branch. His was too broad, too clumsy. It stuck in between stones. It refused to be hurried, it jibbed at waterfalls. Lenchen's fancy was slender and light as herself. It leaped chasms, it shot through narrow gorges like an arrow. On the full stream it was a positive race horse. And Lenchen ran beside it, leaping and laughing, throwing up her bare brown arms in joyous excitement. Helmut ran on the opposite bank. He forgot the game. He left his charge shamefully in the lurch. He could not take his eyes off that flying figure. She was free—free like the butterflies and the flashing lizards that he had watched through the long summer days—like all the forest creatures that he loved and dimly envied. His knees shook and his heart thumped against his ribs. But somewhere in the darkness a little spring of happiness was bubbling up.

"Lenchen!"

"I've won! I've won!" she screamed. "Lenchen ——"

He stumbled. The trembling knees broke under him. He hardly tried to save himself.

For a moment it was all dark. But he was conscious of being very weary—very much at peace. He heard someone cry out, and the splash of water. He felt someone bend over him; a pair of strong young arms clasped him about the shoulders.

"Helmut—oh, Helmut, are you hurt?"

He opened his eyes heavily. The trees and the moss-covered floor made a green mist before his eyes. But after a little while he saw her face—close to his, so anxious, so pitying that he forced himself to speak:

"It's all right. I'm so sorry. I'm not very strong. I can't run much. I've been very ill."

She let him slip down on the ground again, but in a moment she was back and he drank the cool water out of her brown hands.

"I know what it feels like," she said eagerly. "I've been ill too. I had scarlet fever. I was dreadfully, dreadfully ill ——"

"It wasn't like that," he said. "It was different. They brought me here to try and get me well."

But he did not want to speak. He was tired—exquisitely tired. She still held him close, and his head rested against her shoulder. She passed her hard cool little hand over his eyes. There was something urgent, passionate in her caress. She hushed her shrill voice to a crooning murmur:

"Poor Helmutchen. Poor Helmutchen."

"I shall be all right soon."

"What made you so ill? Didn't they let you play?"

"I'm so stupid." He did not care now that she knew. He was sure now that she wouldn't leave him. "I can't learn my lessons. That made people hate me. And then something awful happened."

"What dreadful thing?"

"There was another boy—and he couldn't do his lessons either. It made his head hurt so frightfully. And the master hated him too—and badgered him. And he killed the master's dog. He put needles in the dog's food ——"

"Oh!"

"The master thought I'd done it—and—and—then he struck me—and I was delirious."

A convulsive shudder shook him. She held him closer.

"How silly! How silly! Anyone could tell you hadn't done it." Her voice shook with anger. "I could have told them you couldn't do a terrible thing like that. You're such a pretty boy."

"I'm so stupid."

"What does that matter? You're nice and kind and good."

He shook his head.

"You don't understand. One must do one's work—one must be able to get on."

"Why?"

He groped anxiously through his little stock of wisdom.

"Because of the state," he found at last.

"What's a state?"

"Germany is the state." He lifted his head. "You see, if we can't make her bigger and stronger we're no good."

"And if we're stupid—and—and can't do anything?"

"Stupid people have to be weeded out," he asserted.

"I don't believe that. I'm sure it's not true. Our pastor says that Christ liked stupid people—and little children."

He smiled. He felt terribly wise and old.

"Nobody believes in Christ. Perhaps you do. Country people are more con—conservative. They cling to things. But we—we know it's all a fairy tale. We've got to start all over again. We've got to work things out for ourselves."

He knew that she could not understand—not even enough to argue. But her arms relaxed and fell away from him.

"And the other boy—the real one?"

"He killed himself." Her shudder made him angry. It was so silly—so like a girl. "Well, it was the best thing he could do," he said roughly. "He was no good—and he knew it."

"He was cruel."

"No—he wasn't. He was off his head. Besides, everyone's cruel. We all hurt each other—down to the teeniest, weeniest ant. It's not cruelty that matters—it's being weak. Weakness is the greatest sin."

She sprang free from him—straight up—her hands clenched at her sides, her little face white under the tan.

"It's wicked!" she cried out. "It's wicked! I won't—I won't believe it! I thought you were a nice little boy—but you're horrid! You make me frightened."

"Lenchen ——"

Her eyes were hot with anger—with a child's royal anger, uncorruptible and pitiless. He could not meet it. He wanted to say: "You're just a silly little girl. You don't understand. Life's like that."

But her wrath was implacable. It daunted him. It was no use feeling old and wise if one felt guilty too.

"Lenchen ——" he repeated anxiously. "Go away! I don't like you! You're horrid—horrid!"

She tore her hand from his and ran fleetly across the narrow wooden bridge. She was almost lost among the trees when he sprang up, calling to her. All his superiority had gone—all his little wisdom tumbled into ruins. He was almost crying.

"Please—Lenchen—Lenchen—don't go! I'm sorry—I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to make you angry—really I didn't! Please—Lenchen!"

His shaken, pleading voice just held her. She stood motionless in the shadow, like an alarmed young roe, her head lifted. "I'm not really horrid! I've been so ill—p'r'aps that's why. You might be kind, Lenchen. You ought to be kind to people who're ill."

She turned very slowly toward him, looking at him distrustfully out of the corner of her eye.

"You don't really mean all that nasty stuff?"

"No—I mean—people tell you things—one has to believe something. But p'r'aps they're wrong. P'r'aps your fairy stories are true—if you'd only tell them to me."

He was shameless in his fear.

"You won't frighten me again?"

"No—never! Not so long as I live. Please come back and play."

(Continued on Page 105)

Out Of Norwesco Laboratories Came New Tops For Old

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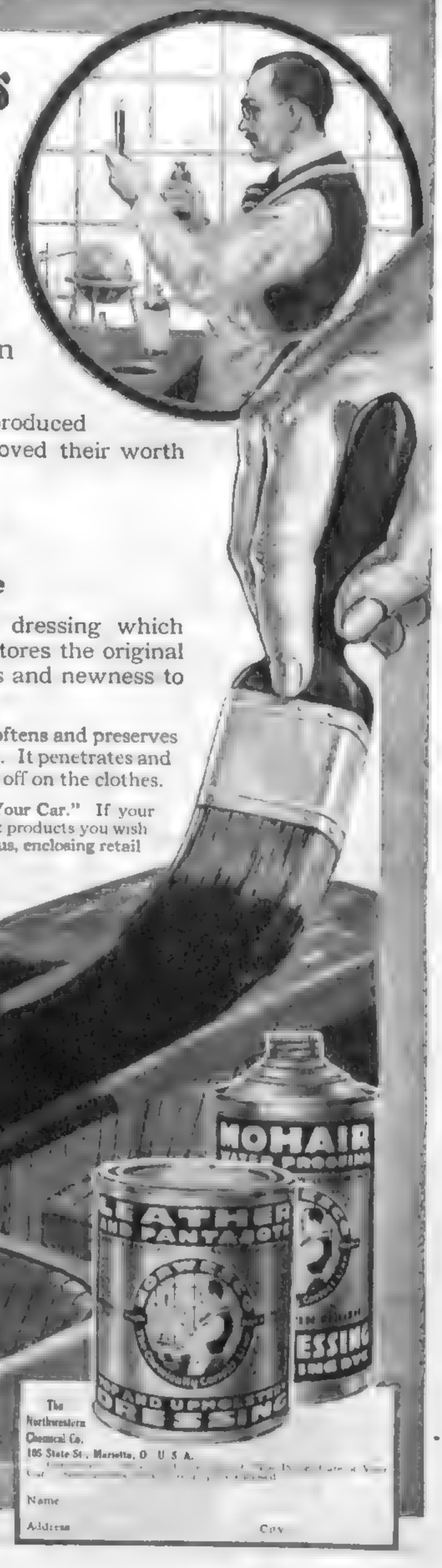

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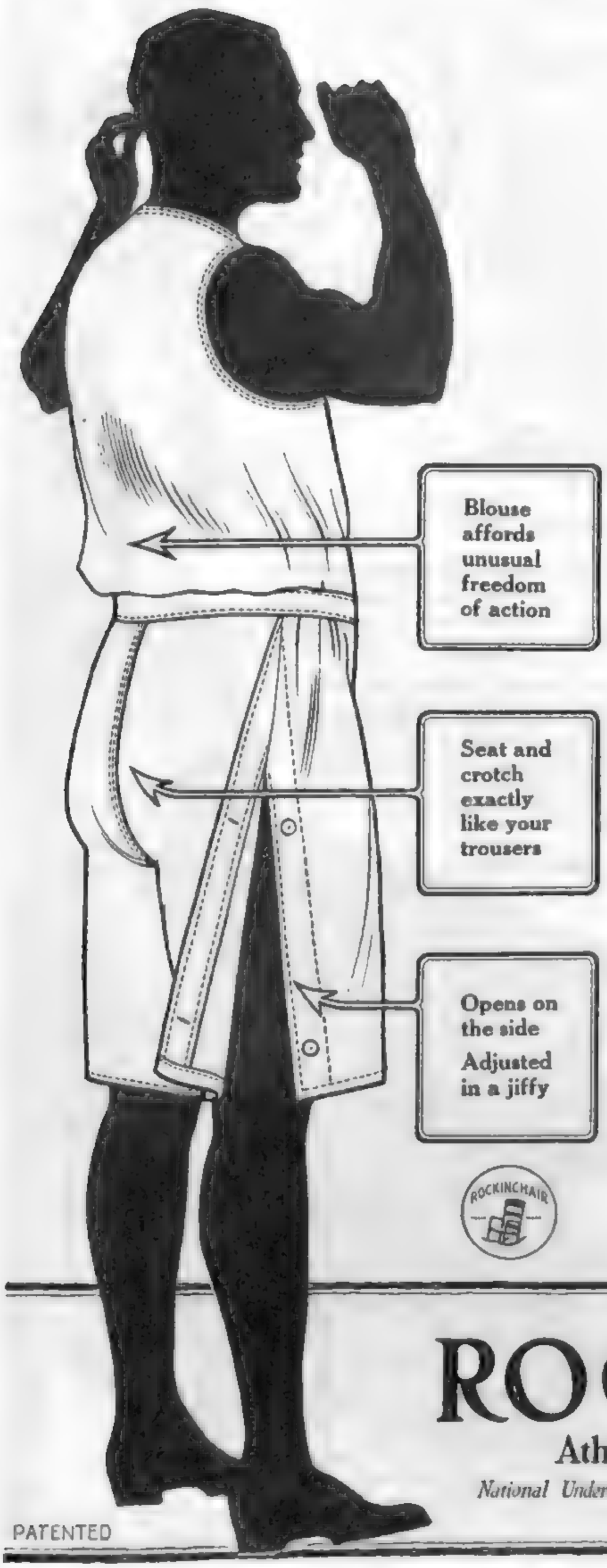

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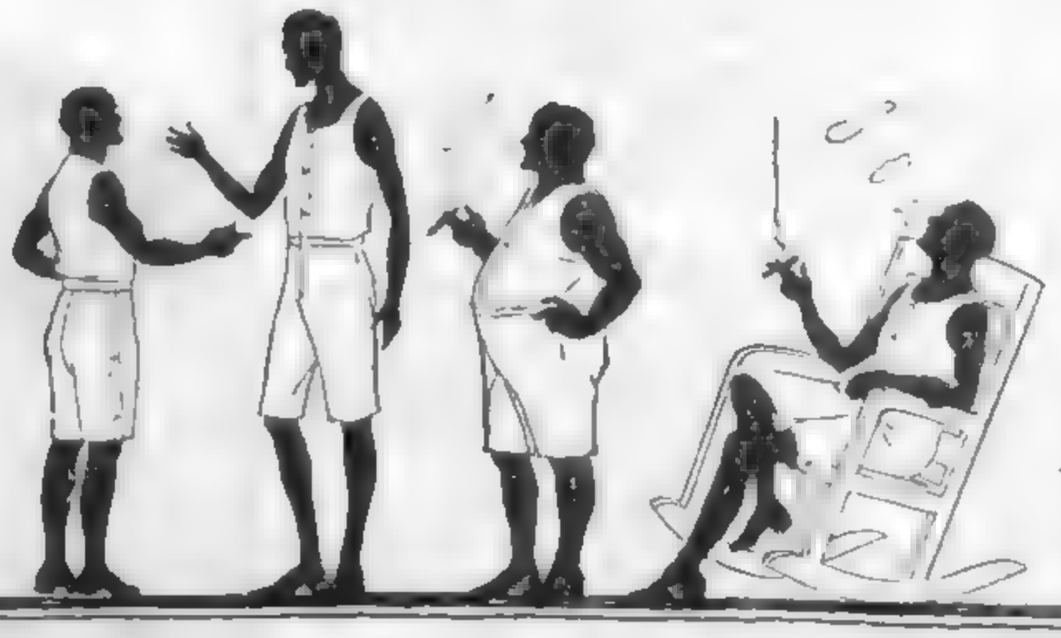

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(Continued from Page 102)

"You don't want to play. You're so wise and grand. You were just making fun."

"I wasn't! I'm so lonely, Lenchen. I haven't anybody to play with. It makes me so dull and stupid. Please!"

Still she watched him with her quaint air of mistrust. Then suddenly she laughed, showing her white teeth, and in a flash was gone.

Some instinct forbade his following. But he shouted her name again and again into the forest till it rang like an exultant war cry.

Every day they met at the foot of the waterfall and played together. She taught him all her games and they made up new ones. When they were tired they sat at the stream's edge and talked and tried to tickle trout, though they never caught any.

"It's because you don't believe," Lenchen would say severely.

"But I do—I do believe," he would answer. "I do."

But then he would feel a sharp pain run through him—like the pain of a wound that will never quite heal.

For when one is so old and wise it is hard to believe anything—even the truth.

On Sunday he saw her in the white church in the valley. She sat in the front row on the women's side, and looked up with solemn eyes at the pastor from under the broad flat hat with the red pompons. Even her legs in the white stockings and her feet in the black buckle shoes looked solemn. One could not imagine their being so graceless and unashamed as to run naked and cut capers. Altogether, she seemed so wrapt in goodness that Helmut felt a strange wave of shame and contrition pass over him—and the strangest part of it all was that it left him tingling all over with happiness.

She did not look at him at all; once, indeed, when her eyes met his it was with grave reproach. He could almost hear her say, "Helmut, you're not attending."

After that he sang the hymns so loudly that the *Geheimrat* frowned. And he tried hard to believe them. For when he almost succeeded he seemed to be nearer to her.

It was the last day of the holidays.

Helmut stood in his little bedroom and tied a nosegay of wild flowers together with the ribbon off his school cap. On a scrubby piece of paper he had painstakingly written out a poem. He had composed it the night before—in bed. It began "My Lenchen is like the running stream," and ran to four lyrical and impassioned verses.

The composing of it had helped him not to cry. Now he did not want to cry at all. The sun shone. Even the thought of Kurt—of the thick cruel mouth and bulging blue eyes—could not daunt him. For there was one day left—one long day which must never, never be allowed to pass.

The door opened and he thrust the posy and poem ruthlessly into the bosom of his blouse. Though he pretended to be absorbed in something else and did not look round he knew that it was his mother. He heard the crackling of her stiff silk bodice.

"Helmut, why are you upstairs? Why don't you come down? You're always moping by yourself. It isn't nice; it doesn't look well. Your uncle has been asking for you. He has something to tell you."

She was out of breath and her voice sounded flustered and anxious. At another time her message would have frightened him. But now he only half listened.

"I was just tidying things up, mother."

"Yes. That's all very well. If only you would keep your hands clean. No, don't stop to wash them now. Your uncle hates waiting. He's on the balcony. Helmut!"

"Yes, mother."

He came back reluctantly, and she bent over him, tidying his blouse, fussing his hair with plump hard hands. He thought suddenly how homely her face was when it came close. And yet just at that moment he could have put his arms round her and hugged her and told her all about Lenchen. So often his mother had made him feel like that—as though her dull ugliness were something sad and pitiful that brought them closer to one another.

"Helmut, *Liebling*, when your uncle speaks to you you will be good, won't you? You must try to be more grateful. You're such a funny little fellow—so stiff and stolid and unaffectionate. People don't always understand that it's your shyness. And you know your uncle has been so good to you. It was he who brought us up here when you were getting better. We could never have afforded it. And he's promised to help you in your career. You know, we can't do much for you, Helmut. Your poor father has been so unfortunate. When he was a young man he offended his chief—and—and he hasn't been advanced as—as we had hoped. That ought to be a lesson to you—always to consider your superiors—to be polite to them and appreciative."

"Yes, mother."

"You ought to make more of your uncle and aunt and Kurt."

"I hate Kurt!"

He felt her draw herself away from him.

"You're not to say things like that."

"It's true. I do hate him. He's cruel and he hates me."

"That's because you're naughty to him. They think you're jealous because he gets on so well at school."

"He cheats—and tells lies."

"Never mind! That's not your business. He succeeds and you don't. You ought to be polite and—and kind. You ought to say nice things to him to please him. After all, when you're grown up he might be in a position to hurt you—in the army or in the government or in business. He might spoil your career just as your poor father's career has been spoilt."

"But I don't want a career."

"Helmut, don't be silly! Everyone has a career—in our position."

"I—I want to play," he burst out eagerly; "and—and then I'd like to be a farmer and work in the fields and have pigs."

She stood right away from him, looking at him as though at someone unfamiliar and frightening.

"You mustn't talk like that—even in fun. Supposing your uncle heard you? He'd think you had no feeling of honor, Helmut—no feeling of *Standesehre*. You couldn't be a farmer. All our family have served the government. It would be a disgrace. One owes something to one's position, Helmut. One can't do as one likes."

"Birds do," he persisted; "and butterflies and squirrels. They play in the wood all day."

"Until they get hunted and killed. That ought to be a lesson."

"And Schultz got killed too," he said.

He was following a new train of thought and did not see her face. It had grown cold and hard and white. There was a note of reserve—almost of antagonism—in her colorless voice:

"I suppose this is the result of holidays, Helmut. And you've been ill, so one must excuse you. But you're talking very stupidly and wickedly. Karl Schultz brought disgrace upon his people, and when he killed himself he did the only thing he could do. People can't live after they're disgraced—not in our position." She softened suddenly. She pleaded: "Helmut—you mustn't fail us! You must be good! Your father and I—we hope so much from you. You're everything to us. And we've been so sad and anxious. You will try and please everyone—and work hard—and make us proud of you?"

He looked up at her. Her face was quivering and her eyes red with tears, but he thrust an answering distress away from him. He only thought of how quickly he could escape.

"Yes, mother—I'll try."

"*Mein liebes Kerlchen!*"

They went downstairs together and her hand on his shoulder kept his rebellious feet from jumping two steps at a time. She drew him closer to her as they came out onto the veranda, where the *Geheimrat* and his brother-in-law sat over their coffee. It was as though she were trying to subdue him with the nearness of her strong body.

The *Geheimrat* was in a facetious temper. He had dined well. The smear of cigar ash on his waistcoat, the disorder of empty cups and glasses on the table, the pose of his soft big limbs, suggested an obscene satiety. His face was flushed and heavy. He looked like a big black crow drowsing in the sun after some repulsive meal.

He leaned forward and pinched his nephew's ear.

"*Na*, young gentleman, and how are you, eh?"

"I am very well, uncle," said Helmut gravely; "thank you."

"Enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, uncle; thank you very much."

"Good. You've been running wild long enough, though. Too much loafing isn't good for German boys, eh?"

(Continued on Page 107)

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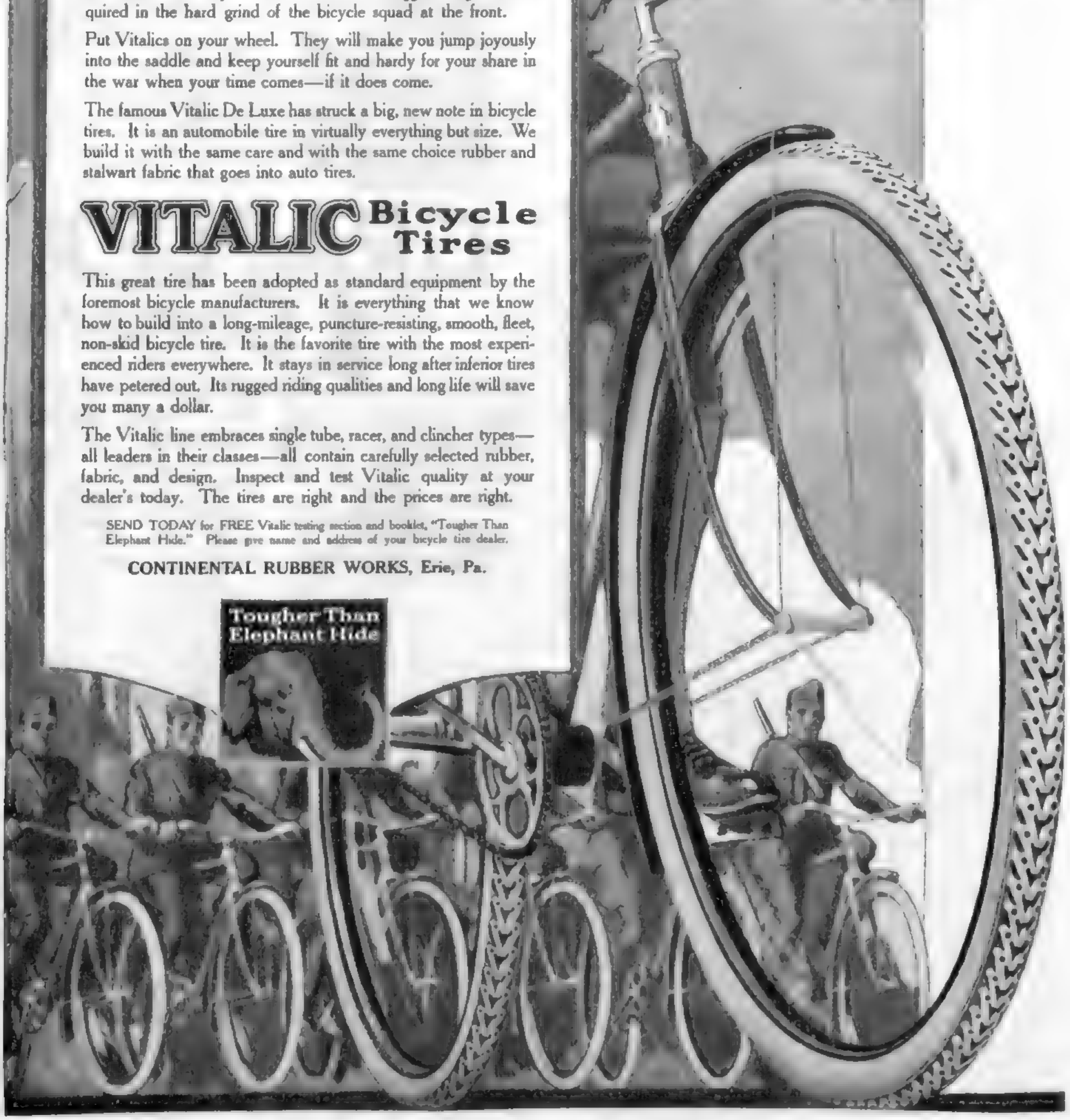

(Continued from Page 105)

The grip on his shoulder tightened. He glanced across at his father. The *Herr Amtschreiber* sat on the edge of his chair smiling, with weak anxious eyes

"You've had splendid holidays, haven't you, Helmut?"

"Yes, father; thank you, uncle."

"Panting to get back to work, eh?" the *Geheimrat* chuckled.

"Oh, yes, uncle!"

The red face grew suddenly pitiless.

"Well, you've got a lot to make up for. You've done very badly so far. If it hadn't been for that illness of yours—I can't put up with that sort of thing, you know. I am not going to help lame dogs over stiles. That's what I want to tell you. If you want help from me you've got to show you're worth helping. You're not going back to the *Gymnasium*—you know that?"

Helmut glanced swiftly over his shoulder toward the forest and then back into the *Geheimrat's* face.

"Y-yes, uncle."

"You're going to the Institut Bernhard. That's where all the idle youngsters are sent. And not one of them has dared to fail yet. They cram you there like Strasburger geese—so." He pantomimed someone pouring liquid through a funnel into his open mouth. "When they have finished with you we'll get you into a line regiment; and after that we'll see what can be done. But you'll have to pull yourself together. *Verstanden?*"

He spoke loudly so that all the other hotel guests heard and looked at the small, feverishly flushed boy and smiled. A faint tremor of anxiety shook him. But it passed as quickly as a gust of wind through the branches of a tree.

"Yes, uncle—I'll try."

"I'm sure he'll do his best to show his gratitude," the *Herr Amtschreiber* began.

The *Geheimrat* waved his cigar silencingly.

"We all hope so. You know what happens to boys who don't pass their *einjähriges* exam, Helmut?"

But Helmut did not answer. His attention had escaped—it was racing ahead of him, downhill to the forest. He did not even see the *Geheimrat*, though he was staring at him. All that the *Geheimrat* had threatened was just so much sound. It concerned to-morrow—and to-morrow was afar off—something negligible and unrealizable, like death.

"Didn't you hear, Helmut?"

He started, smiling vaguely.

"Oh, yes, uncle!"

"If you fail in your exam you will have to go into the army as a common soldier—for three years. You will be outdistanced by your contemporaries. Every opening will be closed to you. You won't expect help from me then, eh?"

He thought "Perhaps she won't wait!"

"Oh, yes! Yes—uncle. No, uncle."

"Good. We understand each other. You can go."

The hand checked the wild impulse. He lifted his cap and made a solemn little bow from the waist. The hand released him.

Sedately he walked down the steps and the path that led to the brink of the forest. He paused and looked back. But he was out of sight of the veranda.

Then he gave a choking, delirious little shout and began to run. He ran faster and faster. And at last the hill ran away with him altogether and toppled him over, panting and laughing, on to the moss-covered roots of a big pine tree.

Lenchen helped to pick him up and tried to rub the green stain off his knickerbockers. There were pine needles all over him—even in his thatch of flaxen hair. She brushed him anxiously, keeping her eyes resolutely lowered.

"You might have hurt yourself," she scolded. "Boys are always so rough and clumsy."

"And girls are always crying," he retorted gleefully. "I believe you're crying now, Lenchen."

"I'm not!"

"Well, you've been crying."

"I haven't!"

"Now who's telling fairy tales?"

He prepared to do a highly aggravating war dance round her, but suddenly she looked straight at him and he stood still.

"I thought you weren't coming," she said. "I supposed you had forgotten ——"

His own eyes had grown serious.

"Would—would you have minded—so much, Lenchen?"

"I don't know. I like playing. And I've no one to play with now—except you."

She shrugged her small shoulders crossly. "Well—it's no good standing here, anyhow!"

She went on up the steep mountain path very much as though she did not care whether he followed or not. She walked so fast that he had to run to catch up with her. They continued side by side, getting very hot and breathless, Helmut every now and then casting anxious, rather awestruck glances at his companion's face.

"Lenchen! I say, Lenchen!"

"Well?"

"You know—I couldn't help it—they wouldn't let me go. They kept on jawing at me. I—I nearly cried myself."

The pace slackened. She was listening like some doubtful bird with its head cocked to catch the faintest sound.

"I don't believe you did."

"I did—honor bright! If they hadn't let me come I—I should have howled."

It was magnanimous. She stopped to look at him, her cheeks bright with color.

"Really, Helmut?"

"Howled!" he emphasized nobly.

He had his first glimpse of the elusive feminine temperament. She gave a sudden shrill little laugh, pinched his arm and was off down a side path, skipping like a mocking brown elf, her two plaits flying out behind her. Helmut followed at a rather sullen trot. He felt sure that she had been making fun of him all the time—had compromised his masculine dignity for the sheer fun of the thing. It was all the more disconcerting, when he caught up with her again, that she was quite serious.

"Oh, Helmut, you are a darling!"

"Oh!" he said helplessly.

She took his injured arm and squeezed it hard.

"We're going to have a whole happy day together—aren't we?"

He gave a solemn nod. He was not going to tell her about to-morrow. He was afraid to. She might not understand what a long way off to-morrow was.

"Yes. Let's do something extra; shall we? Something different. I—I'd like something quite special."

"We'll go up to the Ludwigshöhe," she decided. "It will be so hot there'll be no one there. We shall have it all to ourselves. What did you bring?"

He fumbled in his trouser pocket and produced a crumbling and slightly soiled lump of *Sanitorte*.

"I sneaked it yesterday afternoon at tea."

"And I've kept my breakfast *Butterbrödchen*. We'll share and drink out of the brook. It will be like an adventure."

The word gave him a little thrill of memory. Years ago Heini and Fritz Schnäutzchen and he had adventures.

"Let's pretend," he said eagerly—"let's pretend we're lost—or that there's been a terrible earthquake and we're the only people left in the whole world."

She considered seriously.

"I don't think I'd like that. You see, there's grandfather and mother—and Hans—and my aunt over at Gutach. I wouldn't like them to be killed."

He walked on in silence. He was ashamed and a little disappointed. He saw that it was unkind to have wanted to clear off a lot of nice people for the sake of the *Geheimrat* and Kurt. At the same time the fact that Lenchen loved some of those nice people threw a shadow between them.

"I expect you're awfully fond of your grandfather and mother—and Hans and—and—your aunt," he said at last.

"Of course I am! Aren't you?"

"I haven't got any. I mean—I don't know. P'r'aps town people are different."

"I don't think I like town people at all," said Lenchen, lifting her sleek round head proudly. "Except you, Helmut. And you're not a bit like them."

It was full afternoon now. The sun struck with hot golden shafts between the trees that lined the steep stony path. The sleepy air weighed heavily on them so that they lagged and struggled one behind the other. At the end Lenchen led. She kept on pitilessly. Helmut, breathless and panting, fixed his eyes on the little brown heels that twinkled from bowlder to bowlder just above him. His heart pounded against his ribs and his breath came hard and short, but he kept the little brown heels in sight.

At last the trees thinned. They came out into a wide clearing in the midst of which stood a wooden hut labeled *Aussichtspunkt*. The path struggled on aimlessly for a few yards and ended in a surprised kind of way with a rustic balustrade.

(Continued on Page 109)

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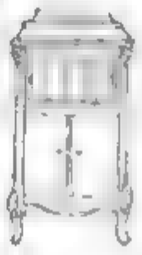

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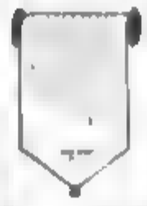

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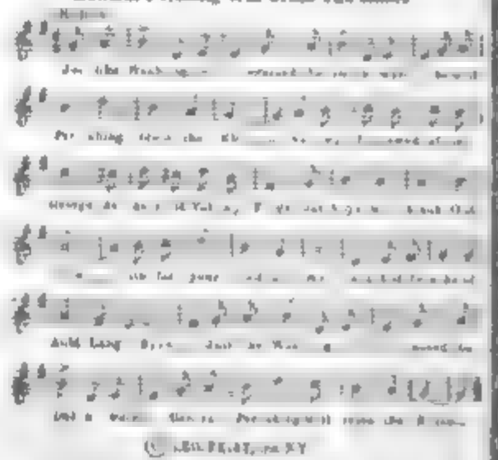
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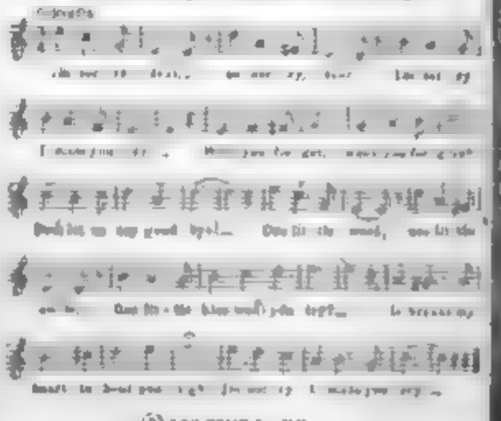

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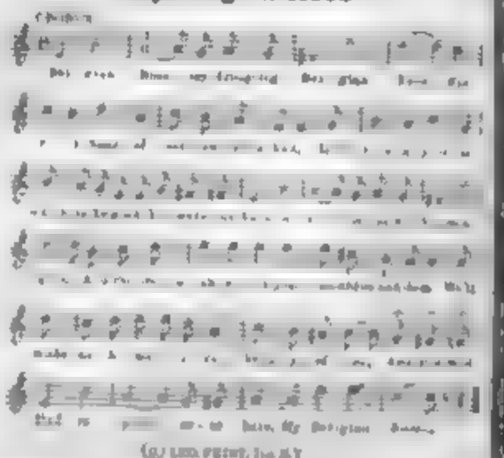

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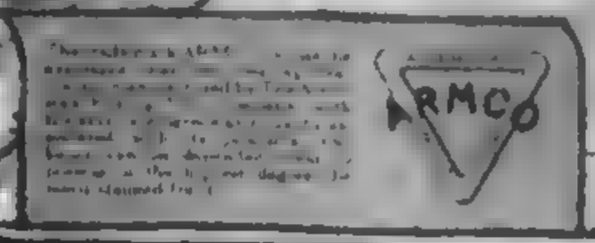

ARMCO IRON RESISTS RUST

(Continued from Page 107)

Lenchen lifted her bare arms above her head.

"Now we're at the top of the world!" she cried exultantly. "There's nothing higher than we are!"

He found breath to stammer: "Oh, but there's Mont Blanc, Lenchen; and heaps of other mountains—miles higher."

She pushed him indignantly.

"You're such a horrid little boy, Helmut. What's the use of playing if you don't play properly? I feel I am at the top of the world, and so I am at the top. Don't spoil things."

"Sorry," he muttered humbly.

He stood close beside her. He felt very ashamed. She was quite right. It was horrid to talk about Mont Blanc. He would never have thought of such a thing when he had played with Heini and Fritz Schnäutzchen—even supposing he had known about it, which he hadn't. He wondered vaguely what made him spoil things—things he loved.

"I'll play properly now," he promised anxiously.

She smiled upon him—her wide, kind smile.

"It's only because you're so clever, Helmut."

"But I'm not. I'm stupid. I mix things up. Lenchen—I think I could play better—I mean, would it matter if I pretended I was all alone in the world—with you?"

"Why no—of course not!"

He became animated and purposeful.

"That'll be splendid! We'll bivouac here. You see, it's a safe place. We can't be attacked on three sides because of the precipice. But I'll have to explore round first to see if there aren't any murderers or brigands ——"

"But everyone's dead, Helmut."

"Now who's being horrid? Besides—there'd be wolves and things. And you're under my protection. You ought to do as you're told, you know. Sit down under the trees and wait till I come back!"

She looked at him with solemn admiration.

"Oughtn't you to have weapons?"

"I have weapons." He thrust a branch through his belt and patted it significantly. "Now I'm armed to the teeth. You're not frightened, are you?"

"No, no. Not very."

He glanced back anxiously.

"You won't eat all the bread and butter, will you, Lenchen?"

She made a sign of taking a tremendous oath, and he plunged boldly into the forest. It was not a game any more. It was as real as anything had ever been when he and Heini and Fritz Schnäutzchen had set out on their adventures. There were wolves and things; in spite of the earthquake there might even be brigands. And he was not afraid. If a whole pack of wolves had set on him he would have met them undaunted. He would have killed them—every one—because he would be defending Lenchen, who trusted him—and who for all her boldness was just a little bit afraid.

He was a knight—a Siegfried setting out to win glory for his Brunhild, who waited for him on her lonely rock. He sent a ringing shout of defiance at the enemy. But no one answered. He stood still and listened to his shout. It went on and on through the forest. It was as though he had given life to something, as though it had got away from him and laughed at him. And afterward when it had gone there was the silence. He had not noticed it before. Now with every minute it grew more and more profound. It was very dark too. Where he stood the sun had never penetrated for a hundred years. The straight bare stems of the pine trees dwelt amidst night and twilight. No birds had ever built their nests among the branches. The stillness was never broken by the flutter of a bird's wing or a note of a bird's song. It was as though death lived there.

Helmut knew that there were invisible things all round him. He could feel them watching. But he could not see them—yet. They lay just outside his vision. Karl Schultz was there—quite close. If he did not move—if he did not make an effort he would see him distinctly. He had not seen Karl Schultz since he had played with Lenchen.

He forced himself to walk on. He did not think of wolves or brigands any more. They were not real—not real like the invisible people. His feet were leaden, just as they are in those awful nightmares when one tries to escape and can't. And he was very cold. All at once he began to run—and he ran madly, with the enemy hot on his heels—out into the sunshine again.

There was Lenchen waiting for him, her arms folded about her knees, the *Butterbrödchen* solemnly placed in front of her—like a little dog on trust. She waved to him and he forgot why he had been afraid.

"Why, Helmut, what a time you've been! Have you killed them all?"

"All the ones I could kill," he said soberly.

"There are things one can't kill," she remarked—"fairies and witches and people like that. Even earthquakes can't kill them. There's a little house down in the valley just peeping out of the trees. I'm sure a witch lives there."

"It's the *Forsthaus* ——" he began, but she silenced him with the crusty edge of the *Butterbrödchen*.

"Bite!" she commanded

He obeyed whole-heartedly, and they took bite and bite about, so that there should be no waste. They divided the *Sandtorte* to the last crumb. They were very thirsty, but it was too much bother to find water.

"Don't you wish you had two *Butterbrödchen* all to yourself?" Lenchen asked sleepily.

"Yes—rather."

But he did not really care. He was too happy. He leaned back against the tree and through half-closed eyes looked out over the earth. It was a dream—a real dream. Beyond the farthest mountain were great shining cities.

Of course they were on the top of the world. What was all that nonsense about Mont Blanc? He had never seen Mont Blanc. It was in a book. Books were stupid and dull—not real, like this.

Of course they were all alone.

He felt a hand take his. Their hands cuddled together like little mice.

"I am sleepy, aren't you, Helmut?"

"No, not a bit!" he declared valiantly.

Her dark head rested drowsily against his fair one.

"Dear Helmutchen!"

Of course there were fairies.

When he closed his eyes he could hear their distant mysterious murmur.

He woke suddenly and violently, and even before he knew where he was he knew that the dreadful thing had happened.

Lenchen stretched herself and rubbed her eyes.

"Why—we've been asleep!"

"It's gone," he said.

"What's gone?"

"Our day."

She laughed sleepily.

"But there's to-morrow. Grandfather says to-morrow is also a day."

"Not for me. I—I'm going home, Lenchen."

She did not cry out or protest. He felt the warm slack body pressed against his grow straight and rigid. She frightened him, she was so still.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want you to know. I didn't want to know myself. I thought—I didn't think it would ever really come."

"Helmut—I—I shan't have anyone to play with."

"I shan't ever play again."

They did not look at one another, but stared unwinkingly ahead, their eyes strained wide open. The shadow of the gaunt pine had spread round them like a black stain. The peaks of the mountains stood out against the sky in sharp cruel outline. It was as though a silver veil had been rolled up. There was no more mystery. The warm midsummer murmur had died into cold silence.

In the witch's cottage a red eye winked up at them malevolently.

"Oh, Helmut, Helmut!"

He turned on her with a choking cry.

"I can't—I can't believe it. To-day was to be always—always! I can't go back! I don't know what to do. If only I could run away somewhere. They're sending me away—to a crammer's—where stupid bad boys go. They told me—just now. And they'll stuff my head—full—like a Strasburg goose—till it splits. No one ever fails, my uncle said. But I shall. My head hurts now when I try to think of things. And it will get worse. And they'll laugh and make fun—and I shall try harder. Then I shall fail just the same. I shall have to be a common soldier for three years. And when I come out there'll be no

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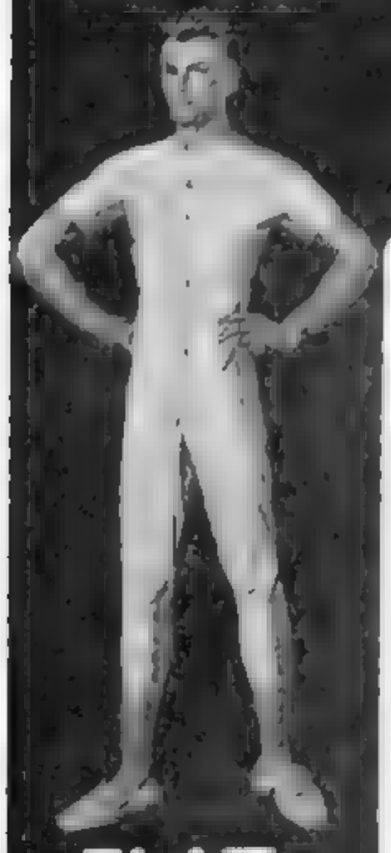

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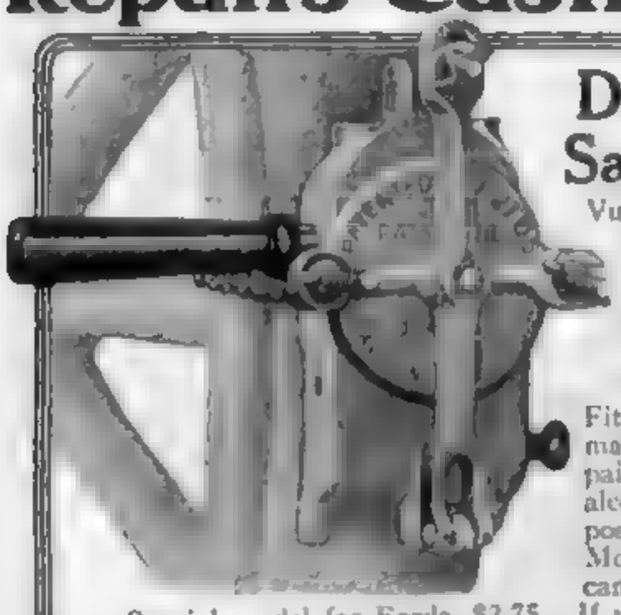

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place for me—my uncle said—nowhere to go. No one will want me. My people will be too ashamed. They want to be so proud—they want me to do better than anyone else. They're always expecting things—and I can't do them—I can't—I can't!"

She pressed her burning cheek against his.

"But they're your people. They must love you—whatever happens."

His teeth chattered. He made a convulsive effort to hold himself still.

"I—I don't know. If only one knew—why it all was—what it all means; but we can't find out. There doesn't seem any—any sense in things—in going on. What's it for? One isn't happy. Not boys like me. Clever, splendid people like Prütwitz—or strong people like Kurt—they're happy. Because people love them—or they're frightened. But people like Karl—and me—we're no good—we can't pass our exams—we can't ever be happy—all our lives."

"But God made everyone," she said with childish solemnity.

"He couldn't have—not if he was God. There'd be no sense in making Karl—just to kill him."

"Karl killed himself. The pastor says it's almost the wickedest thing of all."

"My mother—said it was the only thing he could have done—because he'd disgraced himself. People in our position—mustn't live—after they're disgraced—she said."

He turned drearily toward her and they stared into each other's eyes like antagonists who will not let each other go. Hers were hot with indignation. His mouth quivered. On the heels of this ruthless philosophy came the slow bitter tears.

And in an instant she was holding him to her with all her strength.

"Oh, Helmutchen, you're such a little silly boy! And I'm littler—and not clever—I can't do lessons—not fine ones like yours—I shan't ever be able to do anything wonderful. I shall just work in the fields as long as I live. But I'm happy—and I know you're silly—I know—I know—I know!"

He clung to her, sobbing, fighting her with all his pitiful wisdom.

"You say that—because you're just a girl. You don't know about things—about life—and exams. You don't understand. They haven't taught you."

"No, they haven't!" Fiercely she tossed up her small round head. "And they never shall! I don't know who they are, but they must be wicked people—and I wouldn't believe them—not if they were right. Everyone ought to be happy. I'm happy. I will be happy. When things are sad I shall know that God wishes it and that in the end it will be all right. My grandfather and grandmother are old people—and they're not clever a bit, and they've never done anyone any harm. But they're always smiling and jolly. That's because they love each other and are good. People make jokes about them—because they're so old and love each other so much."

"Perhaps loving people makes it worth while," Helmut said wistfully.

"Why—and I love you, Helmut."

He was silent for a moment, looking away from her, red to the roots of his flaxen hair.

"And I love you, too, Lenchen."

They did not speak again for a long time. Suddenly all the storm and stress and tumult had gone. They sat like little birds, huddled close together, shoulder to shoulder, their arms interlocked, and gazed peacefully out over the world beneath them. It was so still that there seemed to be no one else alive. But the shadows were rising fast up the mountain side. Only the peaks were still golden. Westward red clouds hung like smoke over a smoldering furnace. The glow was on their young upturned faces.

"P'r'aps when you're gone you'll forget poor Lenchen," she whispered.

"No—I never will—I've never had anyone before—only Heini and Fritz Schnäutzchen. And they burnt Heini; and Schnäutzchen is so old he doesn't care any more. There'll never be anyone else but you."

"And then when you're a big man you'll come back and marry me?"

"Yes—dear, dear Lenchen."

"And then everything will be all right. Hans will let us have the little *Bauerhaus*, and we'll live there together and be happy. You won't have to be clever or worry about lessons any more. We'll keep pigs and fowls and work in the fields with Hans. And when we have little boys and girls of our own they shan't ever be unhappy like poor Schultz."

"No," he said gently.

"It's only a few years, Helmut. And they go faster and faster. It isn't long to wait. I'm nine and you're nearly eleven—let's say quite eleven. We could marry when you're twenty, couldn't we? That's only nine years. To-day nine years you'll come up the path to our house and I shall meet you on the doorstep and say 'Here I am! How big you've grown, Helmut!'"

He laughed shyly.

"And I shall say 'How pretty you are, Lenchen!'"

"And you won't have to mind when they bully you or laugh at you in class or when you're just a common soldier. You'll just say to yourself: 'It doesn't matter. It's all silly nonsense. I must be good and kind.' And then you must count up the days and see how long it is before you can come."

"You won't love anyone else, Lenchen?"

"Never—never! We shall be so happy."

He believed it. He believed everything. It was as though sunshine had come after a long bitter night and thawed the hard unbelief in his heart. Ever since she had said "I love you, Helmut," everything had been clear to him. He knew that after all he would go back and not even be afraid. He would face the *Geheimrat* and the *Geheimrättin* and Kurt and his mother's and father's grief and shame. He was glad now to think that they couldn't kill him. He would go through with the crammer's. He would be a failure, but he would be happy.

"We're engaged people, aren't we, Lenchen?"

"Yes—of course we are."

"And engaged people give each other things. Look! I brought this for you."

From his blouse he produced the crushed and faded nosegay.

"And there's a poem inside. I wrote it—all by myself—for you."

"Oh, Helmut, how sweet of you! I shall keep it always—until you come."

They looked deep into each other's eyes—smiling.

Afterward they walked soberly down the mountain path, hand in hand. It was dusk in the forest. They were two shadows in a temple with high mysterious columns that lost themselves in a whispering dome. But far away between the stark stems of the trees they caught the red glint of the sun.

Where the path ran into the Roman highroad a gaunt crucifix stood up blackly against the evening sky. There they stopped, facing one another.

"You will come back, Helmut?"

"Yes—I'll come back."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

She choked back a big sob.

"God bless you, Helmut darling."

"God bless you, dear Lenchen."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him and wept. And he held her close to him and comforted her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PRICE OF APPLAUSE

(Continued from Page 7)

not tell. But it was strangely still. Distantly shells burst with that monotony which he had learned to regard as normal. Now and again a flare was set off, and it was by the light of one of these that he presently discovered his neighbor.

With infinite caution Le Barron managed to lift his head and get a good look at the German, who was lying so close that by stretching out one hand it was easy to touch him. Before doing so, however, Le Barron watched him intently long enough to be quite sure that he was dead. The man lay with his head turned the other way, and his limbs, sprawling awkwardly, were intact. Gingerly Le Barron turned the head toward him by the light of the next rocket, and then shrank back, shaking with excitement. The face had been completely blown away. There was no doubt but that the German was very dead indeed.

He seemed, what was left of him, a young fellow—about the same age and size

(Continued on Page 113)

Concrete on the Firing Line

in France

Concrete Machine Gun Emplacement, French-German Battle Front

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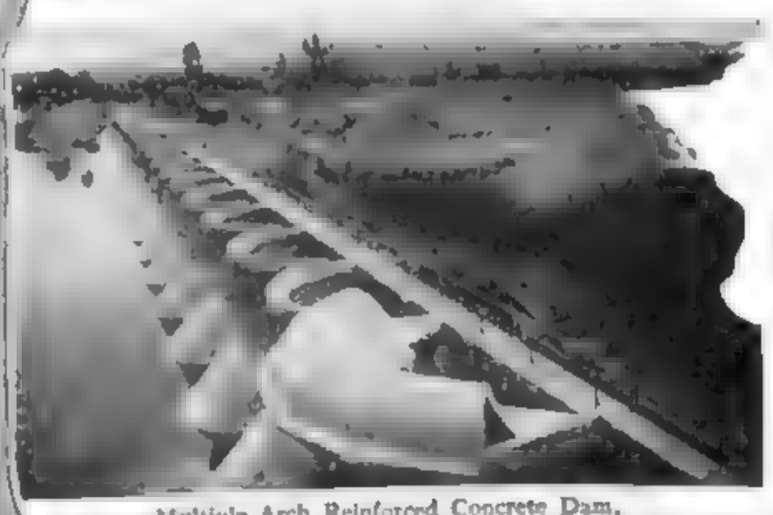
in Italy

Italian Concrete Barge with Naval Gun on Piave River, Italian Battle Front

Everywhere in America



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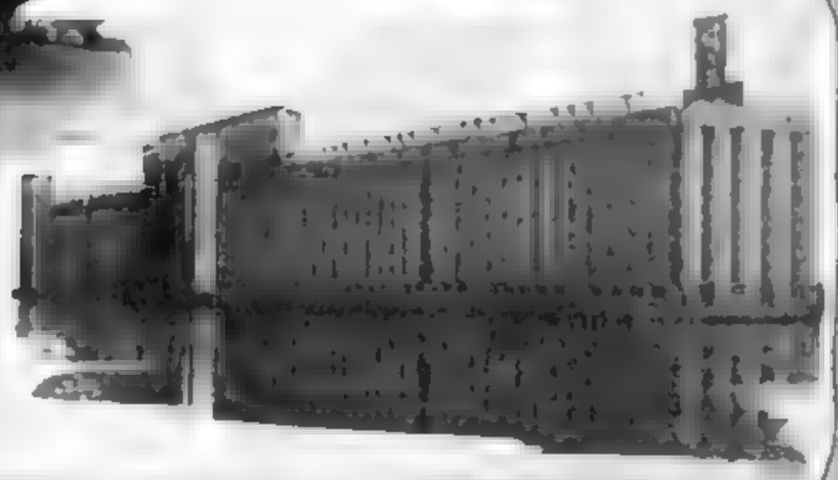

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LYKNU POLISH

(Continued from Page 110)

as Le Barron. And as he looked upon the dead man a dramatic idea began to formulate in Karl's brain. At his own thought he began to shake uncontrollably. This thing was very strange. The man was dead. How was it that he, Karl Le Barron, was not dead? He had come out expecting to die. He would die—officially! He hitched himself closer to that dead thing there in the dark beside him.

The hardest things to change were the identification tags, but at length even that was done. He made a thorough job of it underwear and all. There was no use taking chances. The unfastening of the German uniform from about what had been the throat was pretty bad. Fastening the collar of the Foreign Legion in its stead was even worse, because his nerve was giving out. He felt faint and exhausted; but at length the gruesome task was ended. He had guessed well. They were indeed of about the same size. He buttoned the coat of the German uniform and flattened himself before the next flare of light. Somewhere at the left of what had been the German front-line trenches a group of figures were moving slowly. The stretcher bearers were at work.

Cautiously he crawled along to the far side of a little mound of earth which had been kicked up by a shell, and there lay flat again. The chance he was taking was a stiff one. Suppose some members of his own division picked him up in that uniform? Suppose the Germans had successfully resisted the attack and it was by them that he would be captured? As usual he began too late to consider the possible consequences of his action. At every moment the little group on their errand of mercy drew nearer. If they stopped on the farther side of the shell hole he would be safe for a few minutes at least, and be able to think. He lay as if dead, wondering whether the beating of his heart vibrated his body perceptibly. Then he heard a voice speaking.

"It was somewhere about here that he fell," said the voice.

It was Marcarson.

The vibrating of Le Barron's body seemed to stop. His mind became painfully clear. With every nerve he listened, striving to penetrate the wall of blackness round him. There was a sound of men trampling about; he could glimpse the flashes of their electric torches. He heard an exclamation. They had found Fritz. Closing his eyes he could seem to see it all.

"H-here he is!" cried Marcarson. Then a brief deathly pause. "My God!" said Marcarson in a strange choked way. There were other men speaking, but Le Barron heard no more. The strain was too great; unconsciousness swept over him, and when he recovered they were gone. Dawn was breaking and the machine-gun fire was sputtering merrily far to the left—a new direction. The whole sector must have shifted, and of course he was on Allied ground. Marcarson's presence with the bearers showed that not only was the place where he lay in the backwash of the battle but that the time he had spent there was much longer than he had at first realized. What to do next was more than he knew. He closed his eyes and tried to think. When he opened them again it was to stare into the face of an English doctor.

At first he could scarcely believe his senses, looking dazedly from uniform to uniform of the little group that surrounded him. All English! He had known that they were near, but this meant that he had actually been in the big drive which had for months been rumored as imminent. His head was clear now, and even as the doctor questioned him his dramatic instinct came back in force. He scrambled to his feet unaided and threw up both hands.

"*Kamerad!*" said Karl Le Barron.

"'Ere, none o' yer fine social distinctions!" grinned one of the orderlies. "You're bloomin' well captured, you are!"

"A deserter!" said the doctor, turning away. "An old trick. Take him in, Tommy!"

"Yes sir! 'Ere, get along, you swine!" said the man addressed.

"*Verstehe nicht!*" said Karl, gazing at him in placid stupidity.

It took Le Barron quite two weeks to realize the perfect success of his strategy. During that period a good number of things happened to him, but though some of them were not exactly pleasant this was more than atoned for by the enormous relief that he experienced in at last being out of danger. The questionnaire, which was put to him by a dapper young captain of the British Royal Artillery who couldn't speak more than half a dozen words of German, revealed Le Barron to himself as Karl Brach, private, otherwise identified by a series of numerals. Later, on the crowded exhausting trip to England, while he was packed in with a miscellaneous collection of German prisoners, he examined the personal belongings which had been left him, and discovered that he had an old mother in the Schwarzwald and fifty marks in a Berlin savings bank. He had also a photograph of his sweetheart—he presumed she was not his wife because his mother's post card did not mention her. The post card was eventually taken away from him, but the bank receipt and the photograph, which bore no writing, were left him. He looked at the smiling pictured face and wondered. She was a blonde, and her face was plump, but she bore one resemblance to dark little Amy, of whom he had recently begun to think again: her hair was bobbed.

"Montmartre has spread the fashion over the world!" he thought. "Brach may have been a radical too!"

Somehow he could not bring himself to destroy the thing. She was so pretty that it was a sort of comfort to look at her occasionally. Besides, the dead man had helped him and it seemed ungracious to discard this relic. And so he put it away again in his breast pocket, and showed it to no one until after his arrival at Lansdone, a great estate near the Scottish border, where the prisoners were to be put to work. And then he showed it to a man named Schoonmacher, a fellow prisoner to whom he had taken rather a fancy.

The place in which the incident occurred was a lovely one; but, like many another corner of the war-torn world, gone mad and topsy-turvy with the struggle. The two men were standing under a giant oak tree. The sunlight filtered pleasantly through the branches, making a lacy pattern upon the one remaining bit of turf in all that wide domain. For beyond the grove of trees what had once been an incredible sweep of lawn, tended to perfection by generations, was now a stretch of brown hummocks, where Karl and his companions were hoeing a record crop of early potatoes! Over at the shrubbery, which bounded this newly mobilized bit of Mother Earth, the barbed wire of a stockade, behind which the prisoners lived in a trim camp, showed plainly—another anachronism in these once palatial grounds. Distantly the castle towers showed between the tree tops, and near by a Canadian guard puffed vile tobacco smoke upon the damp sweetness peculiar to the summer air of England, and watched them indifferently as they drank from the buckets of clear water there in the shade. The guard could not understand them, for they spoke in German.

They had been talking of women, and when they had drunk Karl brought out the photograph.

"And what do you think of my sweetheart?" he asked innocently. Schoonmacher took the picture, a curious faint spasm crossing his face at the first glance; but this passed quickly.

"Ah! That was very cleverly done!" said he admiringly. "She is a beauty! Tonight I will show you mine."

The guard strolled up to see what they were doing, and good-naturedly told them they were blighters and to get back to work. They obeyed and, being separated on the field, did not speak again until night, when for the hour after sundown their life within the barbed-wire stockade was their own. At this time Schoonmacher kept his word. After supper he went to his bunk, and presently returning sat himself down beside Le Barron, carelessly handing over a photograph.

"I promised that I would show you my sweetheart," said he.

For a moment Karl was unable to answer, for the picture was identical with that which he himself carried!

Instinctively his hand went to the pocket where it should be resting. It was there. He looked at Schoonmacher blankly. The other smiled.

"Do you not admire her?" he said aloud. Then in a low voice he added rapidly, "You see I also am one of the appointed!" He stretched out a hand and seized Karl's in a peculiar manner, dropping it again almost instantly. The gesture was so swift that Le Barron's limp fingers fitted the clasp automatically. Schoonmacher grinned and took back his picture.

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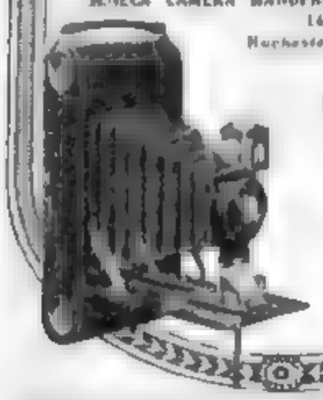

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Your Spare Hours can be turned into money. Let us tell you how. Agency Division, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 353 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"You have been magnificent!" he said. "That showing me the signal this noon was the most innocent-looking thing I have ever beheld. From where are you?"

"America," said Karl like an automaton.

"I from your accent so thought," replied Schoonmacher quietly. "Over in the first call, I suppose, and do your communicating with the people over there through your family. I also. I had expected to wait over here until we took Paris, and then go over with the regular army when we make the invasion of America. My division was to have landed at West Hampton."

"Mine at Long Beach," said Karl.

"Ah!" replied Schoonmacher. "But now, with this temporary delay in France, of course the internal forces across the Atlantic will have to begin work almost at once. The pig-hounds at Washington are apt to get tired and declare war too soon for us, like big fools!"

"Very likely," replied Karl, his whole being fired with the unbelievable drama of what he was hearing.

"But now while matters are being slightly delayed here," said Schoonmacher, "we had both better escape and get over to America so as to do the Iron Maiden's work."

Le Barron made a jump in the dark.

"The Bethlehem Steel?" he inquired casually.

"Not I," said Schoonmacher. "Though of course the bureau will have that taken care of. The Du Pont people are under my care!"

"Well," said Karl, getting up and stretching, "I'm sleepy. I think I will go to bed." His head was reeling and he wanted to be alone and think. "By the way," he added, "are there any others with our sweetheart's portrait here?"

"Not that I know," replied Schoonmacher. "I expect not. They are just peasants for the most part. And permit me a suggestion to make. Of course you speak English. Turn that to advantage. Get yourself trusted. That is the one hope of departing from here."

This happened when they had been in England a little more than a month. During the rest of the summer Karl had opportunity to learn a good deal in a general way about the expected conquest of America. And at times, when Schoonmacher talked so easily of it, so confidently about this temporary delay in Europe, it was hard for Le Barron to keep his hands idle at his sides. For the first time in his life he began to feel the desire to strike. It was, however, only occasionally that he experienced this impulse. He was no warrior, and he comforted himself with the thought that an artist must hold himself observant, unemotional, abstract. Besides, he was learning things which, if by chance true, were worth knowing. Then he began to turn over in his mind how best to use this knowledge. In the very midst of his cogitations he would be overwhelmed by the absurdity of the whole plot. The incredibility of it would swamp his belief; and so he remained silent. After all, what evidence had he, except the coincidence of the two photographs and the word of this unknown German? What was to be gained by telling his story to some incredulous English official? Nothing!

Meanwhile the crop flourished, blossomed and wilted. Almost before he realized the passage of time Le Barron was helping with the harvest and winter was coming on. It was about this time that the officer in charge, a taciturn Canadian named Nichols, in looking over the men to see what disposition could best be made of them, discovered Karl's knowledge of English and set him to some clerical work in the warehouse, checking up the shipment of the crop. This came about through Karl's having received an injury from the flying head of an ax with which he had been cutting wood. The hurt was slight, inflicting merely a flesh wound on the left cheek, which had quickly healed, leaving only a small scar; but it was the inspection of this which brought him to the commander's notice. It was not long after that Le Barron found himself appointed orderly to Nichols. Englishmen could ill be spared for such duties to an officer in charge of a prison camp.

When this promotion occurred Le Barron wondered if, had he been less taciturn on the occasion of his examination for it, he might not have gained even further consideration. But he dreaded questioning. And after all he was far better off than the rest of his group. It was an open winter and they were set to work upon the roads, whereas his duties consisted chiefly in caring for Nichols' clothing, cleaning the rooms and such matters.

The first time Le Barron was left alone in the officer's quarters he looked eagerly about for newspapers or books—for anything that bore print. But there was nothing obtainable. His eyes fastened eagerly upon the backs of a row of volumes which the Canadian kept locked in a little case. There was food for the gods—the Oxford Book of English Verse; Verlaine, in translation; the Bible; Tristram Shandy but never a newspaper was to be found. They were of course forbidden.

But despite these deprivations Le Barron was not really unhappy. He seemed to have sunk into a sort of half-uneasy lethargy. He was nonexistent. He could not see how to make his way back into life, and gradually he thought less and less about it. Nichols trusted him to an increasing degree, perceiving him to be of a finer grain than the other men in his charge, and though Le Barron still continued to do a small amount of outdoor work his position as orderly was held for him through Nichols' influence even when spring came round again and erstwhile lawns were replowed. Le Barron did not know it at the time, but Nichols was doing a scientific rather than a military job in his administration of the camp, and his eye for men's best uses was a trained one.

Then at last, when Le Barron had been dead nearly two years, he went one morning to clean Nichols' quarters, and found there a book which had not been locked up.

The sight of it was as meat to a starving wolf. He even made a strange guttural sound as he seized upon it. And then an inarticulate cry issued from his lips.

The book was his own—a volume of his poems.

For a long moment he stood there quite dizzy, trying to grasp what it meant. His poems! But he had never been published, except that thing in The People's Protest and a stray verse or two in the half-amateur magazines! He turned the handsome volume over slowly and saw that it bore the imprint of a great American publishing house; the house that would have been his own first choice! The title page bore incredible words:

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF
KARL LE BARRON

KILLED IN FRANCE, 1915

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY HAROLD HEURTER

TENTH EDITION
NEW YORK, 1917

With fingers that trembled so that he could hardly control them he turned the splendidly printed pages. Heurter had not stinted his praise:

"In writing the introduction to the poems of this, our first great poet to die upon the field of honor defending that glorious country which has nurtured songs and their singers for a thousand years, I feel that I am hampered by the need to say so much of him—of his personal sweetness, of his charm and vitality—that words have not sufficient elasticity for my purpose. This is ever true when one wants to speak of the dead—and more so, of the heroic dead. Of the poems themselves I need say little. They have sung themselves all over America and have become imbedded in the hearts of all true poetry lovers. I can add little to this praise of an admiring public. One can but say of Karl Le Barron that he died for his beliefs—flung his young life into the fire beneath the melting pot of Democracy, from which shall be poured forth truth like a molten stream across the surface of the world.

"Though Le Barron's technic is the least important part of his work one cannot overlook the extraordinary degree to which it is present in this unconscious fiery genius. In those best-known lines of his beginning

I shall be dead in all my splendid youth,
For thy dear sake, O France, and for the Truth

he has expressed ——"

"Hello, Karl!" said a quiet voice behind him. It was too much, his name being spoken thus immediately on top of his discovery. Helplessly he swung round, the volume dropping from his fingers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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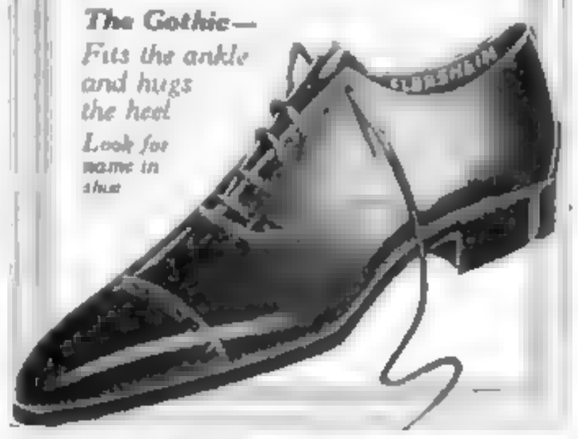

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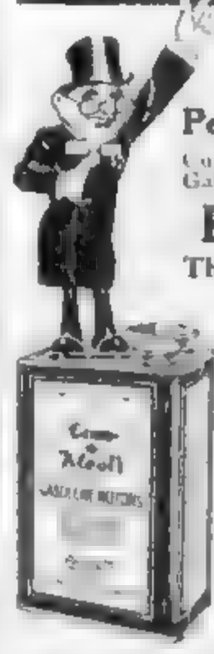

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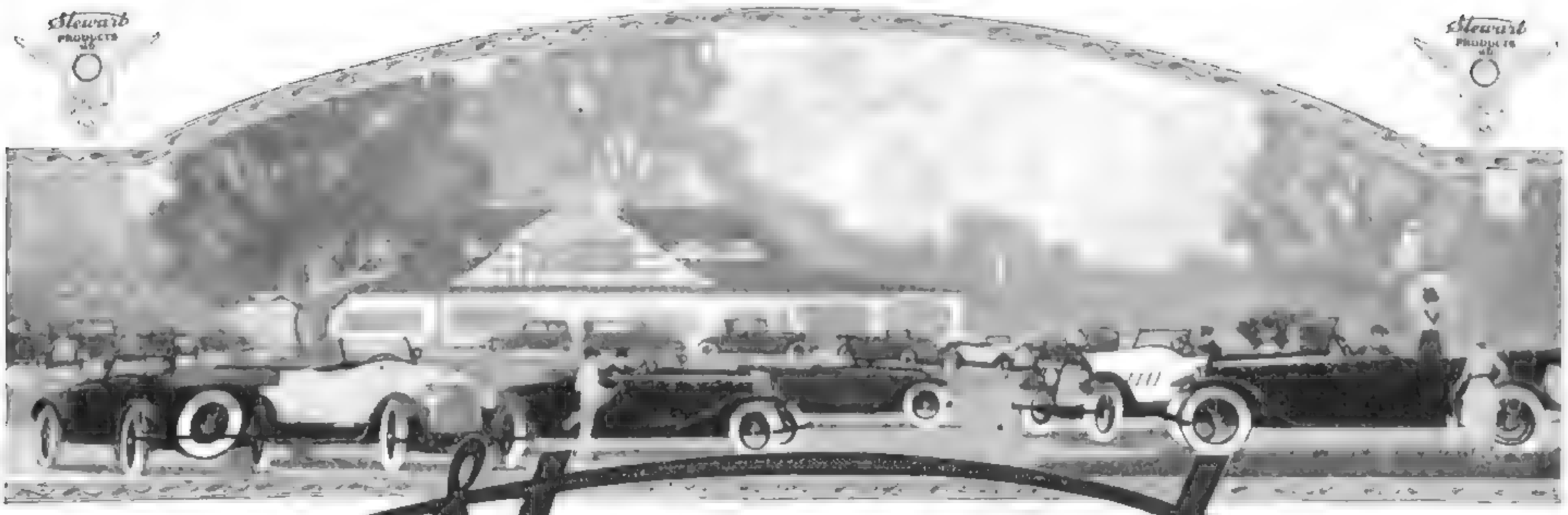

Stewart

Automobile Accessories

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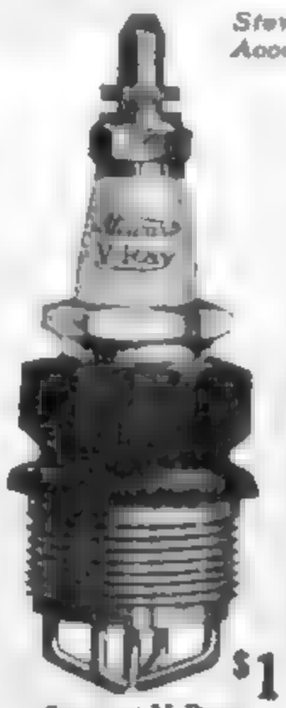

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Made of Air-Cooled Fabrics

MILLS AT
AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

TOBERMORY

(Continued from Page 15)

guess they could have been put. Him being about two-thirds granger, he looked on Gus as a barren forty and proceeded to water him with words of wisdom and fertilize him with forgiveness and warm his soil with sunny smiles, all the time a-scattering seeds of kindness and going down on all fours to see if some of them wasn't beginning to sprout. You try that on some of your Injun brothers some time, Ike, and see if it don't pay. I read once about a kind-hearted old settler who found a poor starving redskin out in the snow and took him into his humble cabin and fed him up a lot and warmed him and turned him loose with a grubstake, and years after ——"

"Years ago, you was speaking of Tobermory," hinted the trader.

"Well, Gus didn't seem to sprout worth a cent," the old bullwhacker resumed. "About that time I lived neighbors to the Tobermorys—not more than twelve miles away—and Arch Tobermory used to happen along once in a while and unload his mind concerning Gus and the old man. I used to like to listen to Arch. He had a natural gift for language that he had to keep under a bushel, as you might say, while he was round home, account of the old man. You don't often run across sons like Archie. He was different to the most. He couldn't help feeling that Gus was this, that and the other, and he thought that his old daddy was doomed to a heap of disappointment in his plans for reform; but he walked wide of Gus for the most part and only let himself out when he was alone, according to what he said, except once or twice, and when Tobermory wasn't round. I reckon that was the truth. As for Tobermory himself

"'Bless his dear old whiskers!' says Arch to me. 'He's dead certain that he's going to make that libel on a decent hyena over into a model for the young. He thinks he can sweeten the mess of meanness until it's fit to fill scent sachets and put in bureau drawers. You can't tell pa that a rattlesnake with a sore tummy ain't no fit playmate for the children; he won't believe you. He smokes his darned old pipe and tells me to be patient like he is. If you ask me, I'm a surprise to myself, considering how the color of Gus' hair annoys me; but all I can do is stay round and see that the gentleman doesn't burn the house up some fine night. You wait, though! Yes, he mighty nigh crisped us already. Give me half a chance and I'll sure reach out and wipe that smut off the nose of Creation!'

"'I believe you are sort of prejudiced against him,' I says. 'There's no telling but your daddy may soften him yet, hard as he is.'

"'I'd like to soak him good and see what that would do,' says Arch, sort of studying. 'The only other way I know to soften that asafetida pill is to pound him into a pulp.'

"I said I should have thought that he would forget himself some odd time and eradicate the son-of-a-gun.

"'Pa always watches out for that,' says Arch. 'I might slip past the old gent,' he says, 'but it would be like killing a good neighbor's worthless pet dog because he showed his teeth at you. Pa would never get over it.'

"'Didn't you never tell Gus about how he reminds you of all them members of the animal kingdom?' I asks him.

"'I've mentioned it to him in private; but then I'm keeping the guns locked up, and he knows that if I once laid hands on him I'd pull him apart and take chances on being able to put him together again,' says Arch. 'He's tried to assassinate me by accident a couple of times and I have to watch him close, but otherwise our relations is cordial. I keep thinking that he'll run to the end of the picket rope and throw himself, but it begins to look doubtful. The other day he got mad with the best cow we've got because she switched her tail in his face, so he ups with the milk stool and busts her head wide open. Pa did tell him that wasn't no way to act, but he told him more in sorrow than in anger, and Gus overlooked the seeming harshness of the remark when he seen how pa regretted it.'

"'It certainly was hasty of Gus,' says I. 'I think I'd have remonstrated a few myself. Did he kill the cow?'

"'Her hide is on the fence and her meat is salted down for the winter,' says Arch. 'Then, the day before yesterday—I guess you seen the smoke—he set the grass afire down the valley where we was agoing to cut hay next week. There ain't no kind of work Gus hates worse than haying, and there ain't none that he likes any better. All is, we'll have to buy hay this fall or let the stock rustle through the winter. If I had catched him there would have been some eradicating done right there, but it was pa happened along while he was touching her off in the third place. Pa spoiled his coat and singed off a considerable whisker trying to put the fire out, but the wind got the start of him.'

"'I suppose pa made allowances for him,' says I.

"'The low-flung liar said that he done it for a joke on the grasshoppers,' says Arch. 'He claimed that he never thought about the hay once. Of course pa had to own up that anybody was liable to forget once in a while, but he did hope that Gus would try to be more thoughtful.'

"You'd have thought, being as uncharitable as tinkling cymbals, that Gus would have took a chance and a few horses and lit out, after a general massacre of the Tobermory family; but 'Lonzo Dolby had passed word about him to all the ranches and the stock-association men, and as the Kansas rustlers was somewhat active about that time 'Lonzo had his scouts pretty well organized, particularly in the dark of the moon; so, altogether, the chance was a slim one. Arch figured it out that way at first, but later on he come round to my opinion that Gus was softening. For a while, I don't deny, the old man's proteege acted up real aggravating; trying to teach little Sammy Tobermory to swear and chew tobacco premature, as you might say, before them accomplishments was proper and befitting. That looked like pure devilment; but it may have been ignorance. And taking Mis' Tobermory's gold watch and the brooch that had her grandfather's hair into it and trading them to a whisky peddler and then getting himself intoxicated and cutting down the three-year-old apple orchard that was just getting ready to bear—that was another thing.

"'And all pa does is fill up a bucket with rich orient pearls and tote them out to his trough,' says Arch. 'Ma's talking of packing up and going back East to her folks with little Sammy,' he says. 'Pa tells her that if she feels that way and won't be persuaded he can't stop her, but it's his duty to be patient with Gus, and what would the boy do if there wasn't nobody to give him a helping hand. "It's a cinch that he'd help himself," says ma. You see Gus undertook to grease the wagon the other day, and he wiped the thimbles off with ma's best petticoat that was hanging to sun, because it saved him walking all the way to the barn for a piece of old gunny sack.'

"But, as I say, things begun to change. 'The constant drip of water wears away the hardest stone,' as the fellow says, and, along come fall, Gus begun to act more like the common run of humanity. Aside from feeding bread and strychnine to some of the chickens—which may have been out of scientific interest—and a few things like that, he didn't do nothing out of reason, and he begun to quit insulting the old man and trying to kill Arch. Arch owned up that he had turned his back more than once without anything happening—as long as a minute at a time. He told me that Gus had toted in a pail of water for Mis' Tobermory without even being asked and shucked half a wagonload of squaw corn the same day. Pa sent him to town instead of Arch and he come back you might say sober, and with all the mail.

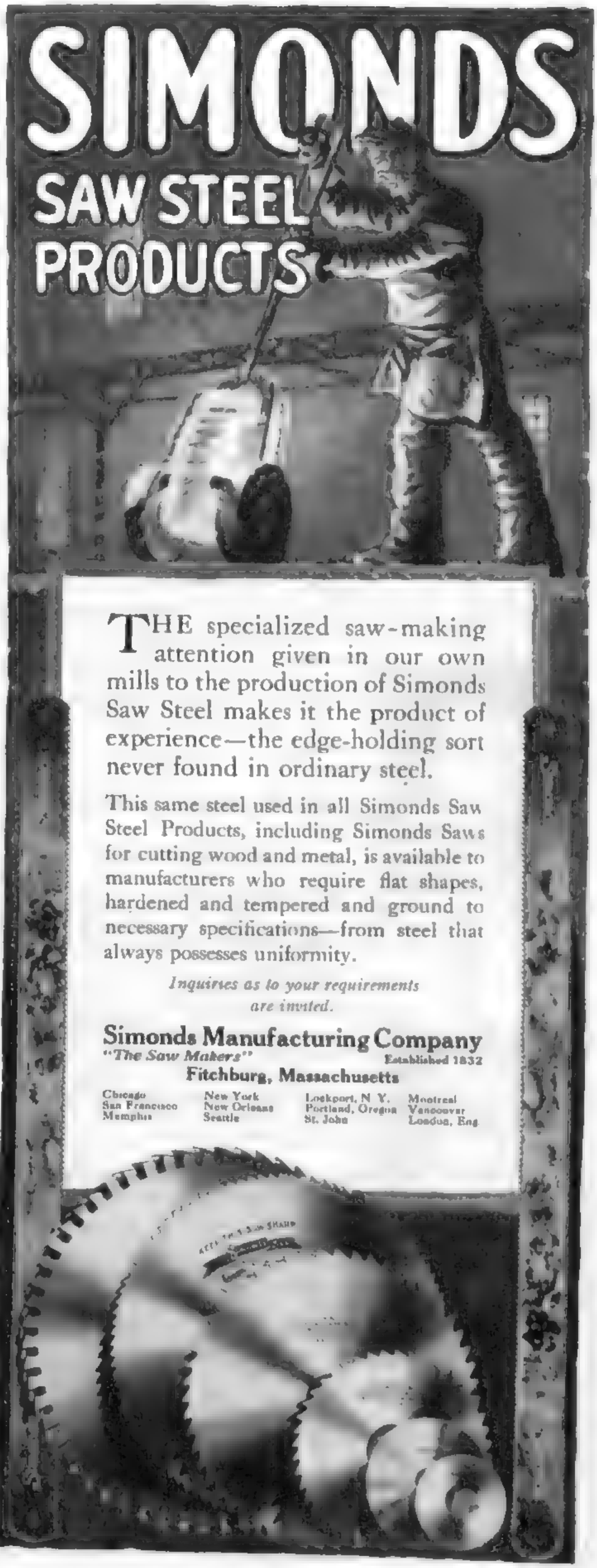
"'That's right good news,' I says. 'If your daddy doesn't take all the cussedness out of him he'll go to the United States Senate yet.'

"'It begins to look thataway,' says Arch, sort of looking down his nose and fetching a deep sigh.

"'Ain't you glad?' I asks him. 'You don't act like it,' I says.

"'Sure I'm glad!' says he, but he didn't look like it.

"'Certainly, I'm tickled 'most to pieces,' he busts out again after a little. 'Why wouldn't I be pleased to see a fellow creature a-turning from the paths of gall and bitterness and walking in the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto a good team



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and wagon and a cow, not to speak of summer's wages all winter. That's what pa is figuring on giving him to start him on a ranch, and I wouldn't be surprised if he raised the bid before spring. Yes, sir, Gus allows he'll settle down on a claim somewheres near us so's he can get over often to see pa and get the benefit of his advice. You bet I'm plumb joyful about it.'

"Well, there it was; and I ain't got the slightest doubt but if nothing hadn't happened to the contrary Gus would have settled down and him and Arch would have been like brothers, same as the old man had said they would be. I kept on thinking that-away for about a week after Arch went away, quirting his horse for shying at the gatepost—'which wasn't like my boy Archie,' as Old Man Tobermory used to say. I made allowances, because I knew that all along the youngster had figured that sometime he'd get to crawl Mr. Minnick's hump for reasons that his daddy couldn't kick at, and here was Mr. Minnick blasting that sweet hope with a short fuse and a double shot of virtuousness.

"Well, I reckon it was about two weeks after that when Arch come back again. It was one of these here bright clear mornings 'when all Nature seems to smile,' as the fellow says. Like in the month of May when the lambs did skip and play and the birds was a-singing to a charm—only some colder, and it wasn't the birds a-singing. I'd just stepped to the door to throw out my dishwater when I heard a song that wasn't never rendered by nothing that wore feathers. It come clear and strong on the morning breeze, with happy yelps on the high notes like a timber wolf a-serenading the amber moon:

'With my hippy, hippy, hippy,
And my hippy, hippy, hi;
With my hippy, hippy, hippy,
Ya-hoo-oo ee-ee—ha-ay ——'

"And here comes Arch Tobermory, loping along over the trail, beating time with his hat on his horse's neck. He stopped singing when he seen me and pulled his horse in to a walk, and when he got up to where I was his face was as long as a fiddle.

"'How, colah!' I says. 'If you ain't emptied the bottle I don't mind if I do join you, early as it is.'

"'I forget once in a while,' says Arch, sort of sheepish, as he followed me in. 'No, I ain't got none and ain't had none,' he says. 'Ho hum! I just forget.

"With my hip ——"

"'Doggone it! Somebody ought to kick me good. It's a world of sorrow, Uncle Billy. We're here to-day and gone to-morrow—like the flowers that bloom in the spring and is cut down, as pappy says.

"With my hippy ——"

"'Oh, shucks! Have you got the makings, Uncle Billy? Poor pappy! Poor pappy!'

"'What's the matter with him?' I asks. I was kind of worried at the curious way Arch was acting. 'He ain't sick, is he?' I asks.

"'Why, it ain't him; it's Gus,' says Arch. 'Poor Gus! If you've got a stock of this smoking I'll take a sack home to pappy. That's what I come for. Yes,' he says, lighting his cigarette and dragging on it kind of ravenous, 'poor Gus has left us, poor Gus has.'

"I asked him how that come.

"'Well, the old gent sent him to town again,' says Arch. 'He was to have been back the next morning, but he claimed he met a friend. If that was so I don't blame him for staying three days to enjoy the novelty, but it seems to me hard to believe. But he come back. Pa had been real uneasy for them three days, but he wouldn't let me ride over and borrow from you. "I've got faith in that boy," he kept saying. "He'll be back any minute now. You can't tell me that he ain't got a single spark of gratitude in him, after all I've done for him. He wouldn't cause me anguish and suffering all this time if something hadn't happened to him. But I look for him any minute. He's good at heart, Gus is."

"'Well, finally Gus did come. I don't blame pa the least in the world, mind. If that ax hadn't been right handy —— I don't know. It takes a heap to get pa started, but he's sure hard to stop when he really moves—and sudden. Mighty spry for a man of his age. I was proud of him! Ho hum! Yes, we laid Gus where the waving willows grow.'

"I stared at him. I says: 'You don't mean to say that your pa—Samuel J. Tobermory ——'

"Arch nodded. 'Yes,' says he, 'with the ax.

"With my hippy, hippy ——."

"'Oh, sugar! Yes, pa said that he'd stood a good deal from Gus and had been forbearing and long-suffering and lenient all that could be expected, but when the thankless whelp come back without the smoking tobacco he thought it was just a lee-eetle too much. Well, I've got to be going or pa'll get anxious about me.'

"He jumps up and jams my good tobacco down in his pocket and busts through the door in a hurry.

"'Poor Gus!' he says as he throws his leg over the saddle. Then he went off on the keen run, into the golden glory of the morn, a-splashing the dancing, rippling water of the ford into bright-hued rainbows of peaceful promise, as it were, whilst a-floating back behind him on the breeze, like I mentioned it had floated on ahead of him, come once more the exulting strain:

'With my hippy, hippy, hippy,
And my hippy, hippy, hi;
With my hippy, hippy, hippy,
Ya-hoo-oo ee-ee—ha-ay ——'"

SHOOTING STARS

(Continued from Page 17)

were at the moment falling, completely out of control, a thousand or more feet below me, and finally went through the clouds, floundering helplessly in the air.

This little interruption ended, we all reassembled in our former positions and went on with the photographing. This was finished in about fifteen minutes, and under a very heavy antiaircraft fire we returned home. The episode of the four Huns was perhaps the most successful bit of trapping I have ever seen, but it was many weeks before the squadron got through teasing me for using our commander as a decoy. I apologized to the major, who agreed with me that the chance was too good a one to miss.

"Don't mind me," he said; "carry on!"

These were wonderfully interesting days to me. Late the next afternoon I had the good fortune to be a spectator of the greatest fight in the air I have ever seen. Thrilling fights are often witnessed from the ground, but more of them take place at heights so misty that ground observers know nothing of them, unless one or more of the combatants should come tumbling down in a crash. More than often fights in the air would go unobserved if it were not for the Archie shells breaking in the sky. These shells play about friend and foe alike, but when you are really intent upon an air duel the Archies make no impression upon you whatever.

It was my privilege this day to see the spectacular fight from my machine. I had been idling along in the afternoon breeze, flying all alone, when I saw in the distance a great number of machines, whirling, spinning and rolling in a great aërial mêlée. I made toward them as fast as I could go, and as I approached watched the fight carefully. It was very hard to tell for a time which machines were ours and which were the Huns'. Coming nearer it was easier, for then the Huns could be distinguished by the brilliant coloring of many of their machines.

Hunting the Huns had taken on a new interest at this time because suddenly their machines had appeared painted in the most grotesque fashion. It was as if they had suddenly got an idea from the old Chinese custom of painting and adorning warriors so as to frighten the enemy. We learned afterward that it was just a case of the spring fancies of the German airmen running riot with vivid color effects.

We wanted to paint our machines, too, but our budding notions were frowned upon by the higher officers of the corps. But every day our pilots were bringing home fresh stories of the fantastic German creations they had encountered in the skies. Some of them were real harlequins of the air, outrivaling the gayest feathered birds that had winged their way north with the

(Continued on Page 121)

"Increases capacity of our truck fleet about 60 to 70 per cent"

"We have two Troy Trailers, increasing the capacity of our truck fleet about 60 to 70 per cent, and considerable saving in time and labor.

"We load up our Trailers and leave them loaded in the yard, waiting for truck. When one of our trucks comes in we load the truck also, and hitch on the Trailer."—HAMMOND-STANDISH CO., Detroit

Troy Trailers

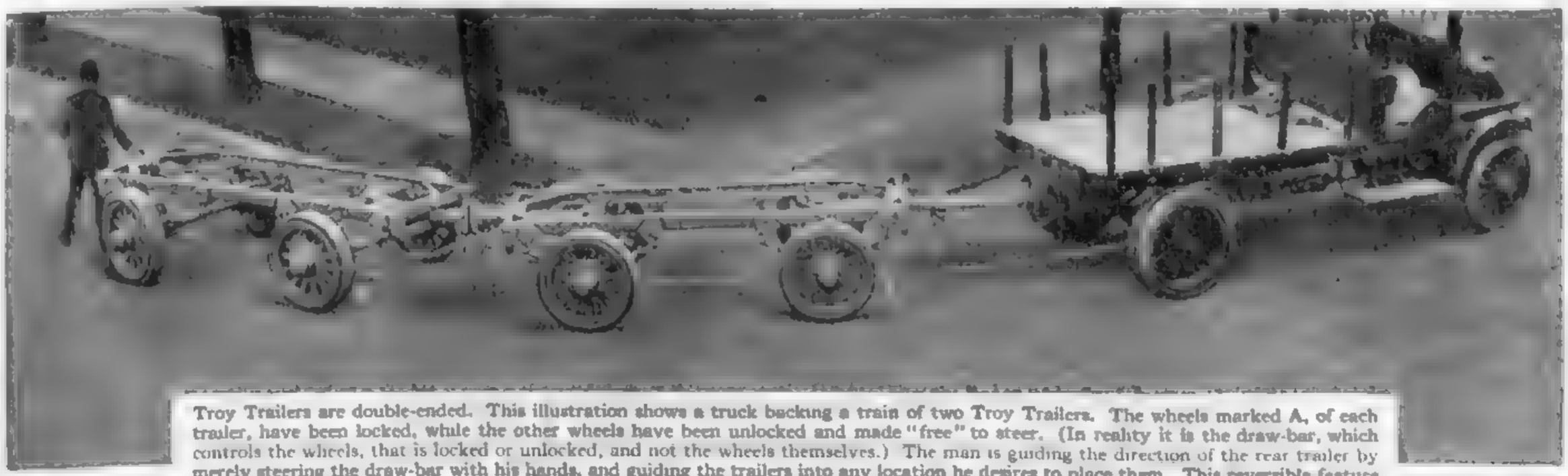
The average truck owner figures that when his truck is carrying its RATED *load* capacity, it is working at 100% efficiency, and that in order to haul double the amount **at the same time,** he must use another truck of the same capacity.

Your truck cannot carry "on its back" more than its rated capacity, but, it has **motive-power** to spare, and can haul its full load and **just as much again** on a Troy Trailer, at the same time.

Troy Trailers are made in from 1 to 5-ton capacity, and with any type of body desired.

Oldest and largest makers of Trailers, making possible highest grade construction at lowest cost.

The Troy Wagon Works Co.
Troy, Ohio



Troy Trailers are double-ended. This illustration shows a truck backing a train of two Troy Trailers. The wheels marked A, of each trailer, have been locked, while the other wheels have been unlocked and made "free" to steer. (In reality it is the draw-bar, which controls the wheels, that is locked or unlocked, and not the wheels themselves.) The man is guiding the direction of the rear trailer by merely steering the draw-bar with his hands, and guiding the trailers into any location he desires to place them. This reversible feature of Troy Trailers makes it easier to **back** them into an alley, alongside a loading platform, or place them **in an exact spot,** than it is to back a truck into the same locations.

YOUR ARCHITECT

YOUR ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

When Your Architect Begins the Plans, Have a Talk With Your Electrical Contractor

A HOME is made by its beauty, its comforts, its associations. You, your architect and the builders will create the first and second of these. The third is the gift of Life and Time.

Much of the beauty and many of the individual comforts the architect will develop from suggestions that you and your family have already formulated. Your most helpful and effective ideas, however, will be evolved only after your first consultations with him have brought you a stimulating new fund of information on the wonderful art of home-building.

Especially will you be astonished at the importance of electrical equipment in the success of a modern home.

Be Guided by Your Architect

Your architect has the advantage of professional training in both the art and construction phases of architecture. He bears the real responsibility for making your home livable. All of your suggestions are negligible in number compared with the thousand and one details he takes care of without a question.

But remember that your encouragement and co-operation are gratifying and inspiring to him.

The work of the Electrical Contractor

Inform yourself in the matter of electrical equipment. Talk with your electrical contractor and have him give you an exact definition of the electrical possibilities of your home-to-be—of course, electric lighting is a mere beginning.

Then say to your architect that you wish him to be liberal in his electrical budget—that you want your home to have all present-day electrical advantages and an installation which will anticipate the rapidly expanding application of electric current and power to domestic uses.

The architect will plan for electricity, but the electrical contractor will interpret the plans—will carry the responsibility of correct installation. The co-operation of these two technically trained men will give you complete electrical service and satisfaction.

To enjoy continuous satisfaction in that service, see to it that none of your electrical work, even of minor importance, is entrusted to any but a qualified electrical contractor.

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

The Electric Cable Company, 10 East 43rd Street, New York City

Makers of Ecco Wire for every purpose where rubber-covered wire is used.

(Continued from Page 118)

spring. The scarlet machines of Baron von Richtofen's crack squadron, sometimes called the "circus," heralded the new order of things. Then it was noticed that some of the enemy craft were painted with great rings about their bodies. Later nothing was too gaudy for the Huns. There were machines with green planes and yellow noses; silver planes with gold noses; khaki colored bodies with greenish-gray planes; red bodies with green wings; light-blue bodies and red wings; every combination the Teutonic brain could conjure up.

The battle seemed to be at about evens when suddenly I saw a German machine, brightly colored, fall out of the mêlée, turning over and over like a dead leaf falling from a tree late in autumn. I watched it closely for what seemed an awful length of time, but finally it crashed, a complete wreck. Turning my eyes to the fight again I saw one of our own machines fall out of control. Halfway between the scrimmage and the ground I thought it was coming into control again, but it turned into another dive and crashed near the fallen Hun. A moment later a second German machine came tumbling out of the fight.

Eaten up with anxiety to get into the fight myself I could not help having a feeling akin to awe as I watched the thrilling struggle. A mass of about twelve machines was moving round and round in a perfect whirlwind, and as I approached I could see our smoking bullets and the flaming missiles of the Huns darting in all directions.

Just as I reached the scene the fight, unfortunately for me, broke up, and my participation in it was limited to a short chase and a few shots after the fleeing Germans.

There was joy in flying these later days in April, when a tardy spring at last was beginning to assert itself. The hardness of the winter was passing and the earth at times was glorious to see. I remember one afternoon in particular when the whole world seemed beautiful. We were doing a patrol at two miles up about six o'clock. Underneath us a great battle was raging and we could see it all in crisp clearness, several lines of white smoke telling just where our barrage shells were bursting. The ground all about the trenches and the battle area was dark brown where it had been churned up by the never-ceasing fire of the opposing artillery.

On either side of the battle zone could be seen the fields, the setting sun shining on them with the softest of tinted lights. Still farther back, on both sides, was the cultivated land. The little farms stood out in varying geometric designs, with different colors of soil and shades of green, according to what had been sown in them and the state of the coming crops. There was no mist at all, and one could see for miles and miles.

From Arras I could see the British Channel, and it resembled more a river of liquid gold than a sea. Across the channel it was possible to make out England and the Isle of Wight. The chalk cliffs of Dover formed a white frame for one side of the splendid picture.

Captain Ball's Example

Toward Germany one could see a tremendous wooded country, a stretch of watered lowlands beyond the trees, and the rest indistinct. To the south I could make out a bit of the River Seine, while to the north lay the Belgian coast. The marvelous beauty of it all made the war seem impossible. We flew along for miles in the full enjoyment of it all, and I shall be glad always we did not have a fight that evening. It would have brought me back to stern reality with too sudden a jerk.

During the next week I had three or four very unsatisfactory combats. My work consisted mostly of sitting patiently over the lines waiting for an enemy to appear. Then after he would put in an appearance I would carefully watch for an opportunity and attack, only to have the Hun escape. I was mostly concerned with my old friends, the enemy two-seaters, especially the ones that would fly at low altitudes doing artillery observation work. I would try to get behind a cloud, or in one, and surprise them as they went by. I managed to pounce upon several machines from ambush, but had no luck at all in the succeeding combats. On such occasions I would return much disgusted to the aërodrome and put in more time at the target.

I began to feel that my list of victims was not climbing so steadily as I should have liked. Captain Ball was back from a winter rest in England and was adding constantly to his already big score. I felt I had to keep going if I was to be second to him. So I was over the enemy lines from six to seven hours every day, praying for some easy victims to appear. I had had some pretty hard fighting. Now I wanted to shoot a rabbit or two.

Several times while sitting over the lines I was caught badly by antiaircraft fire, and had to do a lot of dodging and turning to avoid being badly hit by the singing shrapnel shells. As it was I frequently returned with scars, where bits of shell had pierced my planes and fuselage.

One day, after climbing slowly to seventeen thousand feet and still finding no victims, I flew fifteen miles inside the German lines, hoping to catch some unwary enemy aloft. At last, about half a mile beneath me, I saw a lone scout. I carefully maneuvered to get between him and the sun, for once there I knew he could not see me and I should have all the advantage of a surprise attack. I was within twenty yards and going about one hundred and thirty miles an hour when I opened fire. Not more than ten shots had sped from my gun when the Hun went spinning down in a nose dive, seemingly out of control. I dived after him, firing steadily, and we had dropped something like three thousand feet when the enemy machine burst into flames.

Hair-Raising Encounters

During my dive I had seen a black speck in the distance which looked as though it might be a Hun. So I climbed again and made in the direction of the speck, hoping it would turn out to be an enemy machine. It did, and I succeeded in getting in another surprise attack, but my shots hit no vital spot and the German slid away in safety.

A few minutes later I saw a third Hun and again I maneuvered for the advantage of the sun position. But the pilot either saw me before I got into the blinding rays or else he saw the other machine diving away and thought something was wrong, for he too dived steeply before I could get within effective range. However, I was very well pleased with the day's work, for I had sent my second machine down in flames.

The thirtieth of April was a red-letter day for me. I celebrated it by having a record number of fights in a given space of time. In one hour and forty-five minutes I had nine separate scraps. This was during the morning. Before we had tea that afternoon the major and I had a set-to with four scarlet German scouts that was the most hair-raising encounter I have ever been mixed up in.

This very pleasant fighting day started when I led my patrol over the lines and dived so steeply after an enemy machine, which suddenly appeared beneath me, that I nearly turned over. The remainder of the patrol lost me completely. I kept putting the nose of my Nieuport down until I got beyond the vertical point. I fell forward in my seat and struck my head against the little wind screen. I was going down so fast I upset my aim completely, and allowed the Hun by a quick maneuver to escape me altogether. The patrol had disappeared so I climbed up as fast as I could to have a look round.

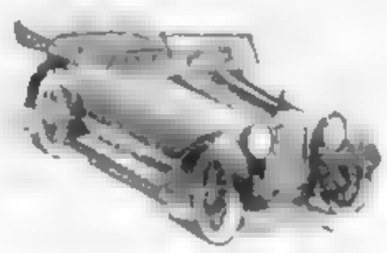
Five minutes later I saw two huge Huns directly over our lines. They were easily mammoths of the air. I wanted to have a look at the strangers, so started in their direction, keeping my own level, which was a little beneath the big Germans. They grew rapidly in size as I approached, and I took them to be some new type of two-seater. From later experiences and diagrams I have seen I think now they must have been the three-seater Gothas—like the machines that later flew over London so often, many of them coming to grief as the penalty of their daring.

This was probably the first appearance of the Gothas over our lines. A few days later I had another glimpse of two of them in the distance, but that was the last I saw of the monstrous Germans. This day they seemed rather keen for a fight, and one of them came down in a slow spiral to get at me. I at the same time was trying to stay in the blind spot just beneath him, and hoped eventually to get a steady shot at some vital point. We must have made a

The Open Road—

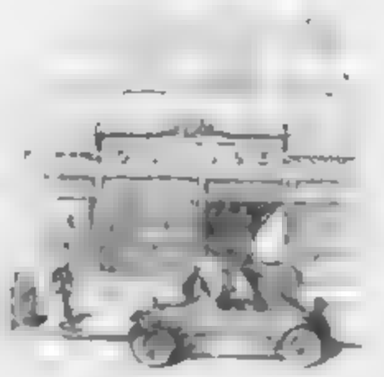
Fragrant blossoms and green fields echo the call of the open road. You are eager to respond, willing to enjoy the freedom of all outdoors. Touring over hills and mountains, driving through towns and villages, means constant use of brakes—

your car—



Before you start, little things may need attention here and there. Perhaps the brakes would be more reliable with new lining—*better* lining than last year. It is well to avoid cheap brake lining—lining that cannot stand the test of touring—

and the repair man

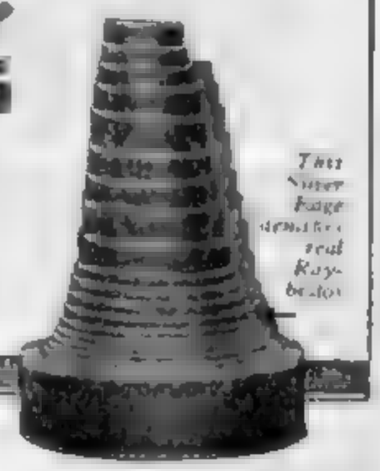


When you buy brake lining, beware of short-lived fabrics. Pay a few cents more for Raybestos, which is *definitely* guaranteed to wear one year. The repairman may make more money selling shoddy lining, but—service and reliability are above price—

Raybestos
BRAKE LINING

15,000 dealers sell Raybestos to motorists who demand quality in brake lining.

The Raybestos Company
Bridgeport Connecticut



Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

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FRANK HORN, of Ohio, finds it easy. Several years ago he began to use odd moments to ask his acquaintances about subscribing for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He secured many orders.

Each year the number of orders—and Mr. Horn's profits on them—grew rapidly, until his spare-time Curtis business was paying him as much as $30.00 a week *in addition to* his salary as foreman in a railroad car shop.

If you want more money during the coming summer, you can have it. A post-card inquiry will bring you full details about the exceedingly profitable spare-time position we can offer you. Address

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
351 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

ludicrous picture, little me under the huge Hun. I felt like a mosquito chasing a wasp, but was willing to take a chance.

While I was maneuvering with the first monster the second one dived at me from a slight angle and seemed to open fire with a whole battery of machine guns. I dived to gain a little more speed, then pulled my nose straight up into the air and opened fire. When I had got off about fifteen rounds the gun jammed, and I had to dive quickly away to see what was wrong. I found I could do nothing with it in the air, but my aërodrome was only a few miles away, so I dived down to it, corrected the jam, and was away again in a few minutes in search of more excitement.

I was very peevish with myself for having missed a chance to bring down one of the big new German machines, and was in a real fighting temper as I recrossed the lines. I had not gone far on my way when I saw three of the enemy about two miles away, doing artillery work. I dived for the nearest one and opened fire. Then I had the somewhat stirring sensation of seeing flaming bullets coming from all three of the Huns at once in my direction. The odds were three to one against me, and each enemy machine had two guns to my one, but suddenly they quit firing, turned and fled away. I went after them, but suddenly saw the game they were attempting to play. They were trying to lead me directly under five scarlet Albatross scouts.

These scarlet machines, as I have explained before, all belonged to Von Richtofen's squadron. I saw them just in time to turn away. I drew off about a mile, then easily outclimbed my brilliant red rivals. Having gained the advantage of position I decided to have a go at the crack German fliers. I dived toward them with my gun rattling, but just before reaching their level I pulled the machine up and zoomed straight up in the air, ascending for a short distance with the speed of a rocket.

Then I would turn and dive and open fire again, repeating the performance several times. The Huns evidently had expected me to dive right through them, but my tactics took them by surprise and they began to show nervousness. After the third zoom and dive the formation broke up and scattered.

The Five Scarlet Scouts

Then I turned round to look for the treacherous two-seaters who had sought to lead me into a veritable death trap. I had searched several minutes before I picked them out of the sky, and I can still remember the thrill of joy with which I hailed them. It had seemed such a rotten trick, when they were three to one, not even to show fight, but simply try to trick me. I felt I must have vengeance, and went after them with the firm conviction that this time something was going to happen. I got into position where they would pass in front of me and dived at the second Hun. His observer was firing at me, and pretty soon the two other Huns chimed in.

Add to this staccato chorus the healthy rattle of my own gun and you may gain some idea of the din we were making in midair. My first twenty shots silenced the observer in the machine I was attacking, and as I passed over it it suddenly slipped to one side, then stood on its nose and fell. I did not have time to watch this machine down, but turned to attack the third Hun in the line. He had seen his comrade's fate, however, and losing heart had begun to dive away. I poured fifty rounds after him, then let him go. The leading machine had now disappeared, so I was left free to dive down and see what had happened to the Hun who had fallen out of the fight. He crashed in the most satisfactory manner. I turned and flew south, feeling very much better.

But I was not idle long. The five scarlet scouts had gotten together again and were approaching our lines farther south, with the evident intention of attacking isolated British artillery machines. This particular squadron had made a habit of sneaking across our lines during the spring, and its leader had become known among our infantry as the little red devil, and one still hears him spoken of by the people who were in the trenches at that time. We had often tried to catch him on one of these expeditions, but he and his scarlet followers always chose a moment when our fighting patrols were engaged on another sector of the Front. Then dashing across the lines the red Albatrosses would shoot down one of our older machines, which we were employing then on observation work.

This morning I had an extra feeling of bitterness toward the Richtofens for their mean attempt to trick, and I went after them again with a feeling of exalted strength. I was above them as before, and after one dive they turned away east and gave up their idea of setting upon our artillery workers. I considered it unwise to go down and actually mix in the middle of them, as they were all good men. So I contented myself with harassing them from above as I had done in the previous fight with the quintet that morning. They were apparently much annoyed at this and kept steadily on their way east. I followed for quite a distance and then sat over them as one by one they all went down and landed.

A Soul-Stirring Fight

On the way home I had a skirmish with two German artillery machines, but we did not get within very close range of each other and nothing happened. They were frightened a bit, none the less, and sped away. In a little while, however, they plucked up courage and came back to resume their work of spotting for the German guns. This time I tried going at them from the front, and it proved exciting to say the least. I approached the leading Hun of the pair head on, opening fire when about two hundred yards away. He also opened fire about the same time.

We drew nearer and nearer together, both firing as fast and direct as we could. I could see the Hun bullets going about three feet to one side of me, passing between my upper and lower planes. My own were doing better work, and several times it seemed certain that some of them were hitting the front of the enemy machine. On we came, each doing more than a hundred miles an hour, which would have meant a colliding impact of more than two hundred miles an hour. With big engines in front of us for protection we were taking the risks of each other's bullets.

Thirty yards away we were both holding to our course, and then, much to my relief, be it confessed, the Hun dived, and I thought I had hit him. I turned quickly, but in doing so lost sight of him completely. Then a second later I saw him, some distance away, going down in a slight glide, evidently quite under control, but I think badly hit. The other machine followed him down and neither of them returned. I had very little ammunition left but stayed on the lines another fifteen minutes hoping for one more fight.

It came when I sighted one of my favorites, an enemy two-seater, at work. I got directly above him, then dived vertically, reserving my fire until I was very close. The enemy observer had his gun trained up at me and the bullets were streaming past as I came down. I missed him on my dive, so shot by his tail, then zoomed up underneath and opened fire from the blind spot there.

I don't know what was the matter with my shooting this morning, for with the exception of the machine I hit from the side it seemed to have become a habit with my enemies to dive away from me and escape. I did not seem to be able to knock them out of control. This one like the others, dived steeply, and though I followed and fired all of my remaining bullets after him he continued in his long straight dive and landed safely in the corner of a field near the city of Lens. Two or three Archie batteries took bites at me as I crossed the lines for luncheon.

Then came my thrilling adventure of the afternoon. The many experiences of the morning had put me in good humor for fighting, and immediately the midday meal was finished I was up in the air again, with my squadron commander, to see if there were any Huns about looking for a bit of trouble. We patrolled along the lines for twenty minutes, but saw nothing in that time. Then, as I was leading, I headed farther into enemy territory, and presently, south of us, we saw five Albatross scouts. We went after them, but before we had come within firing distance we discovered four red Albatrosses just at our right. This latter quartet, I believe, was made up of Baron von Richtofen and three of his best men.

However, though we knew who they were, we had been searching for a fight and were feeling rather bored with doing nothing, so after the four we went. The major reached them first and opened fire on the rear machine from behind. Immediately the leader of the scouts did a lightning turn and came back at the major, firing at him and passing within two or three feet of his machine. In my turn I opened fire on the baron, and in another half moment found myself in the midst of what seemed to be a stampede of bloodthirsty animals. Everywhere I turned smoking bullets were jumping at me, and though I got in two or three good bursts at the baron's red devil, I was rather bewildered for two or three minutes, as I could not see what was happening to the major and was not at all certain as to what was going to happen to me.

It was a decided difference from the fighting of the morning. The Germans seemed to be out to avenge their losses and certainly were in fighting trim. Round we went in cyclonic circles for several minutes, here a flash of the Hun machines, then a flash of silver as my squadron commander would whiz by. All the time I would be in the same mix-up myself, every now and then finding a red machine in front of me and getting in a round or two of quick shots.

I was glad the Germans were scarlet and we were silver. There was no need to hesitate about firing when the right color flitted by your nose. It was a lightning fight and I have never been in anything just like it. Firing one moment, you would have to concentrate all your mind and muscle the next in doing a quick turn to avoid a collision. Once my gun jammed, and while maneuvering to the utmost of my ability to escape the direct fire of one of the ravenous Germans I had to fuss with the weapon until I got it right again.

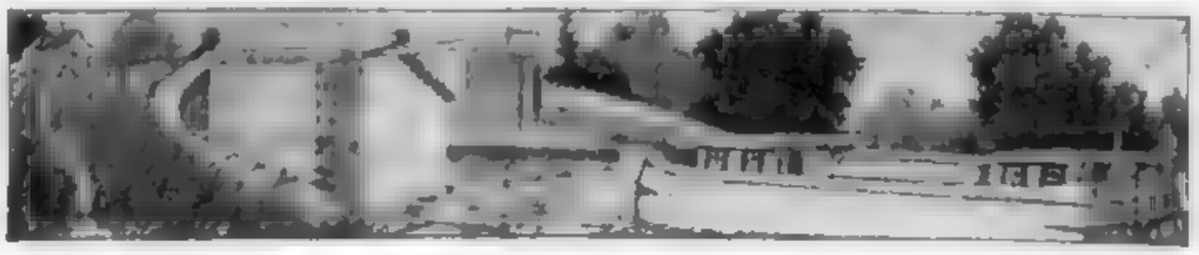
Safe Home Again

I had just got going again when Von Richtofen flashed by me and I let him have a short burst. As I did so I saw up above me four more machines coming down to join in the fight.

Being far inside the German lines I at once decided they were additional Huns, so I zoomed up out of the fight to be free for a moment and have a look round. The moment I did this I saw the approaching machines were triplanes, belonging to one of our naval squadrons, and they were coming for all they were worth to help us against the Albatrosses. The latter, however, had had enough of the fight by now, and at the moment I zoomed they dived and flew away toward the earth. I did not know this until I looked down to where the fight should still have been in progress. There was nothing to be seen. Everybody had disappeared, including the major. It was a sad moment for me, for I felt I had surely lost him this time. After circling over the spot for five minutes or more and exchanging signals with the triplanes I started for home with a heavy heart.

On the way I saw another machine approaching me, and got into fighting position in the event it should prove hostile. As we drew nearer together I recognized it as another Nieuport, and then to my great joy I realized it was the major. He had flown west at top speed as soon as he saw the fight was over and I was not to be seen. He was afraid I had followed the Huns down to the ground in my excitement, and was very anxious as to what had happened to me.

Upon recognizing each other we waved our hands in the air, then came close enough together to exchange broad grins. We flew side by side to the aërodrome and landed. I found my machine had been very badly shot about, one group of seven bullets having passed within an inch of me in one place. It had been a close shave, but a wonderful, soul-stirring fight.



Editor's Note — This is the third in a series of articles by Mr. Bishop. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Is Your Engine an Oil Gusher?

McQUAY-NORRIS Superoyl RINGS

If your motor is giving trouble with excess oil, it needs McQuay-Norris Superoyl Rings.

A specially constructed ring with an oil reservoir that collects all excess oil from the cylinder, leaving just the film necessary for proper lubrication.

Used in the top groove only of each piston, with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in all lower grooves, to insure maximum compression, power and fuel economy.

Seven Years of Use Has Proved Them

Many owners install these rings as a matter of course in each succeeding car or engine they buy. They have found it real economy to put in the best piston rings obtainable.

For over seven years McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings have been giving car and engine users increased power at decreased cost. They improve compression by preventing escape of gas. Keep down excess oil—reduce carbon—keep spark plugs cleaner.

The McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof design is exclusive. Not an experiment but tried and found efficient by the test of seven years of performance.

This design is the secret of piston ring efficiency. It has solved once and for all the piston ring question. Standard everywhere because they have made good so consistently.

Made in every size and over-size. Fit every model and type of motor and engine. Obtainable everywhere through supply houses, dealers, garage and repair men.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE—
It will save you the cost of experimenting.

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McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., 2836 Locust St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

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